

Chubby Jag

"Poetic Justice"

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(Intro)

Every second, every minute, man I swear that she can
get it
Say if you a bad bitch put your hands up high, hands up
high, hands up high
Tell 'em dim the lights down right now, put me in the
mood
I'm talking 'bout dark room, perfume
Go, go!

(Verse)

Let a nigga do it right girl one night, girl don't bite
Be like I'm ready for a fight girl I know it's wet
I just hope this shit tight girl
Out of mind out of sight girl
That mean no brain , no ice girl
Fuck around with them weed niggas
I ain't tripping no it's your life girl
I need poetic justice , yup poetic justice
Pop it, I just pull my shit out she just go ahead and suck
it
She see I'm flaming hoe , flaming from the shit that he
dropping
Fucking hoe for scattered thoughts I swear that shit got
me poppin
I'm stuntin' homie, flat top , rock down , grizzly
Swag, new jag , top down , big bitch
I feel that time just right girl
Line it up like white girl
When we done goodnight girl
'Cause I ain't saving your life girl
But on the other hand I got a place for creeping
Put your feet up with your seat back with your head
back
Let me eat that , you just feel good friends know when I
beat that
Chubby, yup you that hot
Make me fiend like crack hot
You just fucked you a star girl, good job
Jackpot

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