La La

Flying Circus

La, la, la, la
(Track boys S dot)
Let's go
Ayo, Teairra, what's up, girl?
Damn, you looking incredible these days you know
Are you still with ol' dude?
I be seeing you out the ghetto
But you know he can't do what I can do for you
I can change your life you know
Uh, huh, oh, for real?
You need to be fucking with a nigga like me ma
All ya'll wankstas be talking that la
Think I'm gonna leave my nigga, you smoking that la
He may not have millions but he give me enough
That feel good conversation and trust
Any time I need him he will out, want to bust
Damn well will lay a nigga out for the us
Yeah, you might be gangster but gangster ain't enough
'Cuz these dickies have his name written in the cut
Oh, he treats me so good
Oh, you wishing you could
Axe him, nix him, make me forget him
But there ain't nothing out here that's like him
La, la, me, you think you gon' la, la, me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la, me
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
La, la, me, you think you gon', la, la me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la, me
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
See that's the damn problem with the male species
(Uh, huh)
Ya'll think ya'll can hit every ball in the league
(Uh, huh)
But you'll keep poppin' foul as you talk to me
Wondering why girls dating girls got you intrigued

But that's irrelevant when it comes to me
My man got it locked when it comes to heap
I can see that you won't ever succeed
At pleasing a girl 101 so class is ending
(Let's go, let's go)
Oh
(Oh)
He treats me so good
Oh
(Oh)
You wish that you could
Axe him, nix him, make me forget him
But there ain't nothing out here quite like him
La, la, me, you think you gon' la, la, me
(Oh)
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la, me
(You're so typical, yeah, yeah)
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
(Let it go)
La, la, me, you think you gon' la la, me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la, me
(Your pimpin' ain't strong, no it ain't)
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
All my ladies, my real down ladies
Want these lame ass busters to stop
Stop tryin' to holler when I told you about 'em
And the game that you're spittin' ain't hot
All my
(All my)
All my real ladies
That want these lame ass busters to stop
Stop tryin' to holler when I told you about 'em
And the game that you're spittin' ain't hot
La, la, me, you think you gon', la, la, me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to
La, la, me
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
La, la, me, you think you gon' la, la, me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la, me

I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
La, la me, you think you gon' la, la me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la me
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
La, la, me, you think you gon' la, la, me
Your pimpin' just ain't enough to la, la me
I told you that in his arms is where I'd be
You need to quit puffing that la, la
(La, la)
What the fuck? Ya'll thought we was playin with ya'll?
Nigga it's S.dot and track boys, we ball
You always keep sneaking like the game ain't changed
Nigga its S.dot, Teairra Mari remember the name
Let's go
La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/