Bedrock

Young Money

I can make your bedrock
I can make your bedrock, girl
I can make your bedrock
I can make your bedrock
She got that good, good, she Michael Jackson Bad
I'm attracted to her for her attractive ass
And now we murderers because we kill time
I knock her lights out and she still shine
I hate to see her go but I love to watch her leave
But I keep her running back and forth like a soccer team
Cold as a winter day, hot as a summer's eve
Young Money thieves, steal your love and leave
I like the way you walk and if you walking my way
I'm that Red Bull, now let's fly away
Let's buy a place with all kind of space
I let you be the judge and I'm the case
I'm Gudda Gudda, I put her under
I see me with her, no Stevie Wonder
She don't even wonder 'cause she know she bad
And I got her nigga, grocery bag
Oh baby, I be stuck to you like glue
Baby, wanna spend it all on you
Baby, my room is the G spot, call me Mr. Flintstone
I can make your bedrock
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I can make your bedrock, girl
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Okay, I get it, let me think, I guess it's my turn
Maybe it's time to put this pussy on your sideburns
He say I'm bad, he probably right
He pressing me like button downs on a Friday night
I'm so pretty like, me on my pedal bike
He on my low scrunch, he on my echo whites
He say, "Nikki, don't stop, you the bestest"
And I just be coming off the top as bestest
I love your sushi roll, hotter than wasabi
I race for your love, shake and bake Ricky Bobby
I'm at the W but I can't meet you in the lobby

Girl, I gotta watch my back 'cause I'm not just anybody
I seen 'em stand in line just to get beside her
I let her see the Aston and let the rest surprise her
That's when we disappear you need GPS to find her
Oh, that was your girl? I thought I recognized her

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She like tanning, I like staying in
She like romancing, I like rolling with friends
She said I'm caged in, I think her conscious is
She watching that Oxygen, I'm watching ESPN
But when that show end, she all on my skin
Lotion, slow motion, roller coasting like back forth, hold it
She pose like it's for posters and I poke like I'm supposed to
Take this photo if you for me, she said, "Don't you ever show this"
I'm too loyal and too focused
To be losing and be hopeless, when I spoke this, she rejoiced it
Said your words get me open, so I closed it
Where your clothes is, I'm only loving for the moment
Uh, she ain't got a man but she's not alone
Miss Independent, yeah, she got her own
Hey gorgeous, I mean flawless, well, that's what you are
How I see it is how I call it, yeah
Look it how she walk, she know she bad
Do, do your thing, baby, I ain't even mad
And I ain't even fast, I'ma stay a while
Hold yo' head Chris, I'ma take her down
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