

Peace Sign

[Rick Ross](#)

Hey girl, I'mma tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking

Hey girl, I'mma tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking

Lay you on your back, got your legs in the air like a peace sign

Lay you on your back, got your legs wide open like a peace sign

We can make it nasty, shave your head like Cassie

I be counting this money

You can get freaky while you're rolling my CaliFornication in the Fontainebleau

4 or 5 of them bitches couldn't amount to you

I could spend it all, then spend a night with you

But I got too much of it, I'm just a flight away

She a baller, we both shopping for the same brands

Bail hard but they all call up 'bout our first name

I'ma change the bitch last name

Don't wanna hear stories about your last lame

We sippin' syrup in the fast lane

Wide-body Phantom, lower miles than your prom date

I seen a brick in the 9th grade

Swerve up on a bitch and I might say Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking

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You can get freaky while you're rolling my Cali We turn into the book of thugs

Slip and slide in the kitchen while you cooking up

I eat your pussy while your legs up

Front to back, side to side, then I blow all in your butt

She say my life is like a true crime

One time for Buddy Roe that nigga still ridin'

So I fuck her like I'm locked up

For every young soldier that's boxed up

Home boy snake straight fuck nigga

Then it's time to cut him off, you can't fuck with him

These bitches like a gift to me

So I love the pussy that she gives to me Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking

Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking

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I be counting this money
You can get freaky while you're rolling my Cali
She fell in love on the first date
Know I'm getting money in the worst way
I'm the talk at all the barber shops
And you the one them hoes gossip 'bout
Fellatio you know I keep the pistol in her mouth
Fuck her with her shoes on all around the house
Sometimes we talk and we both cry
Both make mistakes and we both lie
Had a seizure once driving and she took the wheel
Flew me to my mom's and she foot the bill
Type of bitch that I would ride for
Give or take a bullet, nigga, even die for her
Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking
Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking
Lay you on your back, got your legs in the air like a peace sign
Lay you on your back, got your legs wide open like a peace sign
We can make it nasty, shave your head like Cassie
I be counting this money
You can get freaky while you're rolling my Cali

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