

Lights, Camera, Action

Mr. Cheeks

I'm talkin' to these motherfuckers
Yea, OK
Yea, ooh, ooh (This one's a vibrant thing)
LB, G.I. one fam, oh my (Bounce with me now)
Big, dawg, hot (I'm talkin', this gone be somethin now)
Mr. Cheeks, whoo (I'm talkin' lights, camera, action)
Oh Kay (Get down now)
Big dawg now one shot deal shit Yea, OK
Now I'm in the spot where I want to be
Money spent, niggas gettin bent, chicks in front of me
Just the way I like it, hunnies turnin' somethin'
I got a seat up in the cut and I'm burnin' somethin'
Booties dancin' 'round a nigga and I'm killin' one
Killin' one from the top of the stash and I'm feelin buns
Plus I'm do' low at a table, I'm fuckin with this chick,
with a phat body and the ring up in her navel
Dances around, she struts with the "fuck" walk
Touches her toes, and she can make her butt talk
Do whatcha gotta do, I ain't mad at 'chu
Know a lot of haters when they seen and as bad as you
You's a real bad girl, a nigga need that
Sippin' on ya Henny, askin' where the weed at
Lemme put you onto somethin'
You fuckin' with a big nigga, no frontin'
[Chorus: x2]
Uh shorty, turn it around lemme see somethin'
Fuckin' with me for real, it's gone be somethin'
Yea, I'm talkin' lights, camera, action
Had me singin' "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson" I love the way it's goin down she got the thong on
She started bouncin more once she heard the "Thong Song"
Them high heels got them calves lookin' right too
Shorty come live with me for the night true
Shit I'm only tryin to holla, it's only right you holla back
So where you headed lemme follow that
Now word up I got plans for you
It's more than my tongue and my hands'll do
The way you move to the music - it make a nigga want to,
take you up outta here, go somewhere, loose it
And your physique is off the chain
It's gonna be hard gettin you off the brain
I mean we could take a drive in the
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The way you boogie on the floor, know that sex slide
You's a dime piece, I'm tryin to see somethin
Suck your t's and in your front and lemme squeeze somethin
[Chorus: x2]I got a few hours left 'til a nigga jet
And I'm hopin' that it's you that a nigga get
Hear them callin' out ya name, I geuss ya showtime
Get'cha money shorty, lemme see you pole climb
Toes out, back showin' off the tat-toooo
Fuck the dumb shit, a nigga had to snatch youuuu
Lookin as good as ya smell, pay your own bills
Ask officer, 'cause your pushin' your own wheels
Yea I'm feelin' you tryin' to see the deal with you
What's goin' on, later on, can I chill with you?
We can do anything that you want to do
You know the way a nigga feel, all I want is you
Get ya dance on
Love the way you make the moves with no pants on
Let's ride!
Bounce to ya man's song
Let's get to goin, it's goin on before the chance gone
Next stop[Chorus: x4]Yo, turn with me now
Do my thing, hey swing with me now
Big dawg now, one shot deal shit
Keep it tight, and this is how we steal shit
It's that real shit, it's that new shit
How we come through shit
Mr. Sexy keep shit hot with us
Let's go get it, niggas tried to come get us
Back, niggas know my fuckin' style
Got the booties in the back, hey meanwhile
We just suckin' and smokin' and drinkin'
Hey man, what the fuck is they thinkin'
Aww shit, we's high tonioght
Well my nigga said "Let's ride tonite"
We out in Miami
We in New York
Twist the cap, pop the cork
Yea shorty, lemme see somethin'
Fuckin' with me and my team, yea it's gone be somethin'
I'm talkin' 'bout lights, camera, action
Had a nigga singin' "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson"
Yea, oh, ha-ha, sorry Ms. Jackson
Shorty actin' like she ready for some action

