

Ladies Hit Squad (Ft. D Double E & ASAP Nast)

Skepta

Girl I pull up to your city with them racks out
You know how I do it, shows be packed out
All them girls, they pretty, they gon' twerk for me
Nasty baby, please put out that work for me
Now I noticed a couple niggas got my swag, swag
They done stole my swag, swag
They can have that swag, swag
Because Flacko Jodye done told me let them have that
I don't want that back
I don't want that backBudubupbup
It's me, me
She wants to be with me, me
Every day she's thinking 'bout me, me
She never met nobody like me, me
It's ooh
I wanna know what's on the agenda
Keep it real, don't be a pretender
This is my show, I'm the presenter
Time is money, I'm a big spender
We can have a mad one, we can have a bender
Order what you want from the bartender
Come back to mine and all be splendor
I'll give you a night to remember
Let's get the bed rockin'
Undo the stocking from the suspender
The legs are so soft and tender
Tonight you can be my contender
I want 'em in the mix and I wanna blender
To another world, I wanna send her
Over the bath, I wanna bend her
Give her the cockney like an Eastender
Girl I pull up to your city with them racks out
You know how I do it, shows be packed out
All them girls, they're pretty, they gon' twerk for me
Nasty baby, please put out that work for me
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I don't want that back

I don't want that back I'm gonna hit the G-spot when I get the jeans off
Press on the gas and then I ease off
Kiss on your neck, there you go, ease off
Back so big, look like your jeans shrunk in the wash
And we don't really need Netflix, I'mma give you something to watch
After we done, bill a spliff and cotch
Pour me a glass of the Henny on the rocks
And get ready for round two
'Cause any time we not boosting you know we knock twice
So lucky I found you girl
You were looking way too cold in your Reebok Ice
Saw your girlfriend, you don't need advice
Always in your ear like, "He's not nice"
She's just upset 'cause she got juiced in the bunk bed
And you know, she's not wife
See me with the street goons on the ends
Next day I'm in the GQ Top 10
Tracksuit Mafia, the best dressed men
Linked us, now she don't wanna link them man again
Your ex plays in the Prem but you never see him taking a pen
'Cause if you can't hit the G-spot when it comes to the spot kicks
Manna gotta wait on the bench

Songwriters

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