

Nas, Big Girl

[Chorus]

(You're a big girl now)
Fully grown with your hormones now
Got your own home and you alone
Wanna bone, wanna moan, get your back blown out
(No more daddy's little girl)
You a big girl now, in a world, where these niggas are foul
You could be aborting the next Michael Jordan
Your man don't wanna be around
(You're a big girl now)
She's sexy, she got it, she ride it
Every nigga wanna be inside it
(No more daddy's little girl)
I need her, I'll eat her
Do anything to please her
My ghetto queen of Sheba

[Verse 1]

I'm the type that'll get you by the fireplace
Get you hype when I lick it, put it in your face
Sipping red wine, is it bedtime
You can kick it with your nigga while we listen to Faith
I'm feeling richer today
I can hit it then stay
Lingerie make me take it to the kitchen and play
We got champagne, whipped cream, I'ma grab a bucket of ice
Bubble bath running, and the candlelight feeling so right
It's your night, no stress, no fight
Mad at your ex, cause his dough tight
Never go right when you're with him
Try your best to forget him
Cause it's easy to please me
CD skip when your head board hit the wall
Call for the law
Right when you cum, I'm biting your tongue
Make your legs cramp up, you can't stand up
You can hit a blunt if you want
I'ma pull my pants up
We can discuss a weekend of lust on top of the trust
Tell me what's the reason for us
To love or to fuck
I'm the thug that you want
If it's gangster we can't front
If you want me I can stay around
If you need me, I'm here for you
How that sound?
Now it's up to you
Depending on how you wanna get down
Cause you're a big girl now

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Got your name and your number in my cell phone
Hear your voice and I wonder where you are, if you all alone
If you in a good mood, if you not
Or you thinking bout you was at my spot
What we did when we got hot
Is you dreaming you had me?
Is you creaming your panties?
Like a king, fed me grapes, and you fanned me
On the couch, to the floor, to the bed, to the sink
And we ate each other like candy
Under the covers, two intimate lovers

You fuck a nigga like you mad at me
Throw the ass to me
You should be glad to be
In the presence of a real thug as bad as me
While I'm in the streets with my murdering squad
You talking to your friends that I'm hurting it hard
How I'm making my rod, how I make you say "Oh God"
Every hoe that you know wanna know Nas
Gotta dodge all the blowjobs, getting hard
Cause you know how these girls are
Wearing tight shit, no panties, no bra
Running up to my car with menage a trois suggestions
Starting to get an erection
Guessing, only if you knew how your crew stressing
Complexion chocolatey, fondle me, thinking it's time to leave
I need time to breathe
Wanna follow me, Ironically
You pop up, throwing bottles at my Tahoe
Like it's my fault
But you don't wanna talk
Don't wanna hear nothing, all of a sudden
You and the shorty start scuffling
Now shorty dumping you out
Can't let her get the best of you
So I rescue you
Only thing left to do was to grab her
So you can jab her, get a cheap shot
You don't wanna feel chumped
Now here the cops come
So we gotta run to the ride
Then we drive off through the traffic
Don't panic, but you know how we gotta manage
Looking at your face
And the damage in your facial
Every angle can't let it faze you
No reason to be insecure or immature
Baby girl see the world is yours

[Chorus fade out]