

Do Or Die

"Hey Ma!"

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"Hey Ma!"

(feat. Bun B)

Mmmh
Ain't this some shh
Here's another one
Here's another one yup

[Chorus: x2]

Hey ma what's up you right I'm right
Throwback too tight tonight sho night shotgun we ride
P-O P-I-M-P-I-N

[Verse 1:]

Fire up a swisher sweet hop off in my jeep got my
throwback on
On the celly phone I done bump this chick named
vanessa got it goin on
I'm a wax that ass give her one map then send her
home
Headed to the mo she got my knee's knockin pulled
over by the park
Now my jeeps rockin oh... nananana mmm... lalalala
Momma's bad with it ass is so pretty let me hit it from
the back
While she talks dirty fellas let me hit that then walk
early
Ladies got a women but don't worry she got me gettin
at her
Baby's feelin betta relax her mind with the ismm then
I'm spittin at her
What's mine is mine what's yours is mine the flow is
blind I see you
Not just us now who you trust

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Well let me pull up to your earpiece and sprinkle some
game
You ought to be tired of dealin with the same old same
time for you

To roll with a G and get rid of your lame we some
grown ass people
Ain't no need to be ashamed
Bun b is the name king of the trill is my label don't you
worry bout a thang
Cause I'm willin and able
Not to mention lock loaded and cocked ready to rock
so close the curtains
Turn the lights off and unplug the clock
Wanna knock you off and knock you down
You don't need nobody else so let me lock you down
Not with handcuffs baby but with real talk cut a corner
with me
Let me show you how the trill walk
You can tell that I'm the king by how I move through the
city
And I can make it a queen and move through it with me
I can tell that your ready I can see that your down
So hop your ass off in the caddy girl let's light up the
town

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

You lookin badder then ever tighter than prada gucci
suede leather
Drop the top in this wheather
Bend the block with a glock and a dime on my side
Pretty [?] and fendi plus I gotta have a lot of that henny
With the paper to fold
Spreewells spin while the h-s-e roll
Now tell me a-k you cold
Plus ladies love the way that we flow
Wanna sit and get blowed
At the front stairway of a luxury condo
Come out of her clothes
In her bedroom with the springs up and rockin
When I handle my function
Bounce back on the e-way what's poppin
Put the clip in the glock in roll to the westside call up my
chopper
But the head was too proper got to the point where I
really couldn't
Stop her 25 with thick thighs
And she likes to ball with pimp than rich guys
And she rides by word and I got her locked like dro and
good herb
She wanna splurge? next week up on the same old
thang
Kickin the same cold game
Let her know that she dealin with the same old lame

I got paper to check plus the number one rule is
M-o-b-p-o-p-l-m-p from d-o-d holla

[Chorus x3]

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