

Off Glass (Featuring Duece Poppito of 24 Karatz)

Trina

Lil' momma, you off glass I know you like the way I shake that, drop that
Cock back, make the pussy pop back
Fuck a nigga in a Benz with the top back
If you lyin' on your dick, nigga stop that You wanna fuck me for free, nigga freeze that
Show me where them D's at, lil' momma needs that
I need a nigga who gonna lick on the clit
Who gonna pay all my bills? Who gonna trick on the rent? Well, damn 'lil momma, can you swallow my dick?
Can you keep that pussy poppin' like a bottle of Cris?
Hell yeah, 'coz you know lil' momma about it for sure
'Coz off glass is my motto, my motto If you got plenty cash in your Chanel bag, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
If you a high priced bitch with that ice 'round your wrist, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
And when your back in the club and pop that pussy for them thugs
You off glass, lil' mama, you off glass
And when you gettin' plenty bread and you got that fire, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass Lil' momma got in goin' on like the candy and chrome
Off glass in the club with no panties on
I don't know lil' momma, it's just somethin' about ya
That make a nigga wanna fuck the dog shit out ya Do your thing lil' momma, go in twerk it bitch
When Deuce Poppito see what you workin' with
In that see-through shit with your nipples hard
That shit gotta nigga dick triple hard Yeah, I know playboy, it's just somethin' about me
It take a real nigga to bring that freak up out me
Turn out the lights and sneak up out me
Ain't nann size dick, you could keep out me Well damn 'lil momma, can you swallow my dick?
Can you keep that pussy poppin' like a bottle of Cris?
Hell yeah, 'coz you know lil' momma about it for sure
'Coz off glass is my motto, my motto If you got plenty cash in your Chanel bag, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
If you a high priced bitch with that ice 'round your wrist, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
And when your back in the club and pop that pussy for them thugs
You off glass, lil' mama, you off glass
And when you gettin' plenty bread and you got that fire, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass I know you like the way I bounce that, strip that, flip back
Make the pussy drip back
Niggas cryin' like they broke, I ain't with that
You better break a bitch off like a kit-kat I know you like the way lil' momma mack work, your stack worth it

I'mma fuck you till your back hurt
I'm gettin' grands hoe, you don't know nann hoe
That'll stay fitted down to the sandals I know you like the way I throw that, slang that
In MI desk, that's where I got my game at
I'm da baddest bitch, can't nothin' change that?
Every nigga that I fucked, they done came back Well damn li'l momma, can you swallow my dick?
Can you keep that pussy poppin' like a bottle of Cris?
Hell yeah, 'coz you know lil' momma about it for sure
'Coz off glass is my motto, my motto If you got plenty cash in your Chanel bag, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
If you a high priced bitch with that ice 'round your wrist, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
And when your back in the club and pop that pussy for them thugs
You off glass, lil' mama, you off glass
And when you gettin' plenty bread and you got that fire, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass If you got plenty cash in your Chanel bag, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
If you a high priced bitch with that ice 'round your wrist, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass
And when your back in the club and pop that pussy for them thugs
You off glass, lil' mama, you off glass
If you gettin' plenty bread and you got that fire, you off glass
Lil' mama, you off glass

Songwriters

Lasana Bayette Smith; Adam Duggins Published by
FIRST AND GOLD PUBLISHING; WARNER-TAMERLANE PUBLISHING CORP.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>