

# Grown And Sexy

## Chamillionaire

Ha-ha yeah, it's yours truly Houston's own  
Chamillionaire holding it down, for the playa that don't believe  
In love at first sight, but the playa that believes that he  
Can get love on the first night, that's right  
So before I get to discussing, what type of eye candy I need  
What type of visual stimulation, she needs to be able to achieve  
There's something special bout ya, that ain't hard to see Grown and sexy from your head, down to your toes you  
know you're fine  
Got that perfect face a perfect shape, and perfect smile (a perfect smile)  
But soon as you turned around, it's something that I realized yeah  
You look better from behind, you look better from behind, grown and sexy From the moment you flashed your  
teeth, I knew that we had to meet  
Your face was the Mona Lisa, your ass was a masterpiece  
Asked ya if you was married, and that's when you answered no  
I asked if you had a nigga, and that's when you said fa sho  
So I didn't care, as you walked away I was stare  
At your bottom in apple bottoms, your waist was shaped like a pare  
Really round at the bottom, a little thin up there  
So instead of letting ya leave, I pursued ya just like the playa  
That I am and damn, couldn't help but to help myself  
To a helping because I smelled some perfume, that can make me melt  
And you shoulda seen my demeanor, I had to control myself  
Approaching you from the rear, as I tapped you right on your belt  
And you tried to look surprised, like you didn't know I was behind ya  
But I could tell by your smile, you was waiting on me to find ya  
Mess with my thought a bit, and tried to play hard to get  
You don't wanna look like you're freaky, pretend like it's hard to hit Let's give a toast, to the ladies that look  
better up close  
That look better by the behind, and better when you approach  
You try your best to get up close, until you smelling the soap  
Lovely ladies from coast to coast, get in bed and she dope  
Not a eight and not a nine, grade you more than just a dime  
Bentley steering wheel body, cause you look better from behind  
Grip around your waist turn it, like I'm just trying to get a better view  
Cause God must of been working hard, when he assembled you  
I'm trying to test drive, your rear and your shape  
And I'm power steering your waist, and I see your rear is in shake  
If you thought I couldn't handle it, then you're really mistaken  
No one here to keep you near, then you're here for the taking

I'm still waiting, for you to give me one good reason  
Why you couldn't leave and be speeding, off in some good breezing  
You'll never spend another boring night, in some hood freezing  
But posted up by standing water, during some good season

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