

In Da Box

Sean Garrett

Can you compare money? Not not really though
Yeah you want my shawty, cant cant get her though
Bra-bra-brag about how big yo house is, patio
Ask yo girl wut we did (we just smashed on the radio)

Chorus (x2)

She like to call me ba-by, ba-by, baby when I got her in the box
She like to wrap her legs (her legs) her legs (her legs) her legs
(her legs) her legs (her legs) her legs around my neck and keep em' locked

Verse 1

Just got to Miami, touchdown from the grammys
First stop king of diamonds, h-h-hope them bitches ready
If I pull up in that no top, g-gave them all a headache
Told the girl I need them racks on racks and dammit I need that in a hurry
Shawty flirtin while she workin, tryna (convince me to get) behind them curtains
She said the word is that I make that paper fly like Michael Jordan

I said well, you know

Freethrow, multi, .zeros, gotta make sure all the girls eat though
But she mad (but she mad) cuz she know, I got (I got) a girl (a girl) at home
She don't she don't she don't care, all she says is get up here
She got you nigga that aint fair, I want you to be mine

Chorus (x2)

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Verse 2 (Rick Ross)

Im accustomed to custom, cussin at customers
Treat my whips like my sneakers, once I scuff em its nothing
I get money in bundles, hustles for scoops in the summer

Im-Im-Im makin her wet, so she makin a puddle
She resembles a model sexy and slender as Tyra
I should set you on fire sweatin ya name and ya number
She got a mean walk, I let my cream talk
Penthouse suite, jack and the beanstalk
Swear she's a dime piece, nothing but vickys on
Two pinky rings, trick it like im Nicky Barnes
Might blow a hundred racks, fuck up two hundred thou
Put you on yo feet the bently just to roll around (roll around)
Members only, im talkin baller status

Lebron numbers, cribs in Atlanta to Dallas
Back to the 305, kissin starin in my eyes
Its time to tat my name inside ya inner thigh

Chorus (x2)

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Verse 3

She call me her baby, I like to call her squirter
She do things them things that v-v-virgins aint never heard of
She no, sh-she no scream my name unless I hurt her
Yeah for my r&b nigga, but in the box she call me murder
I like to call her Jackie O (O) presidential on me
Anything that I gotta get done she get down and do it for me
Aint gotta never worry bout shootin off cuz she gon shoot it for me
She take that pistol from me, c-c-cock it like she own me

Chorus (x2)

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