

# In da Box (feat. Rick Ross)

Sean Garrett

Can you compare money, nah, not really though  
Yeah you want my shawty, can't, can't get her though  
Brag about how big your house is, patio  
Ask your girl what we did? We just smashed on the radio  
She like to call me babe, babe, babe,  
babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
Her legs around my neck and keep 'em locked  
She like to call me babe, babe, babe, babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
Her legs around my neck and keep 'em locked  
Just got to Miami, touch down from the Grammys  
First stop king of diamonds, hope them bitches ready  
Yep, I pulled up in that no top, gave 'em all a headache  
Tell the girl I need them racks on racks  
And damn it I need that in a hurry  
Shawty flirting while she workin'  
Tryin' her best to keep me behind them curtains  
She said the word is that I make that paper fly like Michael Jordan  
I say well you know, free  
throw, multi, zero  
Gotta make sure all the girls eat though, but she mad, she know  
I got a girl at home, she don't care, all she said is get up here  
She got you nigger, that ain't fair I want you to be mine  
She like to call me babe, babe, babe,  
babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
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I'm accustomed to custom, cussin' at customers, treat my whips  
Like my sneakers once I scuff 'em it's nothin'  
I get money in bundles hustles for scoops in the summer  
I'm making her wet, so she making a puddle  
She resembles a model, sexy and slender as Tyra  
I should set you on fire, sweatin' your name and your number  
She got a mean walk, I let my green talk  
Penthouse suite, jack in the bean stock  
S why she's a damn piece, nothing but Vicky's on  
Two pinky rings, trickin like I'm Nicky Barnes  
Might blow a hundred racks fuck up 200 thou  
Put you on your feet, the Bentley just to roll around  
Members only, I'm talking baller status  
Lebron numbers cribs in that land of the Dallas  
Back to the 305 kisses, starin' in my eyes  
It's time to tat my name inside your inner thigh  
She like to call me babe, babe, babe, babe

Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
Her legs around my neck and keep 'em locked She like to call me babe, babe, babe, babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
Her legs around my neck and keep 'em locked She call me her baby, I like to call her squirter  
She do things and thangs that virgins ain't never heard of  
She no scream my name unless I hurt her  
Get from my r&b neighbor, but in the box she call me murder I like to call her Jackie O,  
presidential only  
Anything that I gotta get done, she get down and do it for me  
Ain't gotta never worry about shootin' off cause she gonna shoot  
It for me, she take that pistol from me cock it like she own it She like to call me babe, babe,  
babe, babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
She like to wrap her legs, her legs, her legs, her legs  
Her legs around my neck and keep 'em locked She like to call me babe, babe, babe, babe  
Baby when I got her in da box  
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