

Sofia Mestari

"Young Niggas"

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"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...
We're gonna do a song that you never heard before"

[Intro]

Yeah, it's on some cool shit, some laid back shit
'Bout my young nigga
Work the tongue nigga, ya know what I'm saying?
Yeah, he want Sole'

Many times seen him coming my way
Casual conversations was all that came into play
He had a girlfriend, or so them other niggas would say
Ex-girl was more the word, trippin back in the day
Know what I mean?
Time to scheme on him, sexy as what
Young nigga, work the tounge nigga, checking my butt
I see you looking like you wanna touch, making the cut
You wasn't sure, work the back and I'm working the
front
You had to jump, tight white baby's cuffing her ass
Little waist, real brest complimenting her ass
When I pass cocomo from the day at the beach
French manicured feet, hair was highlighted from
rocking the bleach
I left him speechless, he wanted, but he baby to me
Spitting lines but I think he still a maybe to me
No time for games but I want him, can't be shady wit
me
I breast feed him, and he want it on a daily wit me
This young nigga.

1 - Oooh, Sole' give me one more chance
You know I really wanna be your man
'cause ain't nobody do what you do
I put that on my mama, girl I'm gonna stay true

Repeat 1

Flirting wit him, I should leave him alone
Give it to him and he'll wanna try and call me his own
Ringing my phone saying that he wanna kick it wit me

When he know he really only wanna stick it to me
The dime piece, cool, heard that he was working the
lots
Several, so I think he might be hitting my spot
Several, knock knock and the movies we watch, boring
Watching me while I'm watching the clock, snoring
Think he slick while he rubbing my leg, butta soft
Tease him back, feel him wanting to beg, lay me down
Here's the oil, he massageing my back, young gun
Full of cum, yea he loaded and strapped
Lick me from the back, working he was putting me
down
First night did it right, wasn't no stopping him now, got
him sprung
On the couch now he wondering how
Sent him home wit a smile and I gave him a pound
This young nigga.

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Just a tad bit younger than me maturing, the mental
But I had to school him to keep, was real gentle
When I showed him things he never had seen
Turned him out, now he open, yeah, you know what I
mean
No round about got him rocking game he never heard
of
Foreign languages that he never spoke a word of
Took him places, just the best of them what I preferred
of
Any other girl would never even be concerned of
My young nigga

Repeat 1 to fade

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