

Big Pokey f/ Chris Ward, Godfather

"Little Mama's"

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(*talking*)

Po-Yo, where the ladies at
Let's find em or some'ing

[Hook]

I see these little mamas, when I step in the club
I see these little mamas, they be showing me love
I see these little mamas, got em eyeing the jewels
Later on me and shorty, gon be breaking the rules
(I see these lil' mamas, they be eyeing me down
Snatch one hit the bar, and buy shots of Crown
In a minute, lil' mama gon be off of her game
In the back of the champagne sinks, giving me brain)

[Godfather]

On the way to the club getting smokey, Navigator me
and Pokey
Maybe tonight we come out, but usually we low key
Move slowly, cats acting like they know me
It's normal, meet a lot of broads that wanna blow me
Have the ladies going crazy, like at Chip-N-Dale
I think shorty is drunk, spilling her Zif-N-Dale
Bling-bling, from the chain and the ring
Thank God piece, gon shine like Don King
At the bar tipping a cup, sipping it up
Hennessy make me go long, sniffing it up
Satisfy you, like R. Kelly and Puffy
Most like it gentle, but some like it roughly
I see you eyeing, across the room like you spying
Waiting for my conversation, give me the combination
To your celly, meet me at the nearest Telly
For privacy, gotta pay the price like Kelly

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

I see these lil' mamas, they be tripping me out
Tight pants and twat, giving it all they got
Late night at the spot, I'm in the Coupe on dubs
Swooping by these niggaz, in these houpes on hubs
Valet at the do', better roll out the rug

Sensei done hit the scene, bout to tear up the club
Ain't that shorty from my side, baby steady strutting
Iceberg jeans, pierced belly button
E and P. Diddy, roaming the lot on bikes
K-Dogg and Big D, in the Navi with dykes
As for your's truly, I got baby with the big booty
At the bar on the floor, but fifth absolutely
Shots of Gin, shots of Henn
Tipped the bartender ten, shot to the Benz
She got to complaining, bout her head was throbbing
I gave her some Tylenol, she gave me the noggin

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

I see ya lil' mama, peeping the chain
Even the wrist watch, and peeping the rings
I know ya saw me when I pulled up, creeping the Range
Valet gave him fifty, told him keep the change
The look was strange, but you was eyeing me down
Cause the jewelry is freezer burnt, and diamond down
Plus when I came in, I was buying Crown
So I could have your mind focused, on lying down
It's getting late, and time is winding down
I got ya tipsy, to where that I know ya mind me now
So shake it lil' mama, and start to backing it up
All the way from the front, to the back of the club
And if I like what I see, you can come and be
With Chris Ward and Mob Style, in the VIP
In any minute you'll be, way off of your game
Ready to give me cranium, head and brains

[Hook]

(*talking*)

I see these little mamas, when I step in the club
(what, worldwide)

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