

# Tameeka

## Mario

Yo, this goes out to all the Tameeka's, yeah  
All around the world, you know, who you are, I see you  
Hey yo, I might this shorty up on 125th  
She was standing 5'4" with her hands on her hips  
She had the clothes on, capris send it to the tip  
Body when she walks, she pulled the keys to the whip  
I was laughing in the Bentley, when the stop light changed  
Thought I just might but 5-0 flipped the game  
She looked at me as I made my way  
As I rolled up, I asked, What's your name?  
Tameeka, hot chick, what chick, got chick  
Now she's about to blow your spot chick  
Tameeka, you know, the type  
That mom's don't want you hanging with  
Tameeka, and if you gotta girl, make sure  
She's the one you're bringing with Tameeka  
Hey yo, she ain't the one to be playing with  
I talk black about things I do  
Guess she could tell 'cause my rocks got blue  
And every man ain't gotta different girl like you  
Is he what, is he cool?  
But as I got a mess on the platinum two way  
Said, She'd see me the Friday  
Friday came and went  
That was a week and I haven't never meet Tameeka, since Tameeka  
Yeah, hot chick, what chick, got chick  
Now she's about to blow your spot chick  
Tameeka, you know, the type  
That mom's don't want you hanging with  
Tameeka, and if you gotta girl, make sure  
She's the one you're bringing with Tameeka  
Hey yo, she ain't the one to be playing with  
Meeka , who could do you betta than the one you with  
No more shoppin' on 1-2 fifth, so you could run through Tiff's  
Who else, you'd rather be in a V 1-2 if tther than  
Young F A B O L O U S, I'm a hot kid, hot vid and I don't got kids  
Benzs, Bentley's and they don't got lids  
Meet me then you can say you know a roller  
I don't tak to chicks, unless it's through Motorola's  
Plus the kid ain't the one to be playin' with either  
Look at me and tell I have trouble stayin' with fevas  
I be layin' with divas, and I don't like nothin' but  
And not the one that be playin' with beavas  
It's something about the way your switch it shakes  
The airbags almost came out when I hit the brakes  
The others got Mickey D's, I'ma get you steaks  
My mom's hatin' tellin' me not to hang with you, for real  
Tameeka, hot chick, what chick, got chick  
Now she's about to blow your spot chick

Tameeka, you know, the type that  
Mom's don't want you hanging with  
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Mom's don't want you hanging with  
Tameeka, and if you gotta girl, make sure  
She's the one you're bringing with Tameeka  
Hey yo, she ain't the one to be playing with Yeah, Tameeka  
I know, I know, I know

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