

Mario Lanza

"Cohiba"

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Whoop

Im a boss so I hit her with the little head game

I can tell she like to taste sweet things

First thing I met her for sense a switch go

Damn I been gone too long

She know what the business was

I told her to get at it

Took the lead promo static

Puerto Rican mix sweet tone

Only promise she was with this cat standing 6'4"

She said I ride my own (check)

Go away (check)

Don't worry bout it your just another pay (check)

She said I aint gotta ask anything I want (yet)

I said what that's called when you move it like (that)

She kept reiterating she had a thing for (sex)

A man and another man she tried (yet)

So I pulled back put it up another drink

She like tell me what you think

Gotta just take another puff

Chorus (x2)

She wanna smoke cohiba

You gotta work for that

Gotta work for that

Can I smoke your cohiba

You gotta work for that

Gotta work for that

She wanna smoke my cohiba

You gotta work for that

Gotta work for that

Can I smoke your cohiba

You gotta work for that

Gotta work for that

She told me not to think how could I hesitate

Who would love the chance

Just to give it to me

I knew it the things I would do to her

But I keep thinking me him and her

But the obvious told me believe her

Heard that she giving me the fever

Slow up ma and kick back

While I think about what im gon do with that
She said I ride my own (check)
Go away (check)
Don't worry about it
Your just another pay (check)
She said I aint gotta ask anything I want (yet)
I said well < P>
What's that called when you move it like (that)
She kept reiterating
She had a thing for (thing for)
A man and another man she tried (she tried)
So I pulled back put it up another drink
She like tell me what you think
Got to just take another puff
Chorus (x2)
She wanna smoke cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
Can I smoke your cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
She wanna smoke my cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
Can I smoke your cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
Fat joe
You wanna smoke my smoke my
Who else but good crack now
In The Maybach
With a hat down
got money
And we don't know how to act now
On Tour puff this 'til we pass out
Man he so crazy and he my baby
And he gon pay me now
He sound crazy 'cause he aint got paying
And you aint staying now cash talk
With a project
Fat in a palm and it got knocked
'cause she palm from the Bronx
With the hardest lift
Yea Death Before Dis-Hounor Kid
Chorus (x2)
She wanna smoke cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
Can I smoke your cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that

She wanna smoke my cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that
Can I smoke your cohiba
You gotta work for that
Gotta work for that

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