

BedRock (feat. Lloyd)

Young Money

I-I-I I can make your bed rock
I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl
I-I-I I can make your bed rock
I-I-I I can make your bed rock She got that good good
She Michael Jackson bad
I'm attracted to her, for her attractive ass
And now we murderers, because we kill time
I knock her lights out and she still shine
I hate to see her go, but I love to watch her leave
But I keep her running back and forth, soccer team
Cold as a winter's day
Hot as a summer's eve
Young Money thieves Steal your love and leave
I like the way you walking if you walking my way
I'm that Red Bull, now let's fly away
Let's buy a place, with all kind of space
I let you be the judge, n-n-and I'm the case
I'm Gudda Gudda
I put her under
I see me with her, no Stevie Wonder
She don't even wonder, 'cause she know she bad And I got her, nigga
Grocery bag Ooh, baby
I be stuck to you
Like glue, baby
Wanna spend it all on you, baby
My room is the G-Spot
Call me Mr. Flintstone
I can make your bed rock
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock Okay, I get it
Let me think, I guess it's my turn
Maybe it's time to put this pussy on ya sideburns
He say I'm bad, he probably right
He pressing me like button downs on a Friday night (Ha, ha, ha)
I'm so pretty, like
Me on my pedal bike He on my low scrunch
He on my Ecko whites
He say "Nicki, don't stop. You the bestest"
And I just be coming off the top as bestest I love ya sushi roll, hotter than wasabi
I'll race for your love

Shake and bake, Ricky Bobby
I'm at the W., but I can't meet you in the lobby
Girl, I gotta watch my back 'cause I'm not just anybody I seen 'em stand in line just to get beside
her
I let her see the Aston and let the rest surprise her
That's when we disappear; you need GPS to find her
Oh, that was yo' girl?
I thought I recognized her Ooh, baby
I be stuck to you
Like glue, baby
Wanna spend it all on you, baby
My room is the G-Spot Call me Mr. Flintstone
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(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl
(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock
(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock She like tanning
I like staying in
She like romancing
I like rolling with friends
She said I'm caged in
I think her conscience is
She watching that Oxygen
I'm watching ESPN
But when that show end
She all on my skin
Lotion
Slow emotions
Roller coasting
Like back forth, hold it (Hold it)
She pose like it's for posters
And I poke like I'm supposed to
Take this photo if you for me
She said "Don't you ever show this"
I'm too loyal
And too focused
To be losing And be hopeless
When I spoke this
She rejoiced it
Said "Your words get me open"
So I closed it
Where your clothes is
I'm only lovin' for the moment Uh
She ain't got a man
But she's not alone
Miss Independent
Yeah, she got her own
Hey, gorgeous
Um, I mean flawless

Well, that's what you are. How I see it is how I call it, yeahL-look it how she walk
Mmhm, she know she bad
D-do, do your thing, baby
I ain't even mad
And I ain't even fast
I'mma stay a while
Hold ya head, Chris
I'mma take her downOoh, baby
I be stuck to youLike glue, baby
Wanna spend it all on you, baby
My room is the G-Spot
Call me Mr. Flintstone
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(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock
(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl
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(oooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock
(The end

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>