

Jellyfish (Feat. Cappadonna, Shawn Wigs Trife)

Ghostface Killah

Hey yo
Here's a little story ghetto situation
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations
She was so fly, get high, well understood
Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood[Ghostface]
Yo,
Hey yo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn
Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn
She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong
Right before she went to rest she had me singing this song
She must be a special lady
And a very exciting girl
I don't know
She had the high-glow's switching
See her in the club you hear others chicks bitching
But Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit
See she did 12 months over a ratchet
Not no crab shit
Got bagged with the mag
Taxi cab shit
Clit was hanging out her panties with no where to stash it
It was classic
Nowadays she's laid back
Helping me perfect my rap
Only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat
Wife everything
Diamond cut like johnny lex collar attached
Licking glass bowls in her cat clothes
Cause crazy stacks
Finicky thing
Her kitting drink polar spring
Take naps
Near her jewelry box
She play with all the rings
And when she step out the tub its like an ill flick
Caramel skin, bath and body works leave the whole room lit
Cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode
Paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin me
Versace robe on her body, peak, sippin asti (piemonte)

She a perfect 10 in my wildest dreams DAWN[Cappadonna]
Hey yo, she gotta be gone
Waiting on my sweet strawberry pecan rican LaShawn
Holding my taffy down when I'm gone
Three fourths of her body always covered with clothes
That's why I'm eating her candy
And sucking her toes
Sweet sexy LaShawn
She got body like what's goin on
On some Marvin Gay shit like lets get it on
Sugar
Lets get it on
Hey yo she a diamond in the rough
Black rose in the hood
I love my queen and she treat me good
Fuck cooking for me
She stash me out when the feds come looking for me
I'm not cheating on her or beating on her
I spend the weekend on her
We on the block when the bills start creeping on her
She right there when it gets sticky
She strict politic to the vicky's
And a fly aviator the color of sky
God on her side
Indian chick with cat eyes
Mad respect with the fat thighs
Plus her guns for the revolution
Would straight leave her if she prostituting
Yo my girls the bomb
Intelligent mind
Sky blue Louis Vutton
Leg muscles, deep dimples
Body is soft she smell fresh like a new born
Pretty feet petite ass nice shoes on
The sunshine for my quiet storm
Keepin the food warm while I'm gone
It won't be long 'til I'm back to my sweet butter pecan rican LaShawn
Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'[Trife]
Hey yo, hey yo I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn
Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen
You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe
Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue
Pretty young thing, with a body like vida
Ass off the meter, eva medenez look, strut like a diva
Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a cheeba

She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up
Ms. Bonitta Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holding condoms!
Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick
Throwing that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip
Latin decent, velour suit with the cameltoe print
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride

Songwriters

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GOODMAN, ALBERT / BAILEY, T. / DUMILE, DANIEL / COLES, DENNIS / HILL, DARRYL /Published
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