

Dem Heels (feat. E-40 & Waka Flocka)

D.TALL

Verse 1

D.TallBaby Hella bad tell dat girl behave,
got that ass to go wit them D's & I aint talkin bad grades.
Damn she fresh to death, throw her in the grave.
Her demeanor super epic she the type that you engage.
Walkin in dem heels struttin like a pro.
Super model swagger watch lil mama go.
Red bottom stompin never find a bunyin
cuz that pedicure is A1 and that rump look like an Onion.
Steppin in dem heels beauty of the month.
Ooh she can get it, lick her like the blunt.
Independent diva, quick to swipe the visa
cuz she got her own skrilla extra cheese, no pizza...
She be walkin in dem heels.

Verse 2

E-40She work out at curves baby got ass
not only that but honey got calves.
Dont count on no nigga to pay her bills
Sophisticated way she walk in dem heels
She know i go hard from the boulevard
baby quit playin and hop up in my car
shake that mushroom and come & get wit a tycoon
He just a tidal wave baby Im a typhoon.
She walkin in dem heels she stoppin all the cars
I wanna grip that ass like some motor cycle bars
Got her f%*k me jeans on bout to bust up out the seam.
Thick orange bone papparazzi earrings.

Verse 3

D.TallShe the coldest igloo in her veins when
she walk up in the buildin boyz & girls the go insane
cuz she fine and her walk dope fresher than some bar soap. Face like Krystle Vega make me wanna pay car
note. Call that girl miss runway her boobs Giant, No Andre. You can tell she got that Bombay just by the way
she walk. Lookin like a boss, Talkin like a boss. Lames put they bid in. She tell em get lost, when she walkin in
dem heels.

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