

Buddha Monk, Butterflies

(Intro: Buddha Monk)

Ok, that's what it is, she give me

(Buddha Monk)

Now the topic for the day is how I got these butterflies
Long hair, chinky eyes, skin so light
She never met a guy make her feel so right
When bedroom be up, Monk, killed them lights
If in trouble with my hustle, gun tussle with jail dudes
Tight rope, but no worry, butterfly got you
I got you too, I swear on you, my beautiful butterfly
This ride of, you and I, until the day we die
When we baby try, huh, seven thirty-five
Get in, let your hair down, shades on, gone with the wind
My endless love, I'm in this love
Whether rich or mugged, chains like from her belt to her butt
So I made ice bling, huh, Rocawear with nike skins
Vaseline, I'mma tighten your frame
Take the worldwide chooses, hot tub nuded
Wake up the next day with them butterfly cooties, haha
She said, that's what she means, she gives me, inside

(Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk)

Stay with me, mommy, love with me, mommy
Mate to me, mommy, dance with me, mommy
Stay with me, mommy, love with me, mommy
Stay on it, mommy, drive on it, mommy

(Mazur)

This blue-black pon' dutch, cocked to the side
Arch brows, light brown, tints in your eyes
Krispy kreme, pearl hair doo to die for
Banging backyard with that waist size four
Hypnotic voice, sweet like baby breath
Out of billion other shorties, only you god blessed
Take word life, my gut flutters, when you pass by
The scent of you, hit me like my first weed high
Nervous temprum, girl you got my palm sweating
Wishing I can find the right words to get you undressing
Fuck a dime, mami, you the whole damn dollar
You'se a throw back beauty like a '64 Impala
Fake minolo, wide thighs, pretty sweet, well feet
Let me, drop your top, pipe out your back seat
Let me, hit your switch, and takes you on a low ride
Let me -- damn, here she come, now I got butterflies

(Chorus 2X)

(Layza Life)

Hello sunshine, could you be related to the moon
I see stars in ya eyes, everytime I look at you
Course I know it's corny, girl I'm only funning with you
Or maybe we can chat for a while, so I can check ya attitude
But your probably get this all the time
So if not, I ain't even mad at you
The pleasure is all mine, enjoy your afternoon
But wait if we could, you could the glows
And the flows, don't make over hood
I'm into romance, and I just wanna stand where you stood
Enjoy your conervation and admire your looks
And you can test my intellect and get lost in my depth
Knock a nuzzle in your neck, when you was feeling my chest
The foreplay is mind sex, the field play is all wreck
And if it's for, there's not enough I can get

You can be my butterfly and I'll be your net
And on your mark, ready, let's go, here we go
You was off the side, and yo, that's what I know

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Buddha Monk)
Ha-hah, ha-hah, butterflies
Jail Break Records, Duc-Lo Productions!
Inside, inside... ha-hah!