

Chocolate Fe's and Redbones (feat. Johnny P)

Twista

Rollin down the street on some shiny twenty-fo's
Pullin up with chocolate fe's and redbonnnes (la la la la la)
Blowin on some 'dro while I spit my money flow
Pullin up with chocolate fe's and redbonnnes (honey no)
Rollin down the street on some shiny twenty-fo's
Pullin up with chocolate fe's and redbonnnes (chocolate fe's and redbones)
Blowin on some 'dro while I spit my money flow
Pullin up with chocolate fe's and redbonnnes (ohh yeah)One two three
You ain't never seen no motherfucker pimp like me
Stay up in the street lookin for honies throwin money in the club
Chubby thug ballin in the white tee
Roll a Swisher up and take it to the head
Havin fantasies of havin me two bitches in the bed
Dark-skinned and light-skinned like Mike, both of 'em lookin right
Spectacular when I get up in them legs
Have you ever seen a light-skinned freak
Butter pecan or vanilla, nipples and her pussy pink
(Hazel-eyed jet black baby hair that'll hurt yo' hearrrrrrt)
Have you ever seen a dark-skinned freak
Sexy and chocolate when she droppin in, my African Queen
(When she starts what is she like a Hershey bar)
The three of us need to drive up to an exotic place
Where y'all can double up on me, take me to outer space
Or we can keep it ghetto while hang in the hood on the porch
And later on we can fuck in front of the fireplace
But for now I'm only dippin through the block
Expressin to you all of the feelings in my chest
Wishin I could find a couple of girls on what I'm on
So they could help me end my stress, until then I'm just
Look at lil' red
Talkin jazzy at the mouth, cause she think she the shit
Thinkin everybody around supposed to bow down to her
cause she's bored, but she's still my bitch
Now come take a look at miss black
Always got an attitude, and she stay on the attack
Why you always wanna whup a nigga ass, tellin me I'm bogus
But I love you cause yo' ass so fat
So now I gotta pimp my ride
Custom material, computer, and chrome on the side
Paint job can make you look like butter rollin
but you ain't rollin unless you got some twenty-fo's on the ride
And the do' suicide

Niggaz hatin but the bitches on the dick when the do's go up
Let the enemies see it good
When the homies in the ride and the forks and the fo's go up
... steady bendin through the block, and I'm tryin to find a ho
(And I'm pullin up with somethin candy painted mayyyne)
Everybody call me Twista, representer for the city of the dough
(Standin out on Madisson screamin out ain't it mayyyne)
Hit 'em with the one two three
You know I love my chocolate fe's and my redbones
I still love my peanut butter and my caramel girls
I got love for my chocolate fe's and my redbones
I still love my peanut butter and my caramel girls
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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