## Lucca "Like a 24"

Visit "Like a 24" on MotoLyrics.com

Make dat ass roll like a 24 (24) Lemme see you make dat ass roll like a 24 (24) Shawty make dat ass roll like some 24's (24) Lemme see you make dat ass roll like a 24 (24)

I can make my ass roll like a 24 (24) [repeat]
I can make my ass roll like some 24's (24s)
I can make my ass roll like a 24 (24)

Now drop it (now drop it) to the floor Spin it like some stop and go Drop it (drop it) to the floor Spin it like some stop and go Roll like a 24 Lemme see you make dat ass roll like a 24

Now I could tell from back in the days when we was shawtys in the hood

Dat you was gone grow up to be thick as hell and lookin good

Now you 21 and them thighs ain't no crunk Lookin fine as hell like a penny junk up in the trunk Make a nigga get (get) what you want Put dat ass on dubs

Feel it when you get the party crunk

Feel it when you twirk it in the club
Feel it when you get down on the floor
Love when you get down on the low
Feel I wanna jack dat ass wanna bump and get that ho
get the hoe

Baby I jus got some 24's and I love to watch em spin (spin)

So let me see you make dat ass roll like my rims Spinnin like omega jones Pop dat booty fo my squad Work dat booty tho it hard roll it like a ?

[Chorus]

You already know hoes down pimps up

When pimpin step up in the house put ya bitch up I got a remi bottle instead of a pimp cup It shine like a summer day when my wrist up She wanna wave now cuz my nigga Twista Dissed her then bounced wit her sista I tell her keep her head down and her hips up You can keep dat pussy imma tear dem pretty lips up Let dat ass roll like 24's on a big truck And ya g-string let it bounce when da beat bang Make it drop like dem cars in a g-thang Pull up ya skirt and work it like da hook keep sangin

## [Chorus]

Come on shorty make dat ass pop Drop it like a rag top Shake it likes its bongo Stir it up like credit rock I got a pocket full of tens and dubs I'm up in the club drunk as fuck stuck Lookin for love They lookin for dust And I got dem in gods we trust A lil game a lil fame I'll have em pilin in the church bus Puffin da juan dro straight up to the condo Open the bus doors head up to the 12th floor Its bout to crack now layin on my back now She shook one cheek at a time den dropped it back down I'm goin through a game I never knew they name All I know is when she got low a nigga lost it man

You got my thang on swole back dat ass up
Girl you got my thang on swole now make dat ass drop
You got my thang on swole make dat ass bounce
Girl you got my thang on swole now make dat ass
prompt

Break somethin shake somethin work somethin twirk somethin [repeat]

Break it shake it work it twirk it [repeat4]

Shawty lemme see you make the left side move (side move)

Now let me see you make the right side move (side move)

Now let me see you make both sides move (sides move)

Now baby bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

## [Chorus]

Visit <u>Lucca</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.