

Laffy Taffy (Amended Album Version)

D4L

(Candy girl)
Girl, shake dat laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Girl, shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
That laffy taffy (candy girl)
That laffy taffy I'm lookin' for Mrs. Bubble Gum
I'm Mr. Chik-O-Stick
I wanna (dun dun dunt)(oh)
Cause you so thick
Girls call me Jolly Rancher
Cause I stay so hard
You can suck me for a long time
(Oh my God!)
Girl this ain't no dance flo'
This a candy sto'
And I'm really geeked up
And I got mo' dro'
I wop? I roll
It's all I do
It's the summer time
But yo laffy taffy got me cold (oh)
Gone get loose (oh)
Gone get low (oh)
Don't be shy
Ho I'm Faybo (oh)
I know you wanna ride
You a star and it shows
(well tell 'em, damn whassup, whassup let's go, let's go, let's go) Girl, shake dat laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Girl, shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
That laffy taffy (candy girl)
That laffy taffy Girl, shake dat laffy taffy
That laffy taffy

Shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Girl, shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
That laffy taffy (candy girl)
That laffy taffy C'mon trick, c'mon trick
Here go Mr. Chocolate
I like the way you break it down
Waddle, stop you watchin' me
Laffy taffy I'm likin' this
Big ole ass you shakin' bitch
Close yo mouth and don't say shit
Bend on ova and hit a split
Work that pole and work it well
Stacks on deck, yo ankles swell
Girl, lemme touch ya
I will neva tell
Security guard don't scare nobody
Damn right I touched that ho
All the money just hit the flo'
D4L I'm ready to go
Ho can't even shake no mo'
They tired out
Let's ride out
Bitch you wanna go
Then she can go
She get in my car
I ain't playin' no mo'
Start movin' on my Faybo
Bitch she probably already know
Lemme see that laffy taffy
(dun dun dunt) Girl, shake dat laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Girl, shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
That laffy taffy (candy girl)
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That laffy taffy (candy girl)

That laffy taffy Say baby girl
Ay what you gon' do
I got a hundred ones
I wanna po' on you
Just keep that ass shakin'
And I keep tippin' you
While I sit back like a playa
And sip that grey goose
Feelin' all loose
Cause girl you on yo job
You got my dick hard
The way you touch them toes
Workin' them micros
On the stillets
You made it skeet skeet skeet
Like a water hose (candy girl)
Got me goin' in my pocket pullin' out mo' dough
Let the waitress know I need to order, five hundred mo'
You best believe later on we headed to the mo'
So gone and pack them bags
And let's motherfuckin' go
I'm waitin' on yo fine ass
At the front do'
Girl, you don't know
I'mma toss the laffy taffy
Toss it, flip it, and slap it
Bust a couple of nuts
And get right back at it Girl, shake dat laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Shake that laffy taffy
That laffy taffy
Girl, shake that laffy taffy
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