

L-Burna "Touchdown"

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Sit back and let this thug shit clog up yo' mind (hey)
Mind (hey) mind (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)
Sit back and let this thug shit clog up yo' mind
Touchdown in the endzone, kicked it like a field goal
Get the extra points, tell me what's the real score?
Tell me who's the real ho? Baby it's official
I'll referee (brrrrrr) bitch blow the whistle
Tell her to blow it, ain't no stoppin man, get this
motherfucker poppin man
Treat it like a prostitute and I'm in the game, this strong
arm robbery man
Touchdown in the endzone mean money man, better
get some
Field goal, now my friends on, countin Benjamins in the
real zone
What's the real score? Bitches is wantin to constantly
stay on the dick
What we here fo'? To get mo', that's why we be mobbin
so thick
Quick to scream out Thug Nation, put the screen on the
hation
Ain't no time gon' be wastin, y'all been patiently waitin
We have them T-shirt and panty parties, bitches be
doin us favors
Wanna thank ya for the flavor, you know I'm never gon'
savor
What you gave up, was precious doll, you the shiznit,
you put it down
I love it when you get wild, I love you screamin
"Touchdown"
[Hook: Thin C] + (Dre Ghost)
Put your hands in the air (bitch go ahead and show me
somethin!)
Put my nuts on your chin (bitch go ahead and show me
somethin!)
Now do it again and again bitch (bitch go ahead and
give me somethin!)
(Won't you show me somethin, go ahead and show me
somethin!)
What your momma name is? (Bitch go ahead and show
me somethin!)
Did she really have kids? (Bitch go ahead and show me

somethin!)

And who the fuck your next of kin? (Bitch go ahead and show me somethin!)

(Won't you show me somethin, go ahead and show me somethin!)

Don't break down it ain't over, over

Don't leave now, it ain't over, feel the party gettin started girl

You flawless should be against the law, got a nigga wantin to break you off

Come here girl, take that off, that body right there was made to floss

Made for me, give Thin a piece, give Dre a shot, he rock the cock

L.D.T. make panties drop, oh you one of them kind that like to block?

Oh you like to watch? Get you some popcorn, and watch the movie

Kick up your toes, I suppose, you gon' be comin up out of your clothes

And there you go, nobody knows, behind closed do's

Freaks exposed, ladies and hoes, wanna do me right after the show

Hey, ain't nothin wrong, with a little bit of bumpin and grindin

Tell me yo' age, show me yo' license, we ain't goin out like Tyson

Better try again, we dig you too, but the main thang is cooperatin

Cause that-a way you would get some play, and it just might make yo' day

Cause the official don't blow the whistle, when you steppin out of bounds

In yo' city or in yo' town, this how it's goin down

Touchdown in the endzone, kicked it like a field goal

Get the extra points, tell me what's the real score?

Tell me who's the real ho? Baby it's official

I'll referee (brrrrrr) bitch blow the whistle

Ay, ay, ay. ay, ay...

Ay, ay, ay. ay, ay...

Grannys, aunts, sisters, nieces

We don't give a fuck, we love dime pieces

Got me a condom, let me release this

Let me see them Victoria Secrets

Fuck the drama, you can keep it

Laffy Taffy's and Tootsie Rolls

Fuck that, show me the pussy hole

I'm to the point, such a thug

And should I say, they show me love

Went to the room, straight from the club

All y'all broads can leave with us

You a good sport, and we with that
Charity baby, give back
Shower me baby, dig that?
Let me hit that, let me hit that

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