

# Cla, 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