miranda

Brunnen

Yo, man, just let her live, man, stop playing, man
Oh, shit, B, where's Miranda? (She with Chef)

I dreamed it, Chef out in Cuba, a ruger
Thirty thou' on him, out in Mr. Chow, blew a cloud on him
Seen a Latin chick, laughing, clapping
Like your style, homey, tell your proud, hit the Crystal
Now we chatting, coebers and klickos, who do this a size six
She split up, had a brick, I peeped those
Her jeans was fitted, hair twisted, long as a fuck
She looked Indian, titties was plump
Had juicy lips, dimples, imprint on her pussy was mad thick
She grabbed my dick, hopped in the window
We in the Monte Carlo, bravo, uncle named Pablo
Gun connect, and he had his poke in Los Cabos
Good money, honey was strung, playing Luther in the background
Spanish version, my bunny was horny as fuck
Working the kid, we burst later, lay in the bed
Duvet sheets, my face hit the spread
Then time me, I'm not the kind of nigga, I was cool down at night
Drop my gun, shorty, my nigga
Body was sexy, "Lexy, come here, nigga, take off your drawers
Let me suck your dick, nigga, it's yours
Got real watery, Corey, damn you got good dick
You forty" spit on it, position your jaw
Call me 8-Ball, this pussy like China, climb the Great Wall
Then she came like volcanos in the late fall

Lady Miranda, she half black and white like a panda
I met her at the BET Awards, in Atlanta
Glamor girl, shopping in Bloomingdale's, skin pure
Keep a fresh manicure, hands with the cutest nails
Wall Street banker, hold accounts with Jewish now
Big businessmen, who own stocks in computer sales
Meanwhile, I'm checking her jeans out, imagining
Her fat bubble, riding my dick, making her scream out
She got a mean mouth, her lips is like soup coolers
Hotter than niggas riding around with six rugers
Miss Beaulah took a day off with a rich jeweler

When she came back she had a suitcase full of Fig Newtons
I met her at a villa in Vancouver, blowing her man's buddah
Bumping Mary J. and that Grand Puba
Check the 411, from a smooth operator
Got some pictures of her naked, I'll send them to Un later

Ay Dio mio, mamacita ass bonita
Remind me of the nights of Del Rio
I met at the Cotto fights, playing my seat though
That night, the linen was white, me and my hijos
Live from Puerto Rico, San Juan, where niggas sniff pedrico
Look at your man wrong, finito
Girl you know how we go, you getting my grown man on
Fuck with you primo, maybe I'm hands on, I'll massage your ego
And be the love of your life, you know your people, a thug and his wife
Gave a look, she was touching my ice, so I looked at my dick
Like don't worry, we fucking tonight
She boricua, cinnamon skin, sign is Libra
She like wife beaters and men that like to eat her
Then I meet your feet up, meet me in room 112, light this reefer
You act right, and after tonight, I might keep ya

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