Jellyfish (Feat. Cappadonna, Shawn Wigs & Trife)

Ghostface Killah

Hey yo

Here's a little story ghetto situation
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations
She was so fly, get high, well understood
Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood[Ghostface]
Yo.

10, ztookas:

Hey yo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn
Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn
She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong
Right before she went to rest she had me singing this song

She must be a special lady

And a very exciting girl

I don't know

She had the high-glow's switching

See her in the club you hear others chicks bitching But Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit

See she did 12 months over a ratchet

Not no crab shit

Got bagged with the mag

Taxi cab shit

Clit was hanging out her panties with no where to stash it

It was classic

Nowadays she's laid back

Helping me perfect my rap

Only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat

Wife everything

Diamond cut like johnny lex collar attached

Licking glass bowls in her cat clothes

Cause crazy stacks

Finicky thing

Her kitting drink polar spring

Take naps

Near her jewelry box

She play with all the rings

And when she step out the tub its like an ill flick
Caramel skin, bath and body works leave the whole room lit
Cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode
Paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin me

Paint ner toes on the bed slow, watchin me

Versace robe on her body, peak, sippin asti (piemonte)

She a perfect 10 in my wildest dreams DAWN[Cappadonna]

Hey yo, she gotta be gone

Waiting on my sweet strawberry pecan rican LaShawn

Holding my taffy down when I'm gone

Three fourths of her body always covered with clothes

That's why I'm eating her candy

And sucking her toes

Sweet sexy LaShawn

She got body like what's goin on

On some Marvin Gay shit like lets get it on

Sugar

Lets get it on

Hey yo she a diamond in the rough

Black rose in the hood

I love my queen and she treat me good

Fuck cooking for me

She stash me out when the feds come looking for me

I'm not cheating on her or beating on her

I spend the weekend on her

We on the block when the bills start creeping on her

She right there when it gets sticky

She strict politic to the vicky's

And a fly aviator the color of sky

God on her side

Indian chick with cat eyes

Mad respect with the fat thighs

Plus her guns for the revolution

Would straight leave her if she prostituting

Yo my girls the bomb

Intelligent mind

Sky blue Louis Vutton

Leg muscles, deep dimples

Body is soft she smell fresh like a new born

Pretty feet petite ass nice shoes on

The sunshine for my quiet storm

Keepin the food warm while I'm gone

It won't be long 'til I'm back to my sweet butter pecan rican LaShawn

Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'[Trife]

Hey yo, hey yo I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn

Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen

You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe

Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue

Pretty young thing, with a body like vida

Ass off the meter, eva medenez look, strut like a diva

Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a cheeba

She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up
Ms. Bonitta Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holding condoms!

Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick
Throwing that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip
Latin decent, velour suit with the cameltoe print
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride

Songwriters

DAVIS, CLIFTON / TOWNSEND, ED / GAYE, MARVIN / LEE, WALTER / RAY, HARRY MILTON / GOODMAN, ALBERT / BAILEY, T. / DUMILE, DANIEL / COLES, DENNIS / HILL, DARRYL / Published by

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