

Kasabian

"Annamette"

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[Intro: Carlton Fisk]

Aiyo, Carlton Fisk, the fugitive's back
My nigga Donnie Cash, the animal
Shyheim, the Rugged Child

[Chorus: Donnie Cash]

That's my Annamette
I thug her, I love her, put nothing above her
Cuz, baby girl, demand respect
That's my Annamette
She holdin' a pound, she holdin' me down
Tell me, can you stand it, yet?
That's my Annamette
The queen of the jungle, she mean and she humble
But baby girl, demand respect
That's my Annamette
A chick that'll roll, and stick to the road
Tell me, can you stand it, yet?

[Carlton Fisk]

My Annamette, cook, clean and roll my clips
If you a lame, then she gon' bring me home your chips
And if you front, she'll expose you quick
Type of chick, roll a Dutch at a Knick game, then get
brain
So smart, that she insane, I still say
That she the best woman in the world, that God made
Understand that a man, gon' fuck with other ends
As long as it ain't fuckin' with her plans
Won't be nothin', cock back, automatic palmed in her
hand
Razor blades in my her mouth, my dick in her hand
It don't matter if I'm in or out of the can
I'm somethin' like a pimp, Annamette, my bottom bitch,
understand
How I throw you in the trunk with the rats
Drive around with you all day, to dump you where
you're pumpin' your crack
Got a Coupe with no roof/ it ain't nothin' in fact
Annamette, ridin' shotgun, palmin' the gat
Manuever and stack, I put it where a poster be at

And if you posin', muthafucka, you supposed to get
snatched
You a bitch, talk shit, then you suppose to get slapped
You know I ain't wanna do that shit to you, man

[Chorus]

[Shyheim]

My woman soldier, I'm the light, she my reflection
When I see her, a smile be my facial _expression
She stands up and hug me, give me tongue kiss for
minutes
This make the hundred and seventh visit
Five hundred and thirty fifth picture
Mama girl next to a general on the front line
Understandin' my principals of loyalty, love, respect
and honor
She remind me of my mama, I remind her of her pops
She like a little girl, in the playground when we shop
My hands gridlocked, strollin' thru Gucci
Anything for my ruby, you mean the world to me
When I'm stressed, you like my only Advil
When I'm vexed, you the only one to give me the chill
You make me feel like I'm a worth
With a big ass castle on the hill
But in all reality, I'm in jail runnin' up your phone bill
You could of been in the club, with them thugs, poppin'
bub and stuff
Instead you was on that prison gat bus
With my package and stuff/ and that's real
I could feel it in your touch, that's true love

[Chorus]

[Donnie Cash]

I'm an Animal, so I keep an Annamette on the steps
With a bomb, in her thong, and her hands on the tech
She the bomb, fuck with a don, need a man of respect
That'll slap her, as soon as she act up, put his hands on
her neck
Keep her in check, at the same time, we keepin' a flesh
Cuz Annamette's being needed at best
And I love to see her squeeze in a dress
But I'd rather see her squeezin' your chest
And let her breeze in the Lex' to rest up
For the best, S-E to the X, then vest up
For the next wreck, she eager to catch
Pound a lame nigga, eager to set, she feel it easy to
stretch
And keep at least a hundred g's in the chest
So in pieces, made sure leavin' the rest

Get a P.C., and she could lead a nigga D.C., seein' the
rest
I said that's my Annamette, if not the right hand
She demandin' the left, shed tears
Plus blood, fuck a love, she demandin' respect
I said that's my Annamette

[Chorus]

[Outro: Carlton Fisk]
Yo Gooch! Good lookin' for the track, nigga
I feel you daddy, Staten Island's finest, yes
House Gang!

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