

## **Azam Ali**

### **"Aquababe"**

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[Verse 1]

These public pool, bitches  
Ain't really mermaids  
Private beach Malibu, nigga!  
Weave up in the shade  
How do you, follow figure?  
Yeah, you that other wave  
She party pretty  
She party plenty  
It's like everyday  
I commence  
You to picture  
It's a fantasea  
You another  
Picture licker  
Off that tank of red  
Okay, celebrate, let's celebrate  
That aquababe, sash?  
Boulevard, Runway  
Bitches, witness bitches  
They've been afraid  
These nigga's bitches be bitches  
They smelling the fish's eggs  
She sell it bigger and bigger  
Difference gave it all away  
Seashells on my two ta-tas  
See she got it up on display  
Hooray!

[Verse 2]

We knockin'  
Got it poppin' like a parade  
Your opinion is just a option  
Fucker what you say?  
I'm looking like, I look like  
Niggas look away  
Is it a problem?  
Clap 'em, clock 'em, blam 'em  
Every chopper spray  
The ball like Madden  
The trunk clunkin' everyday

I see you don't want that  
Rusty, rowdy type, ok?  
Okay, okay, huh?  
(Okay, okay, huh?)  
(Okay, okay, huh?)  
(Huh? Huh? Huh?)

[Verse 3]  
Cinnamon, gentlemen  
What that connate?  
I be killin' 'em, killin' 'em  
Like murder everyday  
When does it get  
The ABs on display?  
I hit you, spit you  
Lift you, dip you  
Get up out the way  
The niggas is swank  
My bitches is stank  
All these chickens  
Out for dollars  
All they get is the franks  
The linens is blank  
The mendle is paint  
He gon put that snorkel on  
We gon dip in the tank  
I focused  
I floated out the bluest ocean  
This smash on your set, honey?  
Get this shit in motion  
Bitches is sick  
These bitches be opposing  
Bitches see me  
Yes, these bitches be all open  
You don't want it  
No you don't really want it  
I'm drownin' all on my haters  
And surf in' the moment  
(Swimming in all these people)  
(Bitch, surf in' homies)  
(Swimming in all these people)  
(Bitch, surf in' homies)

[Verse 4]  
The chitter-chatter  
Don't really matter  
You silly rabbit  
That could get'cha  
G-get'cha get'cha  
Your carrot, sweat it  
All linens, fabrics

I'm diving backwards  
And livin' ravish  
Aqua fancy  
She get the fly shit  
Then dip it back in  
Ha, ha

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