

# Cassidy, Bellybutton

Yeah

Cassidy

Huh

This one of my joints for the ladies man

[Hook - Cassidy (Woman)]

Lift up ya shirt, let me see ya bellybutton girl  
You got a belly ring, show ya bellybutton girl  
(I'm not impressed by the money and the bling  
Show me respect and then I'll show you my belly ring)  
Lift up ya shirt, let me see ya bellybutton girl  
You got a belly ring, show ya bellybutton girl  
(Boy you my type and I like to do my thing  
Treat me right, I'll show you what's under my belly ring)

[Verse 1]

Ain't nothing funny bout this money I be touching girl  
I get the cheese, if you need it, then it's nothing girl  
You might not know me, but I know if we was fucking girl  
You would get blazed like the haze I be puffing girl  
Kissing and hugging girl, licking and sucking girl  
Ya body is the truth and you cute as a button girl  
And you know I sold rock and I be hustlin girl  
The pot I got on my stove top is not stuffing girl  
You might not think that I'm the one to put ya trust in girl  
But I won't break ya heart for nothing, I ain't bluffing girl  
I think you got a crush on me, I see you blushing girl  
I got you tempted cause I'm smooth as David Ruffin girl

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I'm the kid from the telly with R. Kelly man  
And I'm a ass, I'm a titty, I'm a belly man  
I play them low like when I'm sittin on Pirelli's man  
I'm blowing up so they be blowing up my celly man  
Doing they gully dance, showing they belly man  
It can't be jam because they shake it like it's jelly man  
And it's some girls that probably never even wanted one  
Till they heard the song and then they went and got they stomach done  
Ya belly ring on bling, let ya belly floss  
Just go bezerk, lift up ya shirt, show ya belly off  
It's eye candy for the guys and it's fly mami  
And you might like it if you try, don't be shy mami

[Hook]

[Verse 3 (Woman)]

And I know it some women who don't have a belly ring  
It's okay, ay, ay (okay, ay, ay)  
Cause you can go to the store and get yourself a belly ring  
Today, ay, ay (Today, ay, ay)  
On the radio, the TV, even the press  
Women get their bellybuttons pierced, even they breasts  
You supposed to cloth yourself, not expose yourself  
But when this song come on, they can't control theyself  
They be doing they thizzle y'all, making it wiggle y'all  
I got 'em shaking and bouncing it like the dribble y'all  
You know the izzle y'all, I'm off the hizzle y'all  
For shizzle my nizzle, I love my nigga Swizzle y'all  
Cause he the cat that make the tracks, I'm the cat that's rapping  
I'm back in action, and I'm bout to get it crack-a-lacking  
I'm that boy, you can be that bitch  
So if you got ya belly pierced, let me see that sis, just

[Hook 2x]