

Get Naked You Beezy (Radio Edit)

Federation

I must take a trip to California
Is that right Beezy?
And Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Tell em li'l homi Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Rick Rock Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy I'm on my light, bright, damn near white
Back on the street under the moon light
But the broad don't know me, matic on the song
Bra on the floor, Christian Dior thong Super thick, thick? 'cause I don't like boney
My little Latin broad run around in her chonies
Take your pants off, let me see you walk
She always say, yadadamean when she talk I got a forty in the freezer and I think I'm gone tease her
Try to get a girl to suck me to sleep
And if you ain't suckin' then ain't doing nothing
Cause girl I ain't just trying to beat And I'm short and you tall
I spend a rack at the Fairfield Mall
And I'm short and you tall
I spend a rack at the Fairfield Mall Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy
Get naked you Beezy Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
Take it off now, get naked you Beezy Betcha won't talk till they sniff out the cash
Then they offer us to get close to the stash
I just wanna tap it, wanna see you clap it
In a stunna van, all up and down traffic 7 0 savage, bitch say it backwards
First come the hustle then comes all the cabbage
With enough drama to hit Judge Mathis
Making us go dumb all in the clearing I pull bitches like Jessica Rabbit

I don't even talk, pussy come automatic
 Rockin' my kicks, so Beezy I'm chargin'
 Trying take the Bay Street to Madison Square Garden
 Sure I'm 'bout hyphy, sure I'm bout thizzin'
 Granddaddy purple just get up from the business
 So I'm bout scrapers with stunnas on
 Get some handy y'all then I'm gone
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 G e t n a k e d, get naked
 (Ay, I remember the first time I met you)
 G e t n a k e d, get naked
 (I knew I wanted to get naked)
 G e t n a k e d, get naked
 (Right here? right now? okay)
 G e t n a k e d, get naked
 Let's walk around like Africans
 Nuts swangin', tits hangin', ass and 'em
 Strip down, mommy like I'm hurt a thing
 Dick down mommy, how you want it, from the back?
 Maybe froggy style, I'll make it worth while
 Rockstar, ginseng or pro style
 Donkey pokin' out take off them triple 5s
 Show a lil nipple, go on get it live, hey
 Hyphy in the zone, butt naked with my Nikes on
 Take them ripper slippers off, that's hey
 Your toes beat back, matter of fact keep 'em on
 Your head came right, I call her good dome
 I wanna see a murray, kitty
 Mix baby with a good herb, bet it look pretty
 Go on, so super sleazy
 Enough bout me
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 Take it off now, get naked you Beezy
 To get naked or to not get naked
 You know you want to get naked
 I love you
 Even though I don't know you
 Just get naked
 Like the li'l' homie say
 Get naked you Beezy

Songwriters

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