

# Field Mob, Dimez

(Kalage)

I'm lookin for a made misses, not one of them lazy chickens  
But one them on top of her game, paid bitches  
I lay bitches and slay bitches, fast and free  
So f\*\*k that, I want a lady I can give cash to be  
A lover, makin me say "unngh" like Master P  
And helpin me out when I'm deep in a catastrophe  
She has to be, top notch and full of class  
Or rollin a new drop top full a gas, to pull her ass  
Gotta come correct and you better have your game tight  
She ain't the type of girl you meet and then f\*\*k the same night  
She's a hot girl, one that you can smoke Jane with  
But so jazzy, flashin her diamonds on her bracelet  
She don't say shit, keepin our love on the d-low  
I trust and believe in her, like Shira, she's my hero  
She don't need no zeroes she want a jazzy dime nigga to kick it with  
Splittin it fifty/fifty down the middle

(Chorus 2x)

I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch  
Walkin and pass me the switch, flashin her wrist  
Where you at ma'?  
I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya  
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter

(Boondox)

She had broke niggas and she said some nice hoe niggas  
Showboat poor niggas perpetratin with no scrilla  
She like more zippers, flow flippers and go getters  
Hydro twistas, gold grillers to roll with  
And you don't have to be a dope dealer or an old nigga  
So don't go twistin with a gold nigga  
'Cause she's a boss bitch, a slim Diana Ross bitch  
That you can floss with that don't cost shit

And anytime I want to I can toss it  
And when I toss it, I ain't gon' lie, I raw dog it  
'Cause she's so jazzy, every five minutes I stop and tell her  
Bitches playa hate because they not, they jealous  
Loooooong micros with lots of cheddar  
Givin me more D's than Jay-Z, she'll Roc-A-Fella  
Classy, I gots to say it in a capella  
So y'all rats can hear me clear, y'all gots to do better

(Chorus)

(Kalage)

If you feel that you's a jazzy nigga, you feel the same as me  
Jazzy hoes, I feel ya Jermaine Dupri  
Because classy ain't the thing to be, and yes it's plain to see  
If you a skank you can't hang with me!  
No I can't have no rat claimin me, like a leech, clang to me  
Or much, you should be shamed to be  
Ridin in the Chevy thing with me, it's not the place for them  
Jazzy, classy girls I'm chasin them, I wanna stay with them  
And lay with them, passin pussy's not the way for them  
I'm lacin 'em with more ice than a hockey stadium  
She gets down with me, freakin in any position  
Fine as all our dough, no, don't need me no pigeon  
I'm needin a pinchin to make sure that I'm not dreaming  
Like Cash Money, when you see her it's like bling, bling  
I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya  
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter

(Chorus 2x)

What, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a jazzy bitch....