

[Chorus - Ghostface]

Aiyyo

Here's a little story ghetto situation

'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations

She was so fly, get high, well understood

Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood

[Ghostface]

Yo,

Aiyyo, I woke up early took a stretch and a yawn

Had a 2 o'clock appointment with this girl name Dawn

She ain't the Avon lady but her beauty was strong

Right before she went to rest she had me singin this song

she must be a special ladyyyyyyyyy

and a very exciting girlllllllllll

I don't know

she had the high-glow's switchin

see her in the club you hear others chicks bitchin

but Dawn quit to bust a bitch ass and shit

see she did 12 months over a ratchet

not no crab shit

got bagged with the mag

taxi cab shit

clit was hangin out her panties with no where to stash it

it was classic

nowadays shes laid back

helpin me perfect my rap

only pink and smoked salmon where she feed her cat

wife everything

diamond cut like johnny lex collar attached

lickin glass bowls in her cat clothes

cause crazy stacks

finicky thing

her kittin drink pollar spring

take naps

near her jewerly box

she play with all the rings

and when she step out the tub its like an ill flick

carmel skin, bath and body works leave the whole room lit

cinnamon candles, sweet side, they on relax mode

paint her toes on the bed slow, watchin me

versace robe on her body, peak, sippin asti (piemonte)

she a perfect 10 in my wildest dreams DAWN

[Cappadonna]

Aiyyo, she gotta be gone

Waitin on my sweet strawbeery pecan rican LaShawn

holdin my taffy down when I'm gone

three fourths of her body always covered with clothes

thats why I'm eatin her candy

and suckin her toes

sweet sexy LaShawn

she got body like whats goin on

on some marvin gay shit like lets get it onnnnn

suuuugarrrr

letssss getttt it onnnnn

ayo she a diamond in the rough

black rose in the hood

I love my queen and she treat me good

fuck cookin for me

she stash me out when the feds come lookin for me

I'm not cheatin on her or beatin on her

I spend the weekend on her

we on the block when the bills start creepin on her

she right there when it gets sticky

she strict politic to the vicky's

and a fly aviator the color of sky

god on her side

indian chick with cat eyes

mad respect with the fat thighs

plus her guns for the revolution

would straight leave her if she prostituting

yo my girls the bomb

intelligent mind

sky blue louis vetton

leg muscles, deep dimples

body is soft she smell fresh like a new born

pretty feet peitete ass nice shoes on

the sunshine for my quiet storm

keepin the food warm while I'm gone

it won't be long 'til I'm back to my sweet butter pecan rican LaShawn

Hit me up baby, P.S. Cappadon'

[Trife]

Aiyyo, aiyyo I woke up in the morning still drunk off the Henn
Had a 3'oclock appointment with this girl name Jen
You know Jen from a hundred and ten, she push the Lex Coupe
Part time fashion designer she work for Jet Blue
Pretty young thing, with a body like vida
Ass off the meter, eva medenez look, strut like a diva
Leave her shine fine, blow minds like dimes of a cheeba
She like it from behind, slow grind, sometimes with her feet up
Ms. Bonitta Applebum Bottom, thick as a Roman column
Raw dick it down, love me, even if I'm holdin condoms!
Cause she my bitch, the only cat that I lick
Throwin that ass like Ciara on the top of that whip
Latin decent, velour suit with the cameltoe print
Peppermint flared panties with the garder-belt clips
Tattoo of a small butterfly on her inner thigh
Even at my loneliest times you that Jen will ride...

[Chorus - Trife]

Whether Jen, Don, or Shawn its the same situation
'Bout a girl I met who had many temptations
She was so fly, get high, well understood
Big-ass big brains and straight out the hood