

# Ladies Hit Squad (feat. ASAP Nast & D Double E)

## Skepta

Girl I pull up to your city with them racks out  
You know how I do it, shows be packed out  
All them girls, they're pretty, they gon' twerk for me  
Nasty baby, please put out that work for me  
Now I noticed a couple niggas got my swag, swag  
They done stole my swag, swag  
They can have that swag, swag  
Because Flacko Jodye done told me let them have that  
I don't want that back  
I don't want that back  
Budububup  
It's me, me  
She wants to be with me, me  
Every day she's thinking 'bout me, me  
She never met nobody like me, me  
It's ooh  
I wanna know what's on the agenda  
Keep it real, don't be a pretender  
This is my show, I'm the presenter  
Time is money, I'm a big spender  
We can have a mad one, we can have a bender  
Order what you want from the bartender  
Come back to mine and all be splendor  
I'll give you a night to remember  
Let's get the bed rockin'  
Undo the stocking from the suspender  
The legs are so soft and tender  
Tonight you can be my contender  
I want 'em in the mix and I wanna blender  
To another world, I wanna send her  
Over the bath, I wanna bend her  
Give her the cockney like an Eastender  
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I don't want that back  
I don't want that back I'm gonna hit the G-spot when I get the jeans off  
Press on the gas and then I ease off  
Kiss on your neck, there you go, ease off  
Back so big, look like your jeans shrunk in the wash  
And we don't really need Netflix, I'mma give you something to watch  
After we done, bill a spliff and cotch  
Pour me a glass of the Henny on the rocks  
And get ready for round two  
Cause any time we not boosting you know we knock twice  
So lucky I found you girl  
You were looking way too cold in your Reebok Ice  
Saw your girlfriend, you don't need advice  
Always in your ear like, "He's not nice"  
She's just upset cause she got juiced in the bunk bed  
And you know, she's not wife  
See me with the street goons on the ends  
Next day I'm in the GQ Top 10  
Tracksuit Mafia, the best dressed men  
Linked us, now she don't wanna link them man again  
Your ex plays in the Prem but you never see him taking a pen  
Cause if you can't hit the G-spot when it comes to the spot kicks  
Manna gotta wait on the bench Girl I pull up to your city with them racks out  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>