

# Trade It All

## Orlando Brown

Fabolous, Jagged Edge, don't be fool, I'd rather have you ma'  
Than everything, I'd give it all, just for you, yeah  
You're the one baby girl, I've never been so sure  
Your skin's so pure, the type men go for  
The type I drive the Benz slow for  
The type I be beepin the horn, rollin down the windows for  
Never been no whore  
So to get you in closed doors, I buy you everything in those stores  
This, that, and those yours  
As long as Fabolous the only one you let that grin show for  
You ain't gotta spend no more, I'm a put a rock on your hand  
You ain't gotta say "we just friends" no more  
I shine, you shine, it never been no flaws  
I ain't like most who just wanna get in those drawers  
'Cause every king need a queen  
And with me and you girl I ain't tryna let a thing in between  
It ain't a thing, nahmean, chicks hate, show 'em the ring and the green  
And let your middle finger be seen, it's on  
Girl I'd trade it all, money, cars and everything  
All, even give up my street dream (my dream)  
All, anything to have you on my team (I don't care baby)  
All, baby girl I'd trade it all (I'd trade it, yeah)  
Even give up my good green  
All, and I'd give the watch and pinky ring (oh yeah)  
All, anything to have you on my team  
All, baby girl I'd trade it all

Uh, don't front ma', you know the way I ball's to pick and roll  
Like Stockton and Malone when we play the mall  
I be goin out my way to call  
'Cause I love the way your hips make your jeans seem like they too small  
Them see-through tops with your titties exposed  
When you kick off them shoes there ain't bitty whose toes as pretty as those  
That blonde hair look good, straight down, bun or the braids  
And I ain't gon' talk about them light-browns under your shades  
Bust right, thus tight  
Got a thick set of thighs and struts like uh  
Yo' the game taught this brother to mack  
But I think I slipped when I saw them full lips covered with Mac

You got everything that others would lack  
Along with the F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S  
Your patience I personally admire  
'Cause I started out a player now I'm 'bout to have my jersey retired, for real  
There ain't no "mights" or "maybe"  
I done did wrong, so I'm a make sure it's right for my baby  
You know how tight that my day be  
And how long and stressin them flights to L.A. be  
Ain't no rumor gon' get back to your friends  
Before I let a nigga disrespect you I be back in the pen  
Front to back you a ten  
You got me thinkin 'bout puttin a car seat in back of the Benz, uh

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