

Gotta Thing For You

Da Brat

My dear, my dear, my dear
You do not know me but I know you very well
So let me tell about Da Brat-ta-ta ta
I'm light skin, redbone, peanut butter complexion
Very affectionate, very direct when I'm expressing myself

I'm 5.5', my astrology sign is Aries
Thick in my thighs, 36Bs
Pretty brown eyes, no hair weaves
Put it down with these luscious sa-sa-suckable lips

Making you wanna reach out and touch 'em
Come on and give me a kiss
Could it be those hips just pokin' out of my jeans
I showed them once or twice
And some niggers have become feems

I'm a javouci rocking, hat cockin'
Blunt smoking, no stopping, weave cocking
With constant heat dropping

Bombs on non-believers charming all the people
They call it the life of leisure
I'm preaching what I'm speaking
You said that you still seeing
So please believe it you needin'
The B to the muthafucking R A T

I guess you wonder where I've been
I search to find the love within
I came back to let you know
I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

I'm steppin' in the club, y'all, hey now
Niggers showing me love, y'all, hey now
I wrap for my thugs, y'all, hey now
Especially my niggers, they got the ooh

I'd be sitting in my car waiting on you
To drop off my package
A big zipped locked baggy to support my habit
We'll go together like Roger and Jessica Rabbit

I'm spoiled rotten, I'm rocking pink
Silk panties at the moment but I'm sport cotton
But Jeanie's dreamin' of Jeanie will blink me to Scotty
So he can beam me pump adrenaline onto my blood stream

Proceed extremely with caution, I'm probably gleaming
'Cause my bling bling is worth a fortune
It seems things will never change
So I puffed often 'cause these dayz, niggers is crazy
You can't pay me to roll without my AK

I guess you wonder where I've been
I search to find the love within
I came back to let you know

I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

I can't let go off this game
I can't let go off this fame
But for sure before I go
You niggers gonna know my name

I'm in the shit, 'cause I'm so doogie, one in a million
Cop a Brazzillion for the coochie that rides smoothly
Pass the doobie, the dutchie, rudely interrupted
Your regularly scheduled program, I throw down and bust it

And there ain't no hoe around touching me
I'm sharper than cutlery, I slice niggers to itty bitty pieces
Dice them to (?)

I'm steppin' in the club now y'all, hey now
Niggers showing me love y'all, hey now
I wrap for my thugs, y'all, hey now
Especially my niggers, they got the ooh

I guess you wonder where I've been
I search to find the love within
I came back to let you know
I gotta thing for you and I can't let it go

You know, you know
You know, you know
You know, you know
You know, you know
And I can't let it go