

Raspberries

Big Boi

When I seen her walking down the street she was pretty thick
Did you get her name? Did you get her number?
You see, baby had back, I ain't really into skinny chicks
And she tastes like raspberries, damn, I want you to know And if you see how she work the stroll
That body was out of control
Ain't no way I was about to let her go
I ran my game like I was supposed We be rhyming on the beat, but the beats so cold
We be rhyming on the beat, but the beats so cold
We be rhyming on the beat, but the beats so cold
We be rhyming on the beat, but the beats so cold If her boyfriend trying to trip talking shit, I'mma beat his ass
You should let her go, it ain't worth the problems, hell no
If she come right now she'd be down, but I don't love here though
Plus she tastes like raspberries, man, I thought you should know And if you see how she work the stroll
That body was out of control
Ain't no way I was about to let her go
I ran my game like I was supposed When I seen her walking down the street she was pretty thick
Can't remember name, but I got her number

Songwriters

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