Twang

The Boppers

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?
Them jeans so tight you know ain't nothin' 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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