

Chocclair, Rubbin'

Uh
Now look in the mirror
Tell me what you see
It's the bombdiggy dogg baby, wha
(We rubbin tonight)
(We be lovin tonight)

I remember seein u in spaghetti straps
Napsack held up by yo ass back
When I seen it, I was like DAMN!
Girl, do you have a man?
Body looked like it was wrapped in saran
Hear me
Told me no, I was kind of surprise
Really
Out late night, spending mad cash chillin'
See the walk you were walkin, open my eyes
And the talk I was talking, parted your thighs
But there ain't nothing wrong
'Cause we both grown
Hitting in morning til we strong grown
And we strong moan and waking up the block
And getting all confused, not sure if im your boyfriend
Don't dwell on these minor details
Let's cruise with the wind blowing, speed the sails
We could rock on, and cruise on
Plus your tight skirt be flashing your thong
Shit's on, oh girl

CHORUS (Saukrates)
You frontin like I ain't 'bout to knock it (mm mm)
I got a rocket in my pocket (mm mm)
Two tickets to your ecstasy
And one for this chick standing next to me
If she with it, shit I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)
Baby is u wit it (is you wit it, you know i'm wit it, wit it)
I'mma hit it (I'mma hit it)
I'mma hit it

See I was peeping your style
You was sitting at the bar with your hand on a Marnier Grand
Now baby doll these people, notice who you are
So they ready try to score
Pulling out their bill folds, buyin red rose to give you
I chill on the humble in my jeans and steel toes
I see your eyes movin in stealth mode
But then you realize, oh shit it's Chocs on the side
She movin to my side, and when she walks she glides
Body looking strong like Cadillac designs
She moves close, her finger running up my elbow
And then invites me to her humble abode
Check it,
Now before I get it, first she walks around nekkid
Says she loves prospects and talks about her fetish
How she loves dark skinned men, hairy chested
She's hefty breasted, movements fuel injected
She says she's rough at first, but when I start to groan
I be closing every night and take it straight to the dome
So we could rule the world or you could stay at home
But tonight she be ready to bone, it's on
Oh boy

(CHORUS)

See this is for my ladies in open toed shoes
And belly chains that make money and like their sex sweaty
Like the sex messy and ready to go
And not afraid to say they ready to bone (it's on)
And not afraid to peel off the thong
And not afraid to take it straight to the dome
And for my dogs that make laws and cruise offshore
With five in the pocket, or drop shitty cars
For when it comes to strokes, bring beatness to Mars?
And take no crumb cake to clear out the bars
Watch yourself girl when you're playing it close
'Cause you'll get the strokes and then we're ghost
It's on

(CHORUS 2x)