

The Fendi Boyz f/ Johnny Ca\$h

"We Da M.G.M"

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[Peanut] So icy mami can't keep her hands off All this
rubbin' on a nigga she gon' start somethin' Ain't ready
for she gettin' into Cumin' all on me baby while I'm in
you So nasty and sexy she so fine Givin' her the
business like a Lloyd Banks punch line She had multiple
orgasms I came one time Fell off track bring it back ma
you on top Go to work now ma I put mine in Felt so
good that the wall you was climbin' Ain't waistin' no
time nigga I just dive in I play the passenger while you
drivin' Don't breathe so hard I ain't done yet Just cuz
you came don't mean I'm finna cum yet So freaky in the
room and I'm so hood Mami keep comin' back for more
cuz it's so good Chorus [Johnny Ca\$h] We could get
down, roll the trees, pour the Goose bitch This the
honey hash oil, huh, use this Lace up the blunt, take a
drag, kick back We Da M.G.M. they the Fendi I'm Ca\$h
This is how we operate our program We da niggas on
top you gotta go down This is how we operate our
program We da niggas on top you gotta go down
[Johnny Ca\$h] Rated R, I'm a star, you's a bop down In
the back of the drop with the top down Would you
rather spend another night with a different cat Fuck on
the forefront lead her with me kickin' back I take a
stack, break it down have you watch there Lay on my
back have you squat call shots yes Then we ball and
I'm a monster mami Ca\$h hit you like Billy Bob fucked
on Halle Berry In the motion picture I'm married to the
game So yes a lil' brain's necessary You ain't never
dealin' with a nigga on some trealer shit I let the homes
smack ya ass while I feel ya tits Lets switch it up baby
I'm a switch hitter Cuz you see it in my ride don't mean
I'm stick wit her, nope Lets smoke like my 7-deuce
Chevy pipe And one stroke have a bitch wit me every
night [Chorus] [Geezy] Yea I'm workin' on my game
call it savage twist Put yo chick in my hands I'll have
that bitch Got her floatin' like a boat while I'm holdin' on
a loaf Got Bay bitches grittin' all in the east coast
Geezy, that be the nigga that they creep wit Money
Game Mob, Fendi Boy knock shit Go down for me, while
I'm breakin' cakes up Blow now honey, now fix ya make
up Alex got me hit I don't need to see Jacob (uh uh) Just

got the watch now I'm waitin' on the bracelet All on a
ho, yup that's what they yell out It's really no use if you
can't put it in ya mouth Sittin' low wit it, tuck wit it, A's
fitted I'm really 'bout pimpin' go and slide me the digits
East O reppa, watch me do my thug thang 1-2 steppa,
it's really not a game, Bitch

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