

## **Buddha Monk f/ Layza Life, Mazur "Butterflies"**

Visit "[Butterflies](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Ok, that's what it is, she give me

[Buddha Monk]

Now the topic for the day is how I got these butterflies

Long hair, chinky eyes, skin so light

She never met a guy make her feel so right

When bedroom be up, Monk, killed them lights

If in trouble with my hustle, gun tussle with jail dudes

Tight rope, but no worry, butterfly got you

I got you too, I sware on you, my beautiful butterfly

This ride of, you and I, until the day we die

When we baby try, huh, seven thirty-five

Get in, let your hair down, shades on, gone with the  
wind

My endless love, I'm in this love

Whether rich or mugged, chains like from her belt to  
her butt

So I made ice bling, huh, Rocawear with nike skins

Vaseline, I'mma tighten your frame

Take the worldwide chooses, hot tub nuded

Wake up the next day with them butterfly cooties, haha

She said, that's what she means, she gives me, inside

[Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk]

Stay with me, mommy, love with me, mommy

Mate to me, mommy, dance with me, mommy

Stay with me, mommy, love with me, mommy

Stay on it, mommy, drive on it, mommy

[Mazur]

This blue-black pon' dutch, cocked to the side

Arch brows, light brown, tints in your eyes

Krispy kreme, pearl hair doo to die for

Banging backyard with that waist size four

Hypnotic voice, sweet like baby breath

Out of billion other shorties, only you god blessed

Take word life, my gut flutters, when you pass by

The scent of you, hit me like my first weed high

Nervous temptrum, girl you got my palm sweating

Wishing I can find the right words to get you

undressing  
Fuck a dime, mami, you the whole damn dollar  
You're a throw back beauty like a '64 Impala  
Fake minolo, wide thighs, pretty sweet, well feet  
Let me, drop your top, pipe out your back seat  
Let me, hit your switch, and takes you on a low ride  
Let me -- damn, here she come, now I got butterflies

[Chorus 2X]

[Layza Life]

Hello sunshine, could you be related to the moon  
I see stars in ya eyes, everytime I look at you  
Course I know it's corny, girl I'm only funning with you  
Or maybe we can chat for a while, so I can check ya  
attitude  
But your probably get this all the time  
So if not, I ain't even mad at you  
The pleasure is all mine, enjoy your afternoon  
But wait if we could, you could the glows  
And the flows, don't make over hood  
I'm into romance, and I just wanna stand where you  
stood  
Enjoy your conversation and admire your looks  
And you can test my intellect and get lost in my depth  
Knock a nuzzle in your neck, when you was feeling my  
chest  
The foreplay is mind sex, the field play is all wreck  
And if it's for, there's not enough I can get  
You can be my butterfly and I'll be your net  
And on your mark, ready, let's go, here we go  
You was off the side, and yo, that's what I know

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Buddha Monk]

Ha-hah, ha-hah, butterflies  
Jail Break Records, Duc-Lo Productions!  
Inside, inside... ha-hah!

Visit [Buddha Monk f/ Layza Life, Mazur](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.