

Madasun

"Trade it All"

Visit "[Trade it All](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Fabolous talking)

Fabulous, Jagged Edge, don't be fool, I'd rather have
you ma'

Than everything, I'd give it all, just for you, yeah

You're the one baby girl, I've never been so sure

Your skin's so pure, the type men go for

The type I drive the Benz slow for

The type I be beepin the horn, rollin down the windows
for

Never been no whore

So to get you in closed doors, I buy you everything in
those stores

This, that, and those yours

As long as Fabolous the only one you let that grin show
for

You ain't gotta spend no more, I'm a put a rock on your
hand

You ain't gotta say "we just friends" no more

I shine, you shine, it never been no flaws

I ain't like most who just wanna get in those drawers

'Cause every king need a queen

And with me and you girl I ain't tryna let a thing in
between

It ain't a thing, nahmean, chicks hate, show 'em the
ring and the green

And let your middle finger be seen, it's on

(Chorus - Jagged Edge)

Girl I'd trade it all, money, cars and everything

All, even give up my street dream (my dream)

All, anything to have you on my team (I don't care
baby)

All, baby girl I'd trade it all (I'd trade it, yeah)

Even give up my good green

All, and I'd give the watch and pinky ring (oh yeah)

All, anything to have you on my team

All, baby girl I'd trade it all

(Fabolous)

Uh, don't front ma', you know the way I ball's to pick

and roll
Like Stockton and Malone when we play the mall
I be goin out my way to call
'Cause I love the way your hips make your jeans seem
like they too small
Them see-through tops with your titties exposed
When you kick off them shoes there ain't bitty whose
toes as pretty as those
That blonde hair look good, straight down, bun or the
braids
And I ain't gon' talk about them light-browns under your
shades
Bust right, thus tight
Got a thick set of thighs and struts like.....uh
Yo' the game taught this brother to mack
But I think I slipped when I saw them full lips covered
with Mac
You got everything that others would lack
Along with the F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S
Your patience I personally admire
'Cause I started out a player now I'm 'bout to have my
jersey retired, for real

(Chorus)

There ain't no "mights" or "maybe"
I done did wrong, so I'm a make sure it's right for my
baby
You know how tight that my day be
And how long and stressin them flights to L.A. be
Ain't no rumor gon' get back to your friends
Before I let a nigga disrespect you I be back in the pen
Front to back you a ten
You got me thinkin 'bout puttin a car seat in back of the
Benz, uh

(Chorus) 3x

Visit [Madasun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.