

Dimez (Jazzy B's)

Field Mob

Kalage

I'm lookin for a made misses, not one of them lazy chickens
But one them on top of her game, paid bitches
I lay bitches and slay bitches, fast and free
So fuck that, I want a lady I can give cash to be
A lover, makin me say "unngh" like Master P
And helpin me out when I'm deep in a catastrophe
She has to be, top notch and full of class
Or rollin a new drop top full a gas, to pull her ass
Gotta come correct and you better have your game tight
She ain't the type of girl you meet and then fuck the same night
She's a hot girl, one that you can smoke Jane with
But so jazzy, flashin her diamonds on her bracelet
She don't say shit, keepin our love on the d-low
I trust and believe in her, like Shira, she's my hero
She don't need no zeroes she want a jazzy dime nigga to kick it with
Splittin it fifty/fifty down the middle
I need a jazzy bitch, a classy bitch
Walkin and pass me the switch, flashin her wrist
Where you at ma'?

I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter
She had broke niggas and she said some nice
hoe niggas

Showboat poor niggas perpetratin with no scrilla
She like more zippers, flow flippers and go getters
Hydro twistas, gold grillers to roll with
And you don't have to be a dope dealer or an old nigga
So don't go twistin with a gold nigga
'Cause she's a boss bitch, a slim Diana Ross bitch
That you can floss with that don't cost shit
And anytime I want to I can toss it
And when I toss it, I ain't gon' lie, I raw dog it
'Cause she's so jazzy, every five minutes I stop and tell her
Bitches playa hate because they not, they jealous
Loooooong micros with lots of cheddar
Givin me more D's than Jay-Z, she'll Roc-A-Fella
Classy, I gots to say it in a capella
So y'all rats can hear me clear, y'all gots to do better
If you feel that you's a jazzy nigga, you feel the same as me
Jazzy hoes, I feel ya Jermaine Dupri
Because classy ain't the thing to be, and yes it's plain to see
If you a skank you can't hang with me!

No I can't have no rat claimin me, like a leech, clang to me
Or much, you should be shamed to be
Ridin in the Chevy thing with me, it's not the place for them
Jazzy, classy girls I'm chasin them, I wanna stay with them
And lay with them, passin pussy's not the way for them
I'm lacin 'em with more ice than a hockey stadium
She gets down with me, freakin in any position
Fine as all our dough, no, don't need me no pigeon
I'm needin a pinchin to make sure that I'm not dreaming
Like Cash Money, when you see her it's like bling, bling
I'm lookin for ya, so let a nigga spoil ya
As if I was your daddy and you was my daughter
What, I need a jazzy bitch, c'mon, I need a
jazzy bitch...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>