

Plies, Shawty

 
PLIES

What's happenin' Homie this Ya Boy Plies Man Hey Pain Tell 'em
Bout Your shawty homie I'ma Tel Em Bout mine dawg!

CHORUS

Even Though I'm Not Your Man, You Not My Girl,
I'ma Call You My Shawty,
Cause I Can't Stand To See You Treated Bad,
I Beat His A** For My Shawty,
And we ain't did nothin' that we ain't supposed to do,
Cause you my shawty,
Babygirl you know I be home, keep me on the ringtone shawty,
Sing It To Me Girl

VERSE 1 (PLIES)

Soon As I Seen Her, s*** Told Her I'd Pay For It,
Lil Mama the baddest thing 'round here & she already know It,
I pointed at the donk & told her this supposed to be yours,
Showed her a couple stacks & told her I'd let her blow It,
The hottest thing in the city baby you can't ignore it,
I showed her I was a real dude & she went for it,
First time I caught her s***, she ain't even know how to throw it back,
Now she an animal, I got her s** game right,
I taught her how to talk to me while she take pipe,
& opened her up & showed her what a real dude like,
I told her I don't usually do this, I don't f*** on the first night,
cause after I beat ya baby I'm liable To mess up ya whole life,
I gotta train her, now she s*** me with ice,
I call her my lil' bust it baby cause she keep it tight,
Whenever I tell her to bust, ain't gotta tell her twice,
Whenever I wanna get off she know how to get me right.

FULL CHORUS

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Sing It To Me Girl
Whoa W-W-Whoa Whoa whoa Whoa Whoa Whoa,
Whoa W-W-Whoa Shaaaaaawtyyyyyy (x2)

VERSE2: PLIES

I love to show her off, cause all the dope boys want her,
Know why they wanna beat badly, look at all that a** on her,
Look how that p**** sit up in them shorts, you gotta want her,
Love when she act like she bow-legged & bend the corner,
She proud to be beatin' me, cause I'm stuntin on 'em,
It feels good to be beatin' a real dude don't' uh,
Ain't called her in 2 days, gotta let her mind wonder,
But when she miss me, she call to tell me to jump on her,
That's why I don't mind breakin' her off, cause she ain't with the drama,
If you done ripped her before, you know how to cuff Lil' Mama,
You know she gotta be somethin', cause I done beat her under,
I'm baby snatchin', I'm tellin' ya, I promise,
I exposed her to real, & now she hate lame,
'member she used to run from me, & now she like Pain,
She call me sometimes just to ask is it her thing,
Ever since I ran up in shawty she ain't been the same.

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(MUSIC TO FADE)