

Skrawberries (feat. BJ the Chicago Kid)

JID

My girl booty soft and it's shaped like a skrawberry
Her pussy bald with a tat like Stephon Marbury
Carry all my dirt to the grave, I'm the pallbearer
Bury all of my sins, staring out of the Benz
Gone off weed, gone off Hen', gone with the wind
Gone with the pretty long hair is with the fairest skin
Yelling in her face, and she repeat it like a parrot and
Apparently she gone keep yelling at me, I'ma never win
Where yo ass was at when
I was sleeping on the couch and in the whip?
Probably with another nigga, on another nigga dick
I'm on another tip, my skin so tint
Strength on strength
One on ten against me
I won't break, I don't bend
Watch your statements, guard your chin
Guard your heart, guard your light
Find your zen, mind your lightness
You doing without cause you looking within
But if you ever in doubt give this a spin
Yeah for life, baby, I'm dressed for the war
Baby girl I'm your soldier
But trippin' like this, back and forth
Wonder who gone hold you
Everybody needs somebody to hold them down
I said
Everybody needs somebody to hold them down Look, cool
I mean shawty had relations that
We never could speak about
You get mad, I'm mad, we sleep it out
And then she had a man who used to
Beat her so she told me she wanted out
Got a couple abortions
Now that pussy's a haunted house
Now her heart cold, Antartica, Siberia
Had it planned out, curriculum, criteria
Change, she feel pain
Strain, built up anger
From dealing with a dickhead
Putting her life in danger
I understand, it's times that you
Go through your women things

And sometimes can't gauge
Clearly on what you be thinking
I swear I got your back and
Got a tab on what you drinking
You ain't gotta move a finger or
Pinky when we linking
Whatever keeps your boat
Afloat or ship sinking
from loose lips of side women
Stepping out of position
Breaking out of a system, prison
Parallelogram, shaping the prism
Stop signs never stopped I
Let's be realistic, I been trying to
Get in touch with my senses
And be better to my sisters
But niggas think that you
Feminine when you sensitive
My home girl rap, and she feminist
Hold it down for the women
I call her "Feminem"
Tell 'em how you really feel headass
'Cause ass shots and dead ass and
Fake tits been around, we gas it
Girl you perfect without that make up
Or the plastic surgery
I'ma tell you how it is like Ron Burgundy
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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