

Official Kardinal, Maxinee

Let me tell you one likkle story
'bout dis girl I used to know
Use to come and tell me she love me since me sing ya wit di show
Say she love di way me represent the whole a T dot O
Say she love me pon di TV love me inna di video
Say she siddown pon her bed and listen to da radio
An when me sing bad-biddly-bou she haffa run an change her clothes
Say mi kill 'ar wit the style and jus a murder wit the flow
Jus a sweet 'ar wit di riddim turn her a yoyo
Yo she comin in like she don't know
Say mi have a girlfriend
And she don't play (no)
Might box 'ar in 'ar in mouth and chop off she toe
Lord God, why do Kardi haffa so sexy though,
She try kiss me pon me neck, me haffa tell the girl
'Yo, walk and live touch and you've got to go,
Your body look good, yes sweet like mango,
But you know di though come on, a hoe is a hoe
You nah 'ave no draws on, How you skin dry soo?
You 'ave one ol piece a dry-up cho cho
Yes girl, you booty big, but you know how that go
Imma a very tall yout because I won't stoop low for

CHORUS

Maxine, oh miss Maxine
You body look ready
For you I am waiting
It goes, Maxine, oh miss Maxine
You body look ready
Come mek we rock steady

I was walking down di street an dis girl said
'Hi, aren't you that rapper named Mr. Kardini?'
Cha, see me ya, 'Yes girl, that's the I, Lyric specialist,
Number on bad bwoy.
Give thanks to the most high for looking so fly
So pretty sometime make yu eye dem cry
Drip out eye water, and flood up the sky
Trust them on the first in case the yout dem wan try' ?
She said 'I like your style, and yo Kardi, me nah shy
Me wan strip off your Karl and den rub up your Kani
Squeeze off your burger and nyam of you fry
Blow off your top and show you me two ply'
I tol 'ar ' Hol on girl, A mus a die u wan die
Betta wash out you mouth bout you wan' nyam off me fry
Clean up youself and meet me up a mount Zi
Cause only one girl makes the Kardinal high and that's

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Diamond and Gol' and platinum makes di she
Look like a big ol' rusty tin a bully beef
She lip dem juicy an' she leg dem sweet
Body jus a shine from she head to she feet
Nice type a girl that you wan u mumma meet
Every time you talk 'er name you haffa skin teeth
Pretty like a who, di gyal mad you nah see,
Every time she wanna slam you haffa get up and do it
Clothes dem cris brand, new parasuco

She like nobody livin in Toronto
Mostly when she wan never listenin to you
Only listen to ar man when she walk out da door
And that's Maxine,

Lord let me tell something about Maxine

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