

Lil Mama

MC Magic

Chorus: Big Gemini

Little mama with your body that's cold
Little mama that's ready to go
Let me show you how I do
If you was my boo
Baby girl, it's all for you
Little mama with your body that's cold
Little mama that's ready to go
Let me show you how I do
If you was my boo
Won't you think about me and you

[Verse 1: MC Magic]

I wanna treat you like a lollipop, girl
Make you swear that your boy is from out of this world
Sweatin' all hot, body twisted like a pretzel
Legs everywhere, aw, we messed up your hair
Damn
It's aight, it's 'bout to be a long night
You 'bout to be my Cinderella when that clock strike
One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the A.M.
Makin' ugly faces is the game that we playin'
I got you breathin' like an asthma attack
Your body locks up before your eyes roll back
And then, you start to shake, body movin' like a snake
Explosions and hot lava like an earthquake
Pictures on my iPhone to reminisce about tonight
You so good, you make my fantasies light real lights
Little mama with a body that's cool
Let you know, Magic City never wanna let you go

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Big Gemini]

Let me show you how
How I do it
Them lames you dealin' with, baby, actin' too foolish
I never put you down
I wanna build you up

Won't lay your hand on ya til you tell me where you
On all them right places, your little secret locations
I think you get what I'm sayin', baby, there's no more delayin'

In-in-in

I know you ready (Know you ready)
Like I'm ready (Like I'm ready)
We can go and get it started, girl
Let me show how I can blow your mind (Your mind)
No rushin', I'm a take my time (My time)
Turn your phone off, baby, we gon' be a while
Won't come out the room, til sometime tomorrow

Little mama

Hotter than a sauna
Sweatin' like it's July in Arizona
Summer (Summer)
Here's my (Here's my)
Number (Number)
Use it, call it when you, wanna

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Chingo Bling]

Shades by Versaci (Yeah)
Duckin' paparazzi (Yeah)

Duffle bags, full of cash, now the FEDs watch me (watch me)
If I show you how I'm livin', girl, you won't believe it (Uh uh, uh uh)
Number in my phone, por favor, don't delete it
Mexican Jeezy, lookin' for a Beyonce (Where she at)
She married to the game, made money my fiance (Make money)
"He a dog, he a flirt" is what your friends say (Woof)
Soon as you walk off, your friend headed this way
I know I'm headlinin' (Yeah)
But you the main event
Girl, you're so stacked from the back, I gotta stare again (DAYMN!)
Forget your baby daddy, holla when you all alone
976, Big Chile, hit me on the phone

Repeat Chorus

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