

# Diced Pineapples

[Rick Ross](#)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Diced pineapple

Tonight you shall reach a height that the sky won't catch you

The highest form of my admiration

I ain't no connoisseur but I'm kinda sure you will admire my taste

And before the sun graze ya

I'm tryin to see how deep you are

And believe me shorty I ain't talking about no intimate conversation

I wanna see if I can make you reach things unobtainable

When I peek into your nature

And I promise you my goals will exceed any physical pleasure

I wanna, give you whats better than better

The better my effort, the wetter her treasure

The more these mere moments seem like heavens or temporary forevers

Shorty get it together

Diced pineapple

May your love come down so my mind might have you

You designed my imagination

Let me redefine foreplay 'till you need five and

Tell me shorty you got it baby

If its not it baby, hope its progress baby

Let it all drip baby

If you stop that shaking, no more talking baby, no more talking baby[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh

Diced pineapples that my baby tastes the best

I nearly lost my mind, guess it was a test

Swept her off her feet and went and bought her ass a Lex

Paid it off cash so I never wrote a check

Leave my cars at her crib I'm just stuntin' on her ex

Pussy's excellent and I know it sound a mess

I love to make her toes curl as I'm lickin' on her flesh uhh

Sex all night, couple shots of Ciroc

Crib on the water, got LeBron up the block

Money ain't the thing baby, welcome to the Mark

Diced pineapples, talking diamonds by the jar

Bitch so bad got me wishing I could sign her

Uniform Isabel Marant when you on the team

Double MG them other niggas fell off, baby girl I just wanna see you well off[Hook: Drake]

Call me crazy -- shit, at least youre calling

Feels better when you let it out don't it girl  
Know its easy to get caught up in the moment  
When you say it cause you mad then you take it all back  
Then we fuck all night til things get right  
Then we fuck all night til things get right[Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh  
Diced pineapples I just bought my girl a set  
I know my lifestyle wild I just do it for the set  
She know how to make me smile and she do it with the sex  
Pop bottles, make love, thug passion  
Red bottoms, Moncler, high fashion  
Belt buckles, door handles, gold plated  
Balmain, rich denim, out Vegas  
French Riviera baby girl lets take a trip  
I'mma trip go to Cannes, France to catch a flick  
Baby listen, this position is a blessing  
And with your permission hopefully you'll learn a lesson  
I'm so fly that I shouldn't even walk. She so fine she ain't even gotta talk  
Diced pineapples, talking diamonds by the jar  
She never wrote a song but I know that she's a star[Hook][Verse 4: Wale]  
Something about her probably can't live without her  
Roll up some sour, let me kiss on a fountain  
Mission accomplished, you increasing your heart rate  
And I wont ever rest, we meet at the peak of your mountain  
Eager to show you, thinking that I should know you  
And you eager to work perfect, I can employ you  
Designer shit spoil you, rub you down with the oil  
To get on a higher tree, gonna have to climb a sequoia  
Hol' up, showing off some Agent Provocateur  
Rushing you out your drawers though patiently get you off  
Hate when they be too anxious though, hate when they be too dull  
Like to go deep but I hate to get too deeply involved  
How sweet is you, let me see some proof  
Fuck making pussy talk, I like to make it sing a tune  
All we need is we, we dont need no room  
Right now Im trying eat, we dont need a spoon[Hook]

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