Bomb

nitwits

All my ladies, put ya hands up
All my ladies, put ya hands up
If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb, bomb
Oh, me, oh, my, body like a monster
Let me get inside, ya booty I'ma conquer
If ya question bout my size, I give you the answer
Girl you got that good, good, I already know
Tell it by your size, I know you a dancer
Rein, derierre, I'ma call you 'Prancer'
Booty paparazzi, pose for the camera
All my ladies, if you got it let me know
Because shawty thick in her hips, cold than 'em other
Licking her lips, a bad mothasucker
Apple looking so ripe, she make me want a piece
I give it to her all night so she don't wanna leave
If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb, bomb
Something like a pimp, nothin' like them other fellas
Heard that you the shit, girl, we should blow up together
Ooh I know you got that bomb shit, call it nine, eleven
I'm just tryna beat it up, he could it, acapella
We should go back to my crib, that's what I'ma tell her
Bring one or two of them 'cause your friends looking kinda jealous
R-r-rolling papers like propellors blowing mozarella
Lotta niggas in the club, who cares I'm the realest
Tell the waiters we gon need more cases
And when you think the money's gone we spending more faces
She with homeboy but she want this
Six cars, eight chains, three cribs, one Wiz
Because shawty thick in her hips, cold than 'em other
Licking her lips, a bad mothasucker
Apple looking so ripe, she make me want a piece
I give it to her all night so she don't wanna leave
If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb

Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb, bomb
Hold up kimosabe, my crib look like a lobby
I'm in that black Bugatti and I off that Carlo Rossi
I with that Taylor Posse, these ladies wanna party
And there's so much ice up on my neck, it look like I play hockey
So hold up, nigga, stop me, all these haters watch me
I give it up, you're in the deep, you can call me cocky
Any stage or any beat you know I'ma body
And Wiz roll that good shit up and he riding shawty
Because shawty thick in her hips, cold than 'em other
Licking her lips, a bad mothasucker
Apple looking so ripe, she make me want a piece
I give it to her all night so she don't wanna leave
If you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Know you got that bomb, bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb
Ladies, put ya hands up if you that bomb, bomb
Girl, you got that bomb, ba, bomb, ba, bomb, bomb, bomb
Yeah, so when you [Incomprehensible]
Smell like that good weed, man, blame it on me
You don't blame Weezy, man, blame that shit on me, man
Yeah

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