

# Jellyfish

## Pix Lax & Steve Wynn

Aiyyo, here's a little story ghetto situation  
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations  
She was so fly, get high, well understood  
Big-ass, big brains and straight out the hood  
Yo, aiyyo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn  
Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn  
She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong  
Right before she went to rest she had me singin' this song  
She must be a special lady  
And a very exciting girl, I don't know  
She had the high-glow's switchin'  
See her in the club you hear others chicks bitchin'  
But Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit  
See she did twelve months over a ratchet  
Not, no crab shit, got bagged with the mag  
Taxi cab shit  
Clit was hangin' out her panties with no where to stash it  
It was classic  
Nowadays shes laid back, helpin' me perfect my rap  
Only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat  
Wife everything  
Diamond cut like Johnny Lex collar attached  
Lickin' glass bowls in her cat clothes  
'Cause crazy stacks finicky thing  
Her kittin drink polar spring  
Takes naps near her jewelry box  
She play with all the rings  
And when she step out the tub it's like an ill flick caramel skin  
Bath and body works leave the whole room lit  
Cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode  
Paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin' me  
Versace robe on her body, peak, sippin' ass  
She a perfect ten in my wildest dreams Dawn  
Aiyyo, she gotta be gone  
Waitin' on my sweet strawberry pecan Rican La Shawn  
Holdin' my taffy down when I'm gone  
Three fourths of her body always covered with clothes  
That's why I'm eatin' her candy and suckin' her toes  
Sweet sexy La Shawn, she got body like what's goin' on

On some Marvin gay shit like lets get it on  
Sugar, let's get it on  
Ayo, she a diamond in the rough, black rose in the hood

I love my queen and she treat me good, fuck cookin' for me  
She stash me out when the feds come lookin' for me  
I'm not cheatin' on her or beatin' on her  
I spend the weekend on her  
We on the block when the bills start creepin' on her  
She right there when it gets sticky  
She strict politic to the vicky's  
And a fly aviator the color of sky  
God on her side Indian chick with cat eyes  
Mad respect with the fat thighs  
Plus her guns for the revolution  
Would straight leave her if she prostituting  
Yo, my girls the bomb, intelligent mind  
Sky blue Louis Vuitton, leg muscles, deep dimples  
Body is soft, she smell fresh like a new born  
Pretty feet, peitete ass, nice shoes on  
The sunshine for my quiet storm  
Keepin' the food warm while I'm gone  
It won't be long till I'm back to my  
Sweet butter pecan Rican La Shawn  
Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'

Aiyyo, aiyyo, I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn  
Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen  
You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe  
Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue  
Pretty young thing with a body like vida  
Ass off the meter, Eva medenez Medenezlook, strut like a diva  
Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a Cheeba  
She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up  
Ms. Bonita Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column  
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holdin' condoms!  
'Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick  
Throwin' that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip  
Latin decent, velor suit with the cameltoe print  
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips  
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh  
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride  
Whether Jen, Don or Shawn it's the same situation  
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations  
She was so fly, get high, well understood  
Big-ass, big brains and straight out the hood

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