

Brooke Valentine, D Girl

Subliminal!

Naw'm talkin' bout

It's going down!

Sweet Jones (Sweet Jones)

Brooke Valentine (Brooke Valentine)

Naw'm talkin' bout

My car candy coated, never voted

At the age seventeen

To the game I was quoted

Got a whole foreign tree in my flyest spur

My neck froze, and fire

Worth my coat and shoes mink fur

Y'all niggas ain't no pitbulls, you curred out

I'm Sweet Jones bitch and

You ain't what this shit about

About is Pimp C and the princess of the south

Chunkin it up for that Texas

Lettin 'em see them blades chop

I got a dude he's the flyest in these streets

Down on the corner got the block full of heat

Lookin' for a girl that don't run her mouth

She ain't a hoe all over town

He can call me baby, he can call me his boo

But he call me D-girl, cuz I got that ooh

Damn the fiends start runnin'

When they hear the D-girl comin'

Oh they can't control it 'trol it 'trol it

I got the game and they want it, want it, want it

So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be

I be that D-girl that's why they on me

I got these fiends yeah they runnin, runnin, runnin

I got the game and they want it, want it, want it

So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be

I be that D-girl got 'em like dope fiends

I got that ice cream that's what they say

Got them boys runnin' to they yard for me

I drive 'em wild, make 'em crazy

Got 'em sprung, want me to be they baby (Mama)

But I keep him satisfied

Mess with his bottom chick and yeah he's down to ride

Damn the fiends start runnin'

When they hear the D-girl comin'

Oh they can't control it 'trol it 'trol it

I got the game and they want it, want it, want it

So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be

I be that D-girl that's why they on me

I got these fiends yeah they runnin, runnin, runnin

I got the game and they want it, want it, want it

So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be

I be that D-girl got 'em like dope fiends

I know you want some of what I can serve

They keep comin' back

Cuz my block is so hot

I make my records for them boys

With the golds in they mouth

The thugs on parole with them

O's in they house

The niggas with the heart

In the glassy, glassy soft

Spent my last fifteen years representin' for the south

I'm a OG rock balla, twenty chop crawla

Young girl bout to choose a pimp

Man ain't no need to stall her

I wish that all on I-10, put my life on the line

Now young Pimp is goin'
Platinum with miss Brooke Valentine
I know what you really want from me
I know what you really think y'all need
You already know who I be
The D-girl betta know this V.P.
Oh they can't control it 'trol it 'trol it
I got the game and they want it, want it, want it
So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be
I be that D-girl that's why they on me
I got these fiends yeah they runnin, runnin, runnin
I got the game and they want it, want it, want it
So why you askin (Who Dat') Who I be
I be that D-girl got 'em like dope fiends
I know you want some
They keep comin' back
Dope girl, Dope girl
(Subliminal!)
Dope girl, Dope girl
Dope girl, Dope girl