

# THIQUE Lyrics

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## THIQUE

Ass gettin' bigger

Racks gettin' bigger

Cash gettin' larger

He thought he was loving me good, I told him, "Go harder"

She thought she was killin' that shit, I told her, "Go harder"

Just look at this alkaline wrist 'cause I got that water

Ass getting thicker

Cash getting thicker (Thicker! Thicker!)

That's that thique

That's that real shit

That's that jelly, baby

Champagne and cherry, baby

That's that thique

That's that ball drop

That's that keep going

That's that never stop

That's that thique

That's that na-na, that oochie coochie, la-la  
Yeah! This that Fiji agua, candy girl, piñata  
Hit it in the car and take you back to the casa  
Bet I got you rock now, that thique all over the yacht now  
Uh! That's that Freaknik, that's that 1996  
That's that moon Miami bass, 12 in the trunk, 808  
Uh! that's that Castro, eat that shit like Maestro's  
She say she on a diet, girl, you better not lose that ass, though

That's that thique  
That's that real shit  
That's that jelly, nigga  
That's that really, nigga  
That's that thique  
That's that ball drop  
That's that keep going  
That's that never stop

Baby that's that thique  
That's that thique  
Baby, that's that thique  
That's that thique  
Look at this shit

Ooh! that's that strawberry

That's that grape and cherry

Ooh! this that Ginsu, cut that bitch like culinary

Ooh, that's the bounce, spend my money, make it count

If it's lost, then make it found, just keep dropping that shit down

That's that summer, that's them Hummers

That's that, "Girl, give me your number"

That's that Jordy, that's that scholar, that I just got out of college,

That's that "I don't do this usually,", "I don't know what you do to me"

That "I don't do this usually,", "I don't know what you do to me"

Boy, you crazy, body mean, back it up like limousine

You gotta make a fold out to fit a magazine, right

Girl, look at your body, right

Boy, take this in slow, don't let go

Tell me how bad you've been wanting it

And hurry up, quick, before the moment ends

I like what I hear, might be sleeping in

Screaming, "Beyoncé," chocolate ounces

Sit on that, bounce it, bounce it

Ass getting thicker

Cash getting thicker

Cash gettin' larger

He thought he was loving me good, I told him "Go harder" (Baby, that's that thique)

She thought she was killing that shit, I told her "Go harder" (That's that thique)

Just look at this alkaline wrist 'cause I got that water (Baby, that's that thique)

Ass getting thicker (That's that thique)

Cash getting

Look at this shit

Oh! baby come feel me

Oh! baby I'm all up in your mind (It's all yours)

Come here, come here (Let's make love)

Make love to your mind (I'm all up in your mind)

Make love to your mind (Make love to your mind)

Close your eyes (I'm all up in your mind)

I'll breathe you in, I'll think your thoughts

I'll read your mind, I'll read your mind

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