

Nas "Big Girl"

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(You're a big girl now)
Fully grown with your hormones now
Got your own home and you alone
Wanna bone, wanna moan, get your back blown out
(No more daddy's little girl)

You a big girl now in a world, where these niggas are
foul
You could be aborting the next Michael Jordan
Your man don't wanna be around
(You're a big girl now)
She's sexy, she got it, she ride it

Every nigga wanna be inside it
(No more daddy's little girl)
I need her, I'll eat her
Do anything to please her
My ghetto queen of Sheba

I'm the type that'll get you by the fireplace
Get you hype when I lick it, put it in your face
Sipping red wine, is it bedtime
You can kick it with your nigga while we listen to Faith

I'm feeling richer today, I can hit it then stay
Lingerie make me take it to the kitchen and play
We got champagne, whipped cream, I'ma grab a
bucket of ice
Bubble bath running and the candlelight feeling so
right

It's your night, no stress, no fight
Mad at your ex 'cause his dough tight
Never go right when you're with him
Try you best to forget him 'cause it's easy to please me

CD skip when your head board hit the wall
Call for the Lord
Right when you cum, I'm biting your tongue
Make your legs cramp up, you can't stand up

You can hit a blunt if you want

I'ma pull my pants up
We can discuss a weekend of lust on top of the trust
Tell me what's the reason for us to love or to fuck

I'm the thug that you want
If it's gangster we can't front
If you want me I can stay around
If you need me, I'm here for you

How that sound?
Now it's up to you
Depending on how you wanna get down
'Cause you're a big girl now

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Got your name and your number in my cell phone
Hear your voice and I wonder where you are, if you all
alone
If you in a good mood, if you not
Or you thinking 'bout, you was at my spot

What we did when we got hot
Is you dreaming you had me?
Is you creaming your panties?
Like a king fed me grapes and you fanned me

On the couch to the floor, to the bed, to the sink
And we ate each other like candy
Under the covers, two intimate lovers
You fuck a nigga like you mad at me

Throw the ass to me, you should be glad to be
In the presence of a real thug as bad as me

While I'm in the streets with my murdering squad
You talking to your friends that I'm hurting it hard

How I'm making my rod, how I make you say, "Oh God"
Every hoe that you know wanna know Nas
Gotta dodge all the blow jobs, getting hard
'Cause you know how these girls are

Wearing tight shit, no panties, no bra
Running up to my car with menage a trois suggestions
Starting to get an erection
Guessing, only if you knew how your crew stressing

Complexion chocolatey, fondle me, thinking it's time to
leave
I need time to breathe
Wanna follow me, Ironically
You pop up, throwing bottles at my Tahoe

Like it's my fault
But you don't wanna talk
Don't wanna hear nothing, all of a sudden
You and the shorty start scuffing

Now shorty dumping you out
Can't let her get the best of you
So I rescue you

Only thing left to do was to grab her
So you can jab her, get a cheap shot
You don't wanna feel chumped
Now here the cops come

So we gotta run to the ride
Then we drive off through the traffic
Don't panic but you know how we gotta manage
Looking at your face

And the damage in your facial
Every angle, can't let it faze you
No reason to be insecure or immature
Baby girl see the world is yours

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