

22, why you haven't been callin' me or textin' me, baby?
You don't miss me?
You don't miss when I suck your- (Ghosty)
She a treesha, I'm a treesha
Bad bitches to the right, cute bitches to the left
Twirl

She gon let me record, baby, we making porn
Let me slap on the dresser, throw it back on a porch
Tryna see what your neck like and her ribs on the floor
B&B, fuck a telly, '42 or Patrón

Shorty a treesha, she gave me māthā like Mia Khalifa
She arching her back so I'ma go deeper, she's screaming out like Aretha
I know what she wanna do, we getting lit off the '42
She feeling naughty too, baby, this drip ain't affordable
Māthā, baba, treesha, eat it up, she from the opp side
She ain't gon' give it up 'cause all your jewelry fugaga
Soon as I walk in the crib, I connect to her WiFi
She gave me brain in the whip, let me hit from the left side

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B&B, no telly, swipe a piece through her belt like Nelly
Deep in her belly, I had her squirtin' and bustin' like she was a semi
She like a suck and fuck, ain't gon stop 'til I bust a nut
I reconstruct her guts, back it up like a dump truck

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