

Rasheeda

"Bedrock Remix"

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(feat. Toya Carter, Diamond, LoLa Monroe & Kandi)

[Rasheeda:]

Yeah

Rasheeda... Baby

I'm a play around a little bit... like

Alright

Like [x3]

Okay okay

Look

I got that great, great

Fruity pebbles sweet

He running after me like a track meet

C'mon

He call me sushi roll, cause I'm raw as fuck

All ready supreme ain't gotta gas me up

My pillow talk game so superior

So I leave the store with every different color fur

BURR! Gucci Mane said it best

He's like my infant, keep his mouth on my breast

I'm SHEEDA SHEEDA, the Nicki Diva

And it gets wetter than, Lake Geneva

And then we role play

I just won an Oscar

Genius brains like I graduated from Harvard

Full scholarship... here swallow this

Sex education class

Let's Experiment

We make the bedrock

And holler many sounds

I keep him at attention it never goes down

[Chorus: Kandi]

Ooohhh baby, I'm a put it down on you baby

Wanna give it all to you baby

Can you find my G-Spot, call me Mrs. Flintstone I can
make your bedrock

Ooohhh

I can make your bedrock

Ohhhhhh

I can make your bedrock boy

Ohhhhh
I can make your bedrock
Ooohhh
I can make your bedrock

[Toya Carter:]
Independent now, used to have my hands tied
Now they after me I got a custom stop sign
It must be something bout my accent
Cause I say BABAY and niggas wanna pay a chick
Small waist, pretty face, and my booty round
Now he in my zone like a touch down
I don't need another friend, I need a team mate
With a big appetite eat the whole plate
Don't come around with that lyin I seen you before
You know damn well I got my own TV show (Yeah Baby)
Now that's some boss shit, I got my own everything
And I could put it down
Made him pull a hamstring

[Chorus]

[Diamond:]
MRS 32
I'm Going In
Yeah
I can make your bedrock
It's 32 top notch
My Reese's pieces, buttercup got em playing hopscotch
Riding with the top off, I'm posing like I'm Janet
He UPS my pussy cause I'm on another planet
Got dammit she can't stand it
Cause he spoil me like he Santa
I make him ho... Ho... ho while we cruising in my
phantom
He catching temper tantrums when he miss my fruit
pebbles
So I sex him on the schedule just to make him feel
special
I'm too spoiled and too royal (too royal)
So he spa's today and rub me down with oil
I came first he went last
It's Willie Wonka no hands
Baskin robin in demand
Still rocking no weeding ring

[Lola Luv:]
Okay he super fly
I just gotta tame em
Sit em down make him the shit, potty train em
I make him raise his hand, call me Ms. Monroe

I bless him like a reverend... I guess I run the show
I'm a front runner his ex a back rounder
All she do is throw shade like the MAC counter
American idol I'm shining now
They love to judge me
Sign me pound
Give em the diamond smell
I don't tell em shit
I replace bitches I'm on my Allen shit
It's like a melon split when I let em cut
He pop my fire hydrant then I wet him up

[Chorus]

[Kandi:]

Come give me a Hersey kiss
Twist me up like licorice
Wipe my candle apple while I
Nibble on your dip stick
Every now and later you can be my sugar daddy
I let you break me off like a kit-kit-katty
Oooooooooooooo
You can chew on my big red while you try my lemon
head
Don't stop
If I blow on your blow pop I can make your bedrock

[Chorus]

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