

# Twang

## Maztek

What is it you tryna hide  
Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin'  
The way workin' 'em be hurtin' 'em  
You better watch it girl, you know I got you girl  
No, I am not your average country boy  
I'm a savage, don't ask if I want some more  
Let you have it, there you go  
Girl, I will grab it, slap it, flip you, rub it down  
See you make me want it in ways, I ain't supposed to say  
Wanna kiss you in places, I shouldn't put my face  
See you got my attention for real in a major way  
Ain't no need to stop it girl go on keep boppin' girl  
What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?  
Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin' in them pockets girl  
The way you workin' 'em be hurtin' 'em just stop it girl  
You better watch it girl, you know I got you girl  
Move it, keep bouncin' shorty, move, now shake it girl  
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Yo, caught up in the song bitch, what you call drunk?  
Damn this mothafucker even got here drunk  
Strip them down what you call skunk  
It's all up in the atmosphere pass that blunt  
All y'all trippin' off what the country boy say  
Let me get another shot of Grand Marnier  
And a double shot of Jack the fact  
Where the hell is Buffalo at with half the sack?  
Look at all these broads with asses fat  
Knowin' Goddern well what she dressin' at  
And when they play the right track where them yeagas at  
Shorty don't get mad at me when ya ass is smacked  
That's all I can say when you backin' that  
Big, fine, chunky, donkey back inside my lap  
Do the damn thing you gon' mack the mack  
But don't get mad at me 'cause I trap the rat  
What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?  
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I got the cat, I'm a lumberjack  
Baby doll let me see your belly roll  
Here kitty kitty kitty, got me giddy  
Lookin' sweeter than a jelly roll  
This reminds me, it's so nice yeah  
I asked ya twice and floss so icy  
What ya need is if I feed ya, fuck ya  
Try to say no that's gonna be pricey  
Aw now, me pay for no poonanny not just like me  
I got a girl back at the crib and all the time she ride me  
And when I pull this hot tamale out my pants just bite me  
I got more rhythm than the Wings  
Why don't you come and ride me?  
What is it that you tryin' to hide off in them pockets girl?  
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