

Fido Guido

"Dimez"

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[Kalage]

I'm lookin for a made misses, not one of them lazy chickens

But one them on top of her game, paid bitches

I lay bitches and slay bitches, fast and free

So fuck that, I want a lady I can give cash to be

A lover, makin me say "unnggh" like Master P

And helpin me out when I'm deep in a catastrophe

She has to be, top notch and full of class

Or rollin a new drop top full a gas, to pull her ass

Gotta come correct and you better have your game tight

She ain't the type of girl you meet and then fuck the same night

She's a hot girl, one that you can smoke Jane with

But so jazzy, flashin her diamonds on her bracelet

She don't say shit, keepin our love on the d-low

I trust and believe in her, like Shira, she's my hero

She don't need no zeroes she want a jazzy dime nigga to kick it with

Splittin it fifty/fifty down the middle

[Chorus 2x]

I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch

Walkin and pass me the switch, flashin her wrist

Where you at ma'?

I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya

As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter

[Boondox]

She had broke niggas and she said some nice hoe niggas

Showboat poor niggas perpetratin with no scrilla

She like more zippers, flow flippers and go getters

Hydro twistas, gold grillers to roll with

And you don't have to be a dope dealer or an old nigga

So don't go twistin with a gold nigga

'Cause she's a boss bitch, a slim Diana Ross bitch

That you can floss with that don't cost shit

And anytime I want to I can toss it

And when I toss it, I ain't gon' lie, I raw dog it

'Cause she's so jazzy, every five minutes I stop and tell
her
Bitches playa hate because they not, they jealous
Looooong micros with lots of cheddar
Givin me more D's than Jay-Z, she'll Roc-A-Fella
Classy, I gots to say it in a capella
So y'all rats can hear me clear, y'all gots to do better

[Chorus]

[Kalage]

If you feel that you's a jazzy nigga, you feel the same
as me
Jazzy hoes, I feel ya Jermaine Dupri
Because classy ain't the thing to be, and yes it's plain
to see
If you a skank you can't hang with me!
No I can't have no rat claimin me, like a leech, clang to
me
Or much, you should be shamed to be
Ridin in the Chevy thing with me, it's not the place for
them
Jazzy, classy girls I'm chasin them, I wanna stay with
them
And lay with them, passin pussy's not the way for them
I'm lacin 'em with more ice than a hockey stadium
She gets down with me, freakin in any position
Fine as all our dough, no, don't need me no pigeon
I'm needin a pinchin to make sure that I'm not
dreaming
Like Cash Money, when you see her it's like bling, bling
I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter

[Chorus 2x]

What, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch....

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