

Naledge

"Look At Them Hips"

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(Hook 2x)

Look at them hips, I like how she rock it
Look at them hips, I like how she rock it
Look at them hips, I like how she rock it
She bend that thing over and to the ground she gon'
drop it

Naledge-Verse 1

Her theme song is "she works hard for the money"
Said I couldn't get her name but locals call her honey
Said that's cool for the locals but I just call you Jasmine
A lot of girls is in this club but you might be the baddest
Call you fed-ex got the package for my cabbage
Bread ain't super long so please don't treat me like the
average
She said you ain't the average
I like how you came at this
You are so Iverson, you really need no practice
I said do it with no hands take it lower than the lowest is
Whispered digits in my ear, bouncers never noticed it
Then she took me to that champagne room
When that champagne boom, then I room-a-zoom-
zoom
Like rex in affects but this ain't a mic check
Unless the mic is in my pants and the speakers in her
throat glands
This is not romance this is grown man B-I
Cold heart til I D-I, you see I

(Hook 2x)

Bun B- Verse 2

Say Naledge look at this lil' mama she lookin' like new
doe
Her body swangin' wide like 84's on a new fo
That oldest swap perfume on smellin like new cash
New Limited boots on lookin' good with her cute ass
Rockin' that Rihanna low cut, man she a cutie
And I feel like it's my duty to introduce her to me
40 inches of that booty lookin' good like ohhwee
She enticed by the diamonds hangin down on my

sweater

Baby girl wanna do me, and I think Imma let her
Get her full of Armaretta sour
And in about a hour, I'll be knockin down the walls in my
Eddie Bauer
Edition Expedition, and then I'm on a mission
Baby ain't no love from this here thug ain't no huggin
or kissin
So call me wrong but you can leave when I get right
Cuz i just saw another bopper in some black leather
tights, hold up

(Hook 2x)

Doe Boy-Verse 3

We in the VIP with hella bottles on the table
Look at them hips, shorty rock em like a cradle
Hey you find the baddest bitch up in this club
With a face like a model, body bangin' like a thug
And I love when she drop it then pop it like a soda
And she know my pockets got that paper like a folder
I told her I keep it on the hush her man will never know
If I take you home then beat it like I'm double O
Doe got swag so they mad that this nigga flyer
Your bitch be slidin' down my pole like a firefighter
And if I like then her ass I'm throwin' doe at
Cuz I support them single mothers from pole cats
Her ass phat so I'm tippin like it's grand hustle
That's why she want some dick in her like a tent bubble
And I love you but, only til my cash gone
Brainiac baby if you ain't goin get your ass home

(Hook 2x)

Currency-Verse 4

I got winter bitches, summer bitches, a hundred
bitches
But momma I swear none of em fuckin' with ya
This is 8 figure spitter, outer space
I like em something proper with a figure 8 shape
Shorty recognize a chance when it's in her face
Mumossa's at forty thousand feet my acquired taste
The planes got it you know I got a partner that grow it
He left a box of it on the sofa when he came over
Shorty roll up the doja
And I pick out a movie maybe Coolie High
End it on a good note turn it off before Cochise die
She fly, so fly, in fact I fly her to wherever I'm at so I
could tap that
Momma got that come back that runback don't walk
back I want that

My girlfriend found her earring on my floormat
I said I'm caught I know that
I know I'm wrong for that
Then I showed her her picture said how can you blame
me for that?

(Hook until close)

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