Ms. Parker

Young Money

Cut tha music up in the headphones please
As I give you
(Tha bizness)
Cut tha music up please
In the headphones please, please, hey
Ms, Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker? Ah
Tom 'bout
(Hey)
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
Get 'em, when you gone let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Uh hum, lil' shawty want me
How do I know? 'Cause she told me so
Lil' shawty on E
Somebody let her know that I gotta few more
Lil' shawty wanna leave
Baby, we can go where ever you wanna go
If I'm takin' too long, give me dat look
I tell my niggas im gone
Damn you all dat, I'm talkin' 'bout
When she text me I call back
I go to her apartment and fall back
She attacks my heart, heart attack
Cardiac, Carter dat nigga dat she throwin' it at
And I caught dat, I bought dat
Yeah, I'll pay for it, I'll break down walls
Make her weigh for it, I'll wait for it
I'll wait for it, tick, tick, tock
Tick, tick, tock, tick, tick, tock
I'll wait, hey
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let me fuck?
Ms. Parker

Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let me fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
Bitch, I'm Mack Maine
Damn, look at Ms. Parker on the side of the road
Takin' off her parka, bendin' over under the hood
Her car wudn't start up, hold up Ms. Parker
Nigga 'bout to park, uhn
I parked my whip and proceeded to her car
I know I'm on beam, she done broke, I'm 'bout to park
She got that big O thing pokin' out so far
Dat my mom cudn't be mad if she finally let my pa fuck
She saw a nigga and was like, Hey, Mack Maine
I saw you on the video wit Lil' Wayne and T Pain
In tha back of the Hummer truck like switchin' 4 lanes
Hollin' out, woosh boy, like money ain't a thang
I gave her a jump and we went to tha spot
She was getting' all hot, special treatment for tha car
Had her screamin' out, pump harder and harder
Call Chris Tucker, I done fucked Ms. Parker
Hey, Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
I'm talkin' bout
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
Hey, Ms. Parker
(Parker)
She throwed dat ass back and den she park it
(Park it)
She handcuff a nigga like a sergeant
(Sergeant)
Hit her wit da dick and now she stalkin'
(Stalkin')
Yeah so I hit her wit tha ruler
Frost bit, Gudda got ice like a cooler
I dont give a fuck, bitch, ya man is a
The two of us pass in the whip and chuck da duce up
Gotta loose but tight waist, flat stomach
Nice titties, cute feet, nice face
Yeah, she say she from the Tri-State
Dat don't really matter, I can fly ya out to my state
I can take you to the right place
Top floor, penthouse balcony, my place

Make a nigga throw sum dollas out
Then I holla out
Ms. Parker
Hey, Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Talkin' 'bout
Hey, Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
Ms. Parker? Ms. Parker?
When you gon' let a nigga fuck?
Ms, Park, Ms. Parker'?
I said, girl, you gotta ass on you
I said Ms. Parker you gotta ass on you
I said when you gon' let me fuck?
I said when you gon' let me fuck?
When you gon' let me fuck?
I said when you gon' let me fuck?
I said when you gon' let me fuck?
I said when you gon' let me fuck?
Somebody Call Chris tucker up
Call Chris Tucker up
And tell him dat I fucked Ms. Parker
Wayne, lookin' all fine and shit
Like a ninja gone passin', you up speakin'
Fuck dat, I'm like, hey, Ms. Parker
When you gon' let a nigga fuck? Ms. Parker

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