

# Reel Girls (feat. Bun B)

## Flatbush Zombies

Reel girls get down on the floor  
Zombie Gang baby act like you know  
Championship ring on her toes, hey  
Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know  
Real girls get down on the floor  
Zombie Gang baby act like you know  
Championship ring on her toes, hey  
Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know I wanna fuck you like a pornstar, a pornstar  
Make you skrrt like a NASCAR, baby ass large  
Up and down like a '64, might take your bitch boy  
Balenciagas Millie Rock neck lit, big timer  
Eat at home the salmon dinner pussy talkin', yes I hear it  
We fucking in the mirror, can't see it any clearer  
Treat it like a feast yeah, eat it like a beast yeah  
And if that bitch got a girl on girl, I'm gon' beat ya  
Divine 'bout it, I be honest, you a miracle  
Bipolar but I love you like your momma do  
High roller, smoking good that's what we 'posed to do  
The realest in here, gonna get it nothing stopping  
Got moscatti blowin', they haters, they hoein'  
We are not the same, they copy, they know it  
Yeah I'm drippin' game, trippin' mane, diamond fangs  
Zombie need the brain, baby baby, what you say?  
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Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know You offendin' me  
Shorty dirty talkin', read her lips like Marilyn  
Drop it on the floor and I got hundreds, don't embarrass me  
How a nigga deckin' but he's pimpin' so casually  
Slow sipper, bout to go gorilla with my mans and them  
Riding slow cause I ain't in the mood for all the ramblin'  
Shorty game fire, bet need to call the ambulance  
Woop, I got two bottles of booze, can you handle it?  
Most these niggas is volunteers and I beat it like a candidate

Tippin' shorty, dip she can get the naughty hip  
Pussy so delicious I can't even take my hands off her  
Big ol' booty moving on me, just threw it up again  
Girl you take a piece of me like I be needin' up again  
All these niggas jealous, they can't tell you what you up against  
Now she's blowin' kisses, postin' pictures on her social shit  
Strippin' for her sisters, no positions but I open it  
And it's overtime and it's over with  
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Okay it's Bun B, that trill OG back up in the driver seat  
Whippin' up that work while they Zombie boys supply the heat  
Sippin' 1942 and smokin' on a ball bat  
Posted in the VIP, stuntin' like we all that  
Chuckin' up the deuce, showin' love to all my kin  
We standing on them tables, baby 'bout to get it in  
If you know just like I know, you know where this is headed  
A night to be remember and won't nobody forget it  
Them boppers walkin' by showin' out, tootin' their ass up  
Yeah I'm smokin' gas baby girl but I ain't gassed up  
You wanna be down, that's only if I let you  
Let me marinate on it and maybe I'll come back and get you  
You'r fine but your mind ain't on the level that it could be  
Get down with a G and I could show you how it should be  
Roll another fatty up, pass me the tequila  
Let me know when you wanna make your world a little trilla  
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