

**Lovher F/ Sisqo****"Big Poppa"**

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**Verse One:**

To all the ladies in the place with style and grace  
Allow me to lace these lyrical dooches in your bushes  
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the  
mommies  
The back of the club, sippin' Moet is where you'll find  
me  
The back of the club, mackin' hoes, my crew's behind  
me  
Mad question askin', blunt passin, music blastin'  
But I just can't quit  
Cause one of these honies Biggie got to creep with  
Sleep with, keep the ep a secret why not?  
Why blow up my spot cause we both got hot  
Now check it, I got more Mck than Craig and in the bed  
Believe me sweetie I got enough to feed the needy  
No need to be greedy, I got mad friends with Benzes  
C'Notes by the layers, true fuckin players  
Jump in the Rover and come over  
tell your friends jump in thje GS3, I got the chronic by  
the tree

**Chorus:**

[ I love it when you call me big pop-pa] x3  
Throw your hands in the air, if youse a tru playa  
To the honies gettin money playin niggas like dummies  
If you gun up in your waist, don't shoot up the place  
Cause I see some ladies tonite who should be havin my  
ba-by,  
baybee, uh

**Verse Two:**

Straight up honey really i'm asking  
Most of these niggas think they me mackin', but they  
be acting  
Who they attractin' with that line  
"What's your name, what's your sign?"  
Soon as he buy that wine, I just creep up from behind

And ask you what your interest are, who you be wit?  
Things to make you smile, what number to dial  
You gon' be here for a while, I'm gon' call my crew  
You go call your crew  
We can rendezvous at the bar around two  
or three o' clock, Lil Ceas pull the truck up out the  
parking lot  
Roll the blunts cause he like to spark a lot  
So we can steam on the way to the telly go fill my belly  
A T-bone steak, cheese eggs, and Welches grape  
Conversate for a few, cause in a few, we gon' do  
What we came to do, ain't that right boo( truuuue)  
Forget the telly, we just go to the crib  
And watch a MOOVAE  
In the JUCUZAE, BAY-BAY

Chorus

Verse Three

[Jermaine Dupri]  
How does a true playa live?  
[B.I.G.]  
Nigga, Versace down  
Donna Karan, Diamonds glarin'  
Niggaz starin'  
Now I got my pants draggin  
In the Benz wagon, Raggin' sippin' D.P.  
On my way to D.C.  
The biggest willies  
Smokin' phillies  
Tying skunk together  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. forever  
Thuggin to say youngin and you knows that  
I step in where the Mo and the Hoes at, BABY  
Niggaz know the better on the Coogi sweater  
Butter leather , chrome beretta see  
You know who that nigga be

Outro: Jermaine Dupri

Shit you ain't know, ha ha, That's the stride for ninety-  
five Baby  
Straight up playerlistic mentality  
You just do your thing, Cause i'm definintley gone do  
mine  
And we gon' hook up a lil later and do thing you never  
heard of  
Can you feel me?

Chorus

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