

# Miranda

Jon St. James

Yo, man, just let her live, man, stop playing, man  
Oh, shit, B, where's Miranda? (She with Chef)

I dreamed it, Chef out in Cuba, a ruger  
Thirty thou' on him, out in Mr. Chow, blew a cloud on him  
Seen a Latin chick, laughing, clapping  
Like your style, homey, tell your proud, hit the Crystal  
Now we chatting, coebers and klickos, who do this a size six  
She split up, had a brick, I peeped those  
Her jeans was fitted, hair twisted, long as a fuck  
She looked Indian, titties was plump  
Had juicy lips, dimples, imprint on her pussy was mad thick  
She grabbed my dick, hopped in the window  
We in the Monte Carlo, bravo, uncle named Pablo  
Gun connect, and he had his poke in Los Cabos  
Good money, honey was strung, playing Luther in the background  
Spanish version, my bunny was horny as fuck  
Working the kid, we burst later, lay in the bed  
Duvet sheets, my face hit the spread  
Then time me, I'm not the kind of nigga, I was cool down at night  
Drop my gun, shorty, my nigga  
Body was sexy, "Lexy, come here, nigga, take off your drawers  
Let me suck your dick, nigga, it's yours  
Got real watery, Corey, damn you got good dick  
You forty" spit on it, position your jaw  
Call me 8-Ball, this pussy like China, climb the Great Wall  
Then she came like volcanos in the late fall

Lady Miranda, she half black and white like a panda  
I met her at the BET Awards, in Atlanta  
Glamor girl, shopping in Bloomingdale's, skin pure  
Keep a fresh manicure, hands with the cutest nails  
Wall Street banker, hold accounts with Jewish now  
Big businessmen, who own stocks in computer sales  
Meanwhile, I'm checking her jeans out, imagining  
Her fat bubble, riding my dick, making her scream out  
She got a mean mouth, her lips is like soup coolers  
Hotter than niggas riding around with six rugers  
Miss Beaulah took a day off with a rich jeweler

When she came back she had a suitcase full of Fig Newtons  
I met her at a villa in Vancouver, blowing her man's buddah  
Bumping Mary J. and that Grand Puba  
Check the 411, from a smooth operator  
Got some pictures of her naked, I'll send them to Un later

Ay Dio mio, mamacita ass bonita  
Remind me of the nights of Del Rio  
I met at the Cotto fights, playing my seat though  
That night, the linen was white, me and my hijos  
Live from Puerto Rico, San Juan, where niggas sniff pedrico  
Look at your man wrong, finito  
Girl you know how we go, you getting my grown man on  
Fuck with you primo, maybe I'm hands on, I'll massage your ego  
And be the love of your life, you know your people, a thug and his wife  
Gave a look, she was touching my ice, so I looked at my dick  
Like don't worry, we fucking tonight  
She boricua, cinnamon skin, sign is Libra  
She like wife beaters and men that like to eat her  
Then I meet your feet up, meet me in room 112, light this reefer  
You act right, and after tonight, I might keep ya

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written by SMITH, CLIFFORD / BECAUD, GILBERT FRANCOIS LEOPOLD / DELANOE, PIERRE /  
COLES, DENNIS DAVID / WOODS, COREY / BEAN, RONALD MAURICE / CURTIS, MANN

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