

Janssen Fons**"Girlfriend"**

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[Hook- Chamillionaire X3]

Your girlfriend, in a suburban
She's tryna pretend, that's she a virgin
She told her boyfriend, she was with her friend
But I'm for certain, that I ain't workin'
*I'm in person, to see her flirtin'
Suckin' n slurpin, and showin' her skin
And now her boyfriend, cussin' n cursin
But I'm alertin, That I will hurt him*

Only said the third time the hook is sung

King Kooookooookooopa
Kooookooookooopa
Kooopa Kooookooookooopa
Kooookooookooopa (keep repeating koopa)
Ay mayne, this ghetto status mayne
Gotta keep it gutta mayne
Kooookooookooopa
I ain't gonna rap on this, but I know somebody else that
might

[Lil Boo]

Like mud in my blood, judge got me in probation
Purple in my koolaid, drank cases what I'm facin'
Mama say I gotta wait for drivers education
But I hit the dealership, cuz lil boo is not patient
Thirteen years old, stay hoppin' outta vogues
Catch me at adult shows, puttin' up on yellow hoes
Ask me if I drove, yep fa sho
Smile when my trunk open, frown when my trunk close
Freeway call n tell ya sister that shes fine
Beyonce on the phone, salange on the other line
I gotta curfew, I watch b.e.t. till nine
After that it's lil kim n sprite can up on my mind
Throwback jerseys, hypnotic thats old
Color changin click dresses, thats the only dress code
Nike sign lebron, nike me I was supposed to
But I already got those lebron james, up on my toes
It's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne
It's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne

It's lil boo mayne, hold up

[Lil Boo- talking]

Hold up foo

Call these bois mayne, these concepters out here
mayne

They see us grindin', tryna make this paper

This is ghetto status mayne

Don't put me on this funny beats no mo

Come on, tear up the mic uh

[Rasaq]

Lay it down, lay it down

Ya pins lay it down

Lay 'em down, lay 'em down

The pad lay 'em down

Lay it down, lay it down

Ya mic lay it down

Lay it down, lay it down

Ya foos lay it down

Cuz I'm hear, rappin' in ya right ears

Spittin' in ya left side

This is down south, I ain't worried bout the west side

Or the east coast, lets ride wit red eyes on them haters
keep close

They say my skills is makin' progress

Plus I'm wearin' ice religously so I tell 'em god bless

Niggaz comin' out soft, like maple car stressed

And I'm (Breathing) like a dogs breath

And I ain't even harness, my full is potential

But for some reason, I feel bullet proof on
instrumentals

And so does chamillion, is it coincidental?

Freestyle off the dome, forget a freakin' pencil

I don't care what ya bin through, this the takeover

Send ya wanna be rappers on the ricky late make over
When the days over

I'm wit ya good drankin', and she clingin' to my nuts
now that's what I call a hang over

Game over, spit fire like a flame thrower

the man is colder, than a damn can of soda

Haha, I'm outta ya league like sammy sosa

Nigga, jus remember that

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