

Mrs. Clean

Aminé

Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah
I need-, I need some tea or somethin'
Ayy, don't stop
(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Look at my face, what you think?
She know I'm cute, uh, that's why you fucked (True)
I'm in a whole nother league to be frank
That's why these ho's fuck with me, I got bank
I'm a stoner motherfucker, twisted up like candy cane
Put her hands up by her head and dance like VV's on my chain
Fuck your feelings, young Aminé, I'ma let her do her thing now
Out in Tokyo, the strippers call me by my name now

Shawty suckin', fuckin' like she work for Mr. Clean
Higher than a motherfucker, this feel like a dream
Didn't make the bathroom, so we fuckin' on the sink
Think I'm catchin' feelings, but it's probably just my drink
Like it's nothin'
Sippin' nothin', can't even function (Yeah)
Yeah, I ran up, I ran up, now I'm buzzin'
Sippin' nothin', can't even function (Look, that's right)

Fifteen for the chain, smokin' like I can't
Louie on my shades
Shawty want it and she thinks she was down for the ride, down f
or the 'cause
Down for my high, yeah, down for the law, yeah
Welcome to Aminé University
Ain't no nigga workin' like me, they gon' have to work for me
Limbo, Limbo, Limbo, Limbo, Limbo, I'm a busy bee
Fifty bands for my furniture, these niggas can't fuck with me

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