

T-Max

"Rap Song"

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[T-Pain]

Nappy Boy, oooh wee

Oooh wee

Everybody say yeaaaah

Oh oh oh...

Hey eh eh eh eh

[Verse 1]

We been messin' round for a long (long time)

A while now (while now, uh)

And you already know what's on my mind (mind)

It's goin' down now (it's goin' down now?)

And I don't need no background music, girl

I turn it loud now

I got the gangsta feelin'

And I'ma do somethin' to you

To you, to you

Oh

We can take it over The Bay

Where my Mistah F.A.B. at? (F.A.B. at, uh)

Or just put on that N.W.A.

Comin' Straight Outta Compton on that p-ssy, baby

And we can all night long (haha)

I'm bout to have yo' head gone

And I ain't doin' nothin' wrong

But we can make love to a rap song

[Hook]

Me and you, yo' mama and yo' cousin

Baby we can make love to a rap song

A milli, a milli, a milli, a-muthaf-cka I'm I'll

Baby we can make love to a rap song

Go shawty (uh) it's ya birthday (uh)

We gon' party like it's ya birthday

Where that new Jeezy CD?

Put on that Yo Gotti

I'm diggin' in ya coochie while we listenin' to Gucci on a

rap song

[Verse 2]

And you been on my mind all day (all day)
I know you wit it (know you wit it baby, uh)
And I'ma do you like Kanye (yeah) cuz I'ma let you
finish (let you finish!)
You can get it (you can get it)
Or we can do it east coast style and I'll keep on my
fitted
I said I got the gangsta feelin'
I feel like breakin' you off
You off, you off
Off
We can take it way down south
Rick Ross on the iPad (cuz you the boss' girl)
Super-thick thighs and ya booty like Bombs Over
Baghdad (BOOM!)
Wait, hold up
She got a donk (YUP!) she got a donk (YUP!), she got
a donk
I'm bout to have yo' head gone

And I ain't doin' nothin' wrong
But we can make love to a rap song

[Hook]

Me and you, yo' mama and yo' cousin
Baby we can make love to a rap song
A milli, a milli, a milli, a-muthaf-cka I'm I'll
Baby we can make love to a rap song
Go shawty (uh) it's ya birthday (uh)
We gon' party like it's ya birthday
Where that new Jeezy CD?
Put on that Yo Gotti
I'm diggin' in ya coochie while we listenin' to Gucci on a
rap song

[Rick Ross]

My jeans sag, boy gotta mean swag
Right now you rockin' wit the finest and I mean that (uh)
Really, you the finest and I mean that (uh)
Pants fitted, dammit where ya jeans at?
Makin' love to a rap song
Port of Miami, Trilla, Deeper Than Rap, uuuhhhh
Like Akon, we could stack it all up (yeah)
Or do you like a Juvie, make ya back it all up (uh)
(Hot) that's all shawty ever was
Balenciaga bags cost a couple bucks
(Hot) is all shawty ever been
Lyrics courtesy of

Blow a couple racks in Barney's on that Phillip Lim
Ballin', it's ya birthday
You know that champagne'll get ya boy to first base
Haters do they thing, but we do it bigger
Number one n-ggas
Rozay and that boy Teddy Pender

[Hook]

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[End]

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