

Birdman & Lil Wayne, This What I Call Her

Miss Butter pecan caramel southern bell
She hotter than a summer day in hell
I'm under her spell, she say her name is Chantel
She say she got a man, I can't tell
Because when we be rockin'
we get it poppin like a Amstel, like
Right up in the hotel, maybe the stairwell
She blows kisses to my handheld
She an angel her name should be An-gel ' I'm Blessesd '
I kill her wit the rich man smell
She got a wet manhole and ya mans fell whoa
I slipped and I ankwel
I saw jelly fishes seashells, no further details
I love the smell of a female
And you're one hell of a female I'm tellin' ya female
Get in the CL and let it be sweet sailin' and late night e-mailin'
Ooh she feel me, Ooh Fee Fee I think she feels me

Okay, I called her on a late night it was late right
I was on her ass like some brakelights
But I ain't stop for the redlights
We get it poppin' til the blue and red lights come knockin'
Neighbors keep trippin, we keep fuckin
Sex revolution, baby I'm comin
down the hallway that lead to your stomach,mami
I'ma keep pumpin till you scream Young Money
and me and you're boyfriend is not the same
I goes down like the stock exchange, and the I bring it up
'Scuse me, I drink it up, I leave you soakin' wet from ya ankle up
Shucks, I'm too much, Fee I'm too much