

Trey Songz

"Don't Forget Ya Ring"

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I must be livin' on a river called stupid 'cause the flow is
dump
Ice on blizzard, nigga, I'ma walking cold front
Pretty woman wit me wit this swole dunk
All she do is roll blunts; she on't smoke 'em, doe
Ass-clappin' fantastical, just like after I closed the show
Applaud, baby, y'all may be knowin' 'bout this pro hoe
Na' I mean, son?
Like New York niggas
Bothers them I may have fathered them
Child support
Trigga!

Really, I understand why niggas mad at me
Seem like all the women throw the ass at me
Sorry, but you really I ain't no, doe
Doing what I want
Yea, I'm doing what you can't, hoe
Everything I am is everything you ain't, doe
When I'm witcha girl, I'ma tell you everything you ain't
know
She jump up on this pole, swing around; do ya thang
girl
And when she leave I say, don't forget ya ring, girl
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
She jump up on this pole, swing around; do ya thang
girl
And when you leave, baby, don't forget ya ring, girl

No disrespect to you husbands
When I lay up wit ya woman
We don't be kissin' and snugglin'
She just be lickin' and suckin'
I put the dick in, like fuck it!
You know what it is
You know what we did
But, shit, don't come to my crib
I don't allow that
Bring that snowplow back

I got some mo' ice, I need some liquor
Where the Loud at?
If life is just a beach; this where alotta niggas drown at
Nah, this ain't no circus, but I show you where the
clowns at
Yeah, they over there
Over here in this section, we fresher than a newborn
cut out a C-Section

Yes, man
That's what you got around you
Lost my fuckin' mind
They break it down, and what I found; ooo
Trigga world-renowned
Who woulda predicted this?
I'm the illest shit that hit the muhfuckin' mic
MC, cut the Lytes
Salt wit tha pepper; black and white
What could be better, right?
She tell me 'push it, push it, baby'
My lil Spinderella
I got wine in the cellar
I got bank, I'm no teller
If I bang, then, don't tell ya friend,
Unless she tryna get it in
Losers, I'm sure to win
Put that code in again
Still, I'm gone in the wind
I'm just f ya lady friend
Haha!

Really, I understand why niggas mad at me (I get it!)
Seem like all the women throw the ass at me
Sorry, but you really I ain't no, doe (I apologize)
Doing what I want
Yea, I'm doing what you can't, hoe (C'mooooon)
Everything I am is everything you ain't, doe
When I'm witch a girl, I'ma tell you everything you ain't
know
She jump up on this pole, swing around; do ya thang
girl
And when she leave I say, don't forget ya ring, girl
(Don't forget that ring!)
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
Don't forget ya ring
She jump up on this pole, swing around; do ya thang
girl
(That's some fucked up shit to say, right?)
And when you leave, baby, don't forget ya ring, girl

Aye, look, real life, doe
I tell her because I don't wanna, you know, call her out
"Aye, look. I left something there.
Won't you look by the dresser. I wanna know if..."
Nah, I ain't got time for that shit, baby
Take that shit witchu... please

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