

B R Right (feat. Ludacris)

Trina

I want my ass smacked
Legs wide
Front, back
Side to side
Pussy wet
Slip n slide
Yep everything gon be alright Ass smacked
Legs wide
Front, back
Side to side
Pussy wet
Slip n slide
Yep everything gon be alright
(TRINA)
Wait bitch, imma blow my kisses,
Get pissed and throw my dishes,
Y'all niggas know just who this is,
Woo woo, and the head so vicious. With me, this shit gon cost,
You short? then thas yo lost,
You know this ass is soft,
Make a nigga go to breakin off. Tell me that you love me baby,
Get hot and f**k me crazy,
Get a towel and wipe me off,
You want a bitch with no type of flaws. My girls be shoppin hard,
These hoes be buyin cars,
In the club buyin bars,
Nipples hard in designer bras.
From the niggas who gettin cheese,
Throw back in the crispy g's,
More wet? christ don't freeze,
Laugh at the tab, cause this on me. Me and Luda in the Cut Supreme,
Doin things jus to touch the creme,
So many names wanna f**k the queen,
I live a life like its jus a dream. (CHORUS) (LUDA)
Get it right beother, jump,
Gimme the beat then imma make it bump,
Tell em wutch a wana hear, damn, lets get cam,
Trouble witch a man, imma pop my trunk. You ain't seen no chicks like mine,
You ain't seen no flicks like mine,
Bet i make you cum next to the sub woofers and my 6x9's. Tell me that you like it raw,
Tell me that my dick is plump,
I might make you famous, and buy you watches by Marice Mc. Craw Tell me if its new or old,

Tell me if its hot or cold,
Let me know if its black & bold,
Say Ludacris 6 million sold. See i ain't got no time for games,
And i ain't got no times for lames,
How you lovin my southern slang,
Ooo eee walla walla bing bang. So anytime you need me call,
Whether summer, spring, or fall,
It doesn't matter come one come all,
Either get dropped or drop them draws. (CHORUS) (TRINA)
Diamond princess,
Just mind your business,
These rumors are senseless,
Your whispers are endless. We livin ghetto fab,
We spendin hella cash,
This girl is hella bad,
Your choice is trailer trash. Too much taste for whores,
You saw me grace the stores,
Your saw me work the vibe
Bitches i works for mine. One time, for these divas,
Two times, for these visas,
Third time i come I'm breezin,
The ice... just keeps on freezin. Hold up imma keep it goin,
Back to back imma keep on blowin,
Platinum plaques, keepin it hood,
Wet sex, keepin it good. Look girl, you dont know my angle,
A hundred thou with a platinum bangle,
My niggas'll slow your roll,
Pussy power, we in control. (CHROUS) Yea, thas right
I'm back again
Round two mother f**kers.
Thas right.
I'm talking greasy.
I'm a arrogant lil mother f**ker huh?
Thas rite im rich,
I'm that bitch,
Thas right.
I'm about show y'all how to pimp this shit.
I'm f**ken niggas in the face,
The game is mine 2003,
F**k that.
F**k all y'all haters,
F**k all y'all bitches,
Get a life.
You got too much time on your hands.
I want y'all bitches to get a job,
Up your game.
Pimp your game up baby,
It's all about me this time
F**k that.

F**k a dime, I'm a silva dolla, holla.
Catch me when I come off tour,
F**k y'all.
I'm out.

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