

# BedRock

## Young Money

I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl  
I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
I-I-I I can make your bed rock She got that good good  
She Michael Jackson bad  
I'm attracted to her, for her attractive ass  
And now we murderers, because we kill time  
I knock her lights out and she still shine  
I hate to see her go, but I love to watch her leave  
But I keep her running back and forth, soccer team  
Cold as a winter's day  
Hot as a summer's eve  
Young Money thieves Steal your love and leave  
I like the way you walking if you walking my way  
I'm that Red Bull, now let's fly away  
Let's buy a place, with all kind of space  
I let you be the judge, n-n-and I'm the case  
I'm Gudda Gudda  
I put her under  
I see me with her, no Stevie Wonder  
She don't even wonder, 'cause she know she bad And I got her, nigga  
Grocery bag Ooh, baby  
I be stuck to you  
Like glue, baby  
Wanna spend it all on you, baby  
My room is the G-Spot  
Call me Mr. Flintstone  
I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock Okay, I get it  
Let me think, I guess it's my turn  
Maybe it's time to put this pussy on ya sideburns  
He say I'm bad, he probably right  
He pressing me like button downs on a Friday night (Ha, ha, ha)  
I'm so pretty, like  
Me on my pedal bike He on my low scrunch  
He on my Ecko whites  
He say "Nicki, don't stop. You the bestest"  
And I just be coming off the top as bestest I love ya sushi roll, hotter than wasabi  
I'll race for your love

Shake and bake, Ricky Bobby  
I'm at the W., but I can't meet you in the lobby  
Girl, I gotta watch my back 'cause I'm not just anybody I seen 'em stand in line just to get beside  
her  
I let her see the Aston and let the rest surprise her  
That's when we disappear; you need GPS to find her  
Oh, that was yo' girl?  
I thought I recognized her Ooh, baby  
I be stuck to you  
Like glue, baby  
Wanna spend it all on you, baby  
My room is the G-Spot Call me Mr. Flintstone  
I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock She like tanning  
I like staying in  
She like romancing  
I like rolling with friends  
She said I'm caged in  
I think her conscience is  
She watching that Oxygen  
I'm watching ESPN  
But when that show end  
She all on my skin  
Lotion  
Slow emotions  
Roller coasting  
Like back forth, hold it (Hold it)  
She pose like it's for posters  
And I poke like I'm supposed to  
Take this photo if you for me  
She said "Don't you ever show this"  
I'm too loyal  
And too focused  
To be losing And be hopeless  
When I spoke this  
She rejoiced it  
Said "Your words get me open"  
So I closed it  
Where your clothes is  
I'm only lovin' for the moment Uh  
She ain't got a man  
But she's not alone  
Miss Independent  
Yeah, she got her own  
Hey, gorgeous  
Um, I mean flawless

Well, that's what you are. How I see it is how I call it, yeahL-look it how she walk

Mmhm, she know she bad  
D-do, do your thing, baby  
I ain't even mad  
And I ain't even fast  
I'mma stay a while  
Hold ya head, Chris  
I'mma take her downOoh, baby  
I be stuck to youLike glue, baby  
Wanna spend it all on you, baby  
My room is the G-Spot  
Call me Mr. Flintstone  
I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock, girl  
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(ooh) I-I-I I can make your bed rock  
(The end

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>