

Reel Girls (feat. Bun B)

Flatbush Zombies

Reel girls get down on the floor
Zombie Gang baby act like you know
Championship ring on her toes, hey
Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know
Real girls get down on the floor
Zombie Gang baby act like you know
Championship ring on her toes, hey
Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know I wanna fuck you like a pornstar, a pornstar
Make you skrrt like a NASCAR, baby ass large
Up and down like a '64, might take your bitch boy
Balenciagas Millie Rock neck lit, big timer
Eat at home the salmon dinner pussy talkin', yes I hear it
We fucking in the mirror, can't see it any clearer
Treat it like a feast yeah, eat it like a beast yeah
And if that bitch got a girl on girl, I'm gon' beat ya
Divine 'bout it, I be honest, you a miracle
Bipolar but I love you like your momma do
High roller, smoking good that's what we 'posed to do
The realest in here, gonna get it nothing stopping
Got moscatti blowin', they haters, they hoein'
We are not the same, they copy, they know it
Yeah I'm drippin' game, trippin' mane, diamond fangs
Zombie need the brain, baby baby, what you say?
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Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know You offendin' me
Shorty dirty talkin', read her lips like Marilyn
Drop it on the floor and I got hundreds, don't embarrass me
How a nigga deckin' but he's pimpin' so casually
Slow sipper, bout to go gorilla with my mans and them
Riding slow cause I ain't in the mood for all the ramblin'
Shorty game fire, bet need to call the ambulance
Woop, I got two bottles of booze, can you handle it?
Most these niggas is volunteers and I beat it like a candidate
Tippin' shorty, dip she can get the naughty hip
Pussy so delicious I can't even take my hands off her
Big ol' booty moving on me, just threw it up again

Girl you take a piece of me like I be needin' up again
All these niggas jealous, they can't tell you what you up against
Now she's blowin' kisses, postin' pictures on her social shit
Strippin' for her sisters, no positions but I open it
And it's overtime and it's over with
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Reel girls get down on the floor
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Coke in her nose, she don't know that I know Okay it's Bun B, that trill OG back up in the driver
seat

Whippin' up that work while they Zombie boys supply the heat
Sippin' 1942 and smokin' on a ball bat
Posted in the VIP, stuntin' like we all that
Chuckin' up the deuce, showin' love to all my kin
We standing on them tables, baby 'bout to get it in
If you know just like I know, you know where this is headed
A night to be remember and won't nobody forget it
Them boppers walkin' by showin' out, tootin' their ass up
Yeah I'm smokin' gas baby girl but I ain't gassed up
You wanna be down, that's only if I let you
Let me marinate on it and maybe I'll come back and get you
You'r fine but your mind ain't on the level that it could be
Get down with a G and I could show you how it should be
Roll another fatty up, pass me the tequila
Let me know when you wanna make your world a little trilla
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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