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
Damn she got a donkey
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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
Hook:
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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
Hook:
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