

Diced Pineapples (feat. Wale, Drake)

[Rick Ross](#)

Diced pineapple
Tonight you shall reach a height that the sky won't catch you
The highest form of my admiration
I ain't no connoisseur but I'm kinda sure you will admire my taste
And before the sun graze ya
I'm tryin to see how deep you are
And believe me shorty I ain't talking about no intimate conversation
I wanna see if I can make you reach things unobtainable
When I peek into your nature
And I promise you my goals will exceed any physical pleasure
I wanna, give you whats better than better
The better my effort, the wetter her treasure
The more these mere moments seem like heavens or temporary forever
Shorty get it together
Diced pineapple
May your love come down so my mind might have you
You designed my imagination
Let me redefine foreplay 'till you need five and
Tell me shorty you got it baby
If its not it baby, hope its progress baby
Let it all drip baby
If you stop that shaking, no more talking baby, no more talking baby
Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh
Diced pineapples that my baby tastes the best
I nearly lost my mind, guess it was a test
Swept her off her feet and went and bought her ass a Lex
Paid it off cash so I never wrote a check
Leave my cars at her crib I'm just stuntin' on her ex
Pussy's excellent and I know it sound a mess
I love to make her toes curl as I'm lickin' on her flesh uhh
Sex all night, couple shots of Ciroc
Crib on the water, got LeBron up the block
Money ain't the thing baby, welcome to the Mark
Diced pineapples, talking diamonds by the jar
Bitch so bad got me wishing I could sign her
Uniform Isabel Marant when you on the team
Double MG them other niggas fell off, baby girl I just wanna see you well off
Call me crazy -- shit, at least youre calling
Feels better when you let it out don't it girl
Know its easy to get caught up in the moment
When you say it cause you mad then you take it all back
Then we fuck all night til things get right

Then we fuck all night til things get right
Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh
Diced pineapples I just bought my girl a set
I know my lifestyle wild I just do it for the set
She know how to make me smile and she do it with the sex
Pop bottles, make love, thug passion
Red bottoms, Moncler, high fashion
Belt buckles, door handles, gold plated
Balmain, rich denim, out Vegas
French Riviera baby girl lets take a trip
I'mma trip go to Cannes, France to catch a flick
Baby listen, this position is a blessing
And with your permission hopefully you'll learn a lesson
I'm so fly that I shouldn't even walk. She so fine she ain't even gotta talk
Diced pineapples, talking diamonds by the jar
She never wrote a song but I know that she's a star
Something about her probably can't live
without her
Roll up some sour, let me kiss on a fountain
Mission accomplished, you increasing your heart rate
And I wont ever rest, we meet at the peak of your mountain
Eager to show you, thinking that I should know you
And you eager to work perfect, I can employ you
Designer shit spoil you, rub you down with the oil
To get on a higher tree, gonna have to climb a sequoia
Hol' up, showing off some Agent Provocateur
Rushing you out your drawers though patiently get you off
Hate when they be too anxious though, hate when they be too dull
Like to go deep but I hate to get too deeply involved
How sweet is you, let me see some proof
Fuck making pussy talk, I like to make it sing a tune
All we need is we, we dont need no room
Right now Im trying eat, we dont need a spoon

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