

# Cappadonna "Girlfriend"

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\*girls talking\*

Verse one: cappadonna

Girlfriend, what you did was wrong  
Baby my love is still strong  
On some king kong ding-dong  
Never celebrate, never souflan  
Poppi kin, poppi wardrobe king  
Suck her g-spot, and you know she so hot  
She said she love me a lot  
Remedy, she told me she drop  
Fuck her so hard, all outdoors  
Pussy is mines and plus yours  
Didn't mean to turnin em out, turnin em on  
Stetched out in front the next girl house  
Bb dick out, remedy, slash cappadon'  
Slash pardon me for turnin you on  
Turnin you on

Chorus: cappadonna

Girlfriend  
Bb conduct, bb conduct, bb conduct  
Didn't mean to turn you on  
Bb conduct, bb conduct, bb conduct

Verse two: remedy

Check that yo, fuck what he thinks  
You know the pussy bleeds and stinks  
Buy ya tranked out, blanked out, all crazy in pink  
I seen the pussy kill the best of men and take down  
kings  
Fuck material things, fuck ya phat diamonds rings  
Men do lifetime bids for this, 2 lips hit the clitoris  
Inconspicuous, hit with syphilis, ridiculous  
One gash, came between the man and the stash  
Half his cash, sucker for love ass  
Souflan, no doubt, was never in the plan  
Ball-and-chain, pussywhipped man can't understand  
It's like the cappadon said

Mcf means you thinkin with ya head  
If you thinkin with ya dick son, ya might get sick  
'cause when it comes to the piece son, ain't shit for  
free  
Either pay for every piece of it or start a family  
Now all rise and eyes on the prize of this song  
And if I did I never meant the girl to turn you on

Verse three: cappadonna

Sellin ya gold, sellin ya soul  
You crossed out, and crossed over  
Gold digga and hilfiger, booster and strippa  
Flip on a nigga too quicka  
Projects, is what I deal wit  
Cold-hearted chicks catch on fast  
Twist they ass, take more cash, and more crack  
Tishy on the block, like bitches never do that  
I protect females that fuck me on the first night  
Bitin my spray nozzel, see goines  
Turnin y'all ladies, off and on, popcorn  
Freddy kruger, thoughts of how I'm gon' do ya  
Ya mind all screwed up, bb conduct  
All of y'all girls are outta luck  
Takin too long, givin ya shit up  
Bb conduct, bb conduct, bb conduct, bb conduct

Chorus: x4

\*girls talking in background of chorus\*

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