

## T-Pain "Rap Song"

Visit "[Rap Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nappy Boy, ooh, wee  
Ooh wee  
Everybody say yeah  
Oh, oh, oh  
Hey, eh, eh, eh, eh

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'mma 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 pussy, baby

And we can all night long  
(Ha, ha)  
I'm 'bout to have yo head gone  
And I ain't doin' nothin' wrong  
But we can make love to a rap song

Me and you, yo mama and yo cousin  
Baby, we can make love to a rap song  
A milli, a milli, a milli, a muthafucka, I'm ill  
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

And you been on my mind all day  
(All day)  
I know you with it  
(Know you wit it, baby, uh)

And I'mma do you like Kanye  
(Yeah)  
'Cause I'mma 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  
('Cause 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

Me and you, yo mama and yo cousin  
Baby, we can make love to a rap song  
A milli, a milli, a milli, a muthafucka, I'm ill  
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

My jeans sag, boy gotta mean swag  
Right now you rockin' with the finest  
And I mean that  
(Uh)

Really, you the finest and I mean that  
(Uh)  
Pants fitted, damn it, where ya jeans at?  
Makin' love to a rap song

Port of Miami, Trilla, Deeper Than Rap  
Uh  
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

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 niggas  
Rozay and that boy Teddy Pender

Me and you, yo mama and yo cousin  
Baby, we can make love to a rap song  
A milli, a milli, a milli, a muthafucka, I'm ill  
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

Me and you, yo mama and yo cousin  
Baby, we can make love to a rap song  
A milli, a milli, a milli, a muthafucka, I'm ill  
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

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