

Lil Fizz "La La La"

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Fizz- Yea.yea whooo. Such a beautiful thang
Come in my crib u sweet and sexy succulent thang (lol)
Sit on my couch ma, uh, kick ya feet up
Roll dat weed up...
I don't smoke but u blaze if u want 2

U have now entered a Fizzle party

Dis is for my hood chicks, model chicks, stripper girls
holla 4 me
Lift up ya ronzay, stronjay Mami show me
(Strange' - From Movie Boomer-Rang)
Natural braids, weaves, and blonde streaks
U all look good so tell me who wanna freak?
I'm hot me wanna leak on da streets like 50
Down low whateva, dub girl whateva
Tell a friend, tell her friend, to tell friend....
I'm here with Chrissy
You should bring some Pull-ups 'cause u might get
pissy
Smooch smooch, Kiss kissy, touchy touch
Fizz with a flock of freaks
I'm so lucky
Absolutely she's afro-centric
Her friends a bugaboo
And d**n she's relentless
Staggering titti poppin out her blouse
Loud shoutin through my house
Hurlin all over my couch
Take her upstairs
Lay her in my guest room
Come show me Luv ma
Let the party resume
(yea, yea we here)

Boog n Fizz (Chorus)

Uh, To all my thug misses
My bust slug misses
Yo, my hold a dub misses
Uh, my push drug misses

To all my thug misses
My bust slug misses
Yo, my hold a dub misses
Uh, yo my push drug misses
Yea, yea, yea, yea...uh uh uh

I'm da science behind mackin it's evident
I'm selling records besides rappin, it's evident

I'm workin chickens to da hottest caliber women
I see you eye screwin
U hate seeing me grinning
And it's a pain in da ass to walk through the mall
In footlocker, tryin to buy a shoes
Chicks shocked and appalled
Living my life like a Jackson or an Osborne
The way they interact with me is like watchin soft porn
I'm throwin lingerie parties in my condo now
And these broads hold a bottle now
I invite more than models now
I bring da projects 2
My edge mar (or Ang Mar as in Angie M.) chicks hold
me down, Jea!
Im the perfect example of Robin Hood
Sold a million
But I'm not a product of Hollywood
Six packs uh, Stretch marks yea
U still a queen me
U on my team ma

Chorus 2X

If I hate on u, I give u some fame
If I remain silent, you smother in shame
Why should I bring beef, To a vegetable
U just another tax write off
Next 2 go
Ya label got u gased up like Texaco
I got fans from Asia to Mexico
Uh, Women makin a hundred thou (thousand) a year
Wit game so sincere, spittin in my young ear
Tellin my this, tellin me that
But they really wanna know if our incomes match
That's how it is homie
They can't do nuttin fo me
U luv me long time
U do da best to show me
'cause everyday is an audition
U on a mission wishin
We go beyond cheek 2 cheek kissin
But imagination stimulates the mind

We see who your are with time
Slow ya roll gurlhhh

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