

# Big Pokey, Menagae 'Tois

(\*talking\*)

Trying to find me, a menagae 'tois  
X in her life, just to tighten her jaw  
For real clog they neck up, how we do it

[Big Pokey]

I need a bad bitch, bad hoe  
Go hard with a nigga, in the middle the flo'  
Ain't complaining, bout her knees are so'  
Love to get hulled, like a brand new 4  
You know me, 6-9's a no-no  
Pose for the camera, I'ma snap the photo  
Put a post in her face, she licked the logo  
Snatched the lighter, lit the do-do  
Baby from D.C., she like that go-go  
Plus she call me, is it stain or POLO  
Say she like the way I swang my rolo  
Drive me crazy, when she call me (ooh Po-Yo)  
It's on, and you know that it's on  
Sensei in that ass, like a brand new thong  
I don't play I lay on em, all night long  
Serving it to em, like filet mignon

[Hook]

Hoodrat, superstar  
Trying to find me a menagae 'tois  
X in her life just to tighten her jaw  
Hands in her pants, and she biting the bra  
It's on, (and you know that it's on)  
Sensei in that ass, like a brand new thong  
Everytime we turn around, (we dropping platinum songs)  
Balling out of control, (copping brand new homes)

[Mike D]

I told baby girl, hit me back and it's on  
Now me and Sensei, getting shots to the dome  
Wreck house boys, keep taste Q boys  
Slapped that X in her life, now we menagae 'toising  
Together we bad actors, steady up in the twat  
Performing like gymnists, making that ass flip flop  
She slurping the pole, not missing a drip drop  
While Po working the hole, and hurting the G spot  
Screaming Corleone, boy don't you stop  
Gone off Hennessy, girl you know I'm not  
Spark up another sherm, gave it all I got  
Make the headboard knock, till the rail unlock  
Beat the puddy up, we don't play with the cot  
Riding the clock, making the cum good shot  
Multiple orgasms, till that damn thang rot  
And then we out, know what I'm tal'n bout

[Hook]

Hoodrat, superstar  
Trying to find me, a menagae 'tois  
X in her life, just to tighten her jaw  
Hands in her pants, and she biting the bra  
It's on, (and you know that it's on)  
Corleone in that ass, like a brand new thong  
Everytime we turn around, (dropping platinum songs)  
Balling out of control, (copping brand new homes)

[Big Pokey]

Fell in, ambiance  
Trying to find me, a Columbian

Met one, worked at a hair salon  
Drinking on a Coke, with a splash of rum  
Pierced navel, pierced tongue  
Baby face, so I played her for young  
Saw her homie, told her here she come  
Ran over over to her, like the way that she run  
I could make her mine, with the wave of a wand  
Put her on the track, and maker her pay me a ton  
Boys know, how I do my dames  
Sex games, like choo-choo trains  
Blew her brain, 'fore I knew her name  
Baby off the chain, gon do her thang  
'3' frame, hot as a flame  
Got turned out, I was to blame

[Hook]

Hoodrat, superstar  
Trying to find me, a menagae 'tois  
X in her life, just to tighten her jaw  
Hand in her pants, and she biting the bra  
It's on, (and you know that it's on)  
Sensei in that ass, like a brand new thong  
Everytime we turn around (we dropping platinum songs)  
Balling out of control, (copping brand new homes)

(\*talking\*)

Uh, lost than a mo'fucker