

Rich Boy "MsPacman"

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[Hook]

Ms. Pacman
She don't even do no trappin
'Cause her nigga got a sack, man
Ms. Pacman
I told that woman on my back, man
Yellow diamonds like Pacman
Ms, Pacman
You can tell the way she actin'
That she know I got a pack in
Ms. Pacman
I told that woman on my back, man
Actin like I got the package.
Ms. Pacman

Gimme that pussy and cook me pancakes
Every mornin that I wake
It's orange juice and chopped steak
Niggas can't relate if they ain't never had a Pacman
Same thing as bent woman rollin with a bent man
When I'm outta state she wait for me to come in with
the weight
Ms. Pacman that top bitch the one they love to hate
She get on top and take her time and then she do it
slow
Ms Pacman got a hundred ten like Jackie-O
Super thick, fine, on my sideline
Ms. Pacman the definition of a dime
Super thick, fine, on my sideline
a dope boy's bitch the definition of a dime

[Hook]

[Jackie-O verse]

Jumpin outta fresh paper tags, blowin purp
I take my Gucci home home and get my Louis that'd
hurt 'em
Hold up baby, cautious
I'm a shopaholic
If you ain't flossin
Then point me to your bossman
So I can do it proper

You niggas servin onions like you niggas servin
whoppers
Roll me up a blunt of kush and tell me: "baby, test that"
He got my kitchen table lookin like a meth lab
Five thousand pocket change, just for my pocket book
'Cause my top so fire hard that I ain't gotta cook
I sit there lookin gorgeous while he whippin up his
meter
Another 28 grams will put Giuseppe's on my feet

[Hook]

[Gucci Mane Verse]

Now my partner the a long pass and Gucci Mane
caught it
Started highsteppin soon as I touched the 40
(yeeeaahhhh)
The defense was catchin up
My quarter back tossed it
We still scored six 'cause we used good blockin
It's only six pounds yet the bird still dirty
The trap hall of fame to retire my jersey
I call her Ms. Pacman but she's not workin
Ass that soft can't do no servin
An ass like that she can't be no virgin
She look like a Dolphins cheerleader in person
Ms. Pacman doesn't talk that often
Her nigga make moves so she know to keep walkin
And just like a cell I don't see her that often
Don't know the trunk'll slam that heart of hers in a
coffin
And just like a cell I don't see her that often
Don't know who's trunk is bigger, man hers or the dunk

[Hook]

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