

Buff Baby

Tobi Lou

Like a man...
Dr. Yams, yams yams...
This again...
Think that I can...
I'm a buff baby, but I dance like a man
She a nice lady and she shakin' the yams
Spent the whole summer trappin' out the sedan
Marching wit' the bands cause I think that I can
I'm a lover not a fighter but I'll never let ya flex on me
Broke my heart about a while ago, baby got the best of me
Momma told me "fuck these hoers, get that dough that's the remedy"
So now I'm smoking all my veggies, and I'm counting up my celery
Yea, yea
Same dance every day like, these were my only jeans
Yea, yea
Taking shot after shot like I'm tryna' win the MEP
Yea, yea
Might change my name to Cobi, bitch I'm Cobi Lou
Who are you? (Woah) Who are you?
I'm a buff baby, but I dance like a man
She a nice lady and she shakin' the yams
Spent the whole summer trappin' out the sedan
Marching with the bands cause I think that I can
I'm a buff baby, but I dance like a man
She a nice lady and she shakin' the yams
Spent the whole summer trappin' out the sedan
Marching with the bands cause I think that I can
Yea
I'm a lover not a fighter, but I never let you flex on me
Woah
My bitch smell good and my whip stank like copary
Yo
Eggs on me like I'm, doing groceries
Woah, woah, woah
Baby, don't smoke all the weed
Save a bit for me
You said I ain't high, you must be joking please
Aye, nigga
Bitch I'm on (fire) do it look like I need more degrees
Yea
Boy you talkin' crazy, you must not know who you talkin' to
Who are you? Who are you?

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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