

## Ola

### "Maxine"

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Let me tell you one likkle story 'bout dis girl I used to know  
Use to come and tell me she love me since me sing ya wit di show  
Say she love di way me represent the whole a T dot O  
Say she love me pon di TV love me inna di video  
Say she siddown pon her bed and listen to da radio  
An when me sing bad-biddly-bou she haffa run an change her clothes  
Say mi kill 'ar wit the style and jus a murder wit the flow  
Jus a sweet 'ar wit di riddim turn her a yoyo  
Yo she comin in like she don't know  
Say mi have a girlfriend  
And she don't play (no)  
Might box 'ar in 'ar in mouth and chop off she toe  
Lord God, why do Kardi haffa so sexy though,  
She try kiss me pon me neck, me haffa tell the girl  
"Yo, walk and live touch and you've got to go,  
Your body look good, yes sweet like mango,  
But you know di though come on, a hoe is a hoe  
You nah 'ave no draws on, How you skin dry soo?  
You 'ave one ol piece a dry-up cho cho  
Yes girl, you butty big, but you know how that go  
Imma a very tall yout because I won't stoop low for

Chorus  
Maxine, oh miss Maxine  
You body look ready  
For you I am waiting  
It goes, Maxine, oh miss Maxine  
You body look ready  
Come mek we rock steady

I was walking down di street an dis girl said  
"Hi, aren't you that rapper named Mr. Kardini?"  
Cha, see me ya, "Yes girl, that's the I, Lyric specialist,  
Number on bad bwoy.  
Give thanks to the most high for looking so fly  
So pretty sometime make yu eye dem cry  
Drip out eye water, and flood up the sky  
Trust them on the first in case the yout dem wan try"

?????

She said "I like your style, and yo Kardi, me nah shy  
Me wan strip off your Karl and den rub up your Kani  
Squeeze off your burger and nyam of you fry  
Blow off your top and show you me two ply"  
I tol 'ar " Hol on girl, A mus a die u wan die  
Betta wash out you mouth bout you wan' nyam off me  
fry  
Clean up youself and meet me up a mount Zi  
Cause only one girl makes the Kardinal high and that's

Chorus

Diamond and Gol' and platinum makes di she  
Look like a big ol' rusty tin a bully beef  
She lip dem juicy an' she leg dem sweet  
Body jus a shine from she head to she feet  
Nice type a girl that you wan u mumma meet  
Every time you talk 'er name you haffa skin teeth  
Pretty like a who, di gyal mad you nah see,  
Every time she wanna slam you haffa get up and do it  
Clothes dem cris brand, new parasuco  
She like nobody livin in Toronto  
Mostly when she wan never listenin to you  
Only listen to ar man when she walk out da door  
And that's Maxine,  
Lord let me tell something about Maxine

chorus

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