

Brad Martin

"Unladylike"

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[KLC]
Hey, yo Mia!

[Mia X]
What's up

[KLC]
What you think about this beat right here
You can do something with this

[Mia X]
Shit, man KL you motherfucker this beat is fire

[KLC]
Now that's what I'm talkin' bout
I need you to drop some mackin' ass shit off this
You don't have none of that huh

[Mia X]
Nigga you know I got some of everything
I'm Unlady Like (Door Knocking) Who that is

[KLC]
That's ya beat

[Mia X]
Oh, OK well come here baby, why you holdin' up, you
know I love you
I know you still ain't trippin cause you seen that nigga
downtown
I don't care nothing about him
You ain't seen no kissing, you ain't seen no hugging,
none of that
No emotions cause I give all my emotions to you
You want me to make you feel extra special
Now look at ya I see you trying to fight that smile back
off ya face
My baby, please don't give it to me, now give me some
sugar
Alright now, you know you my million dollar nigga
So why don't you go on and make it happen for mama

[Verse 1]

See I flip scripts on niggas blow they mind like the wind
Iceberg Slim pimped hoes, but I got my money and
clothes from him

Gator skin boots and purses for my slick verses
When I ride it I twerk it, leave they body jerkin' and
twitchin'

Then I position my frame of thought

Spit game, eye contact so it can soften his heart

I lie if I have to even cry if I have to

But in the end it's the law, they gon' buy what I ask for

No rushin' I make sling it all then bring it all to me

I used to be a rider, flyer now I'm retired see

I took lessons from Big Vie and 67

She still got them niggas down to do whatever

I ain't gon' lie it's well known, I'm a fool in the bed

And I understand full blown, niggas suckers for head

Raw skills leave em' for dead, toes curl then shed

Moaning, sighing, shivering like a little ol' bitch

Just the art of pimpin' and pussy whippin' excites me

After hearing the show ladies wanna be just like me

Shiesty, to keep my queen property and nice ride

My game's so tight it's unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Hey darling, it's daddy put mommy on the phone

Yeah Barbara it's Richie yeah look I ain't never coming
home no more

Take it easy

[Verse 2]

I ain't right, cause I especially

Send my nigga out to play on and flirt with other
broad's with big cheese

I even dress him and tell him to say the shit we like to
hear

Tell her you want a committment and wanna build shit
with her

Don't forget to lick the pussy nigga, eat your Wheaties
Cause you gon' need to bust about three or four nuts,
no speedys

Cook the breakfast and the flowers only

He gon' comeback knowin' where the safe's at,

And he gon' take that and bring it on to mama

Send me off to relax, with my girls in the Bahamas

Sipping pina coladas

And I'ma be on the sand, plotting on his friends

Especially the dark one with the six-hundred Benz

His ends is long, he say he don't buy me shit

Two weeks later, that same nigga, I was driving his shit

With the keys to his crib, Prada full of his G's
Knew the secret hiding place for the China and weed
All my need he's trying to fulfill
Wanna be my number one, every time I make him
come
It's like the boy gets dumber and dumber
Cause mama say I got him under a gree-gree
Take me shopping in New York, let them repossess her
car, unladylike

[Phone Conversation]

Yeah, man your not ruining my whole day, just do what
I say
Man just the other day I run into the law
He up and out left with all my ends, ya dig
Man I love my baby, I'm waiting for her to come back
She has been gone three months man, damn

[Verse 3]

Nigga, MC's is always talkin' bout the game they got
Wanna be pimps and playas but what about that beef
cock
Heifer, that got you missing studio sessions
And got you calling her all day sweatin'
Is you the same nigga to get on a mic and say fuck a
ho
Even though the one you love is up in ya bed, giving
head
To the nigga that I sent, coming back giving me fifteen
percent
Now, now I listen to your record and I laugh
You weak for ass, and you know this compare the math
Talkin' to a real pimp and I'ma drop it
Cool off nigga, I know ya mad but don't knock it
The truth hurts like life's a bitch
And she happens to be down with No Limit, and money
shit
Mama Mia, x-rated, extra hard, extra tight, extra
unladylike

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