

# Damn

Yung L.A.

Damn damn she got a donkey  
And that shit so chunky  
How she get them jeans on that monkey  
Like man got me like a junky  
Only when she pump me  
Whisper in my ear I think she want it

Verse 1:

Now you can tell my stilettos cost about nine hundred  
I'm in Miami actin ghetto hollerin out Shy run it  
And you can see I hold the crown ain't no taken it from me  
I let my chain hang down from my neck to my tummy  
I got a pet pink poodle named FiFi  
I love taking pictures cause these bitches wanna be me  
I only swim in Donatella or some Givenchy  
You can catch me on the yacht we chasin vodka wit some Fiji  
You bitches ain't know I do this shit for fun  
My daddy got that paper I been rich since I was one  
Been living in them mansions been soaking up the sun  
Can see me in that Rolls or that Ferrari either one  
Before you try to holla at me know I'm bout that paper  
And I'ma I'ma a hustler I don't need no package saver  
They feelin all my flava and that ass so plush  
Before you take a look make sure them haters don't touch  
I got 'em sayin'

Hook:

Damn she got a donkey  
And that shit so chunky  
How she get them jeans on that monkey  
Like blam got me like a junky  
Only when she pump me  
Whisper in my ear I think she want it  
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Smoke's Rap:

She's a ten in them nines with stilettos

With a figure 8 frame in them 7 jeans  
6-5-4-3-2-1 Let's go  
She's a trophy I put her on a pedestal  
Damn the can be feelin the way it shake  
I wanna jam it in her jello  
Anything for me she want it  
Like a beast she be so funky you can see it from the front  
She got more ass than a team of donkeys  
Itty bitty waist like a bumble bee  
Titties plump please Dolly Parton up

When she walk through and make way for the double D's  
I love that pretty brown round  
She shaking got me shook  
Cause her print so fat between her thighs  
It look just like a camel foot  
Can I look can I rub it  
Matter fact fuck that let me cut it  
Can I touch it can I grab it  
That hairy nappy fat rabbit  
Meet me there I take a flight  
Your dark chocolate fittin to be up in the air like a kite  
Caught up in the Chicago wind  
Just to be up in your guts from dust to dawn  
Humpin like a camel back  
From am from pm from pm to am  
I'll beat it up like a punching bag

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Verse 3:

Hold up wait a minute step back let a nigga just catch my breath  
Got 'em all up on it want it Watch it go right to left  
Watch it go up and down like that  
Watch it go front to back Hope it don't hurt too bad

Cause it's gonna make me mad  
You like it how I do it fast Love it how I do it slow  
They Like it how I move it up and down and make that booty roll  
They see that pussy swoll It be so juicy Ohh  
He said he wanna try to take me home and eat that pussy whole  
Said he never had the chance But he gotta have a taste  
And he was like a kid and I was like shit I just wanna ride the face  
And that's just how I play 'em I ain't never been out to lay 'em  
My shit's so mean up in them jeans And now I gotta 'em sayin

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