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 hoes, 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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