

## Passenger Princess

Aminé

Tell me (So, won't you tell me?), what you want me to do  
'Cause baby, I'm waiting for your love, and-  
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Your girl is my bitch, she stay on my hip, stick to me like glue (Stick to me like glue)  
We fuck to the SZA, she love when it's in her, she not gonna snooze (Not gonna snooze)  
I'm cummin' too fast, I'm on a half tab, that's not an excuse (Not an excuse)  
Don't care 'bout your feelings, get bucks like I'm Lillard then blow it on you (Blow it on you)  
She throwin' a fit and throwin' it back  
You fuck with me once, you comin' right back  
Just like my shows, you gettin' a pass  
Who is your ex? I'll give him a dap  
Not threatened by shit 'cause I'm killin' this shit  
The head too good, that ass get a smack  
My shawty my demon and angel  
She worried 'bout angles, I'm worried 'bout racks  
Huh, huh, huh, she cryin' in clubs, she sheddin' them tears  
Huh, huh, huh, she not a white boy, she don't do the beer  
Huh, huh, huh, I'm hittin' it raw, but we in the clear  
Huh, huh, huh, I take you to Louis, he take you to Sears  
She lives in my lap, she lookin' for blessings  
The top too good, it's anti-depressing  
I hit it whenever, that's side-nigga Heaven  
She don't care who's who  
Now her ex mad, boo-hoo  
Fuck around with you  
Merci beaucoup

Tell me (So, won't you tell me?), what you want me to do  
'Cause baby, I'm waiting for your love, and-

(Baby)

We go back like some neck braids  
I'm stickin' to your scalp, I stay trim like side fades (Uh)  
Addicted to digging you deep, it escalate then I excavate (Dig it)  
Been fuckin' for fifty-six nights just like that Future and ESCO tape (Oh)  
I told her to turn off the lights, but not once did I dim my glow  
Been puttin' you on this fly shit, word to Miyagi, she a dem a goat  
This issey ain't no question, so I'm callin' it any Miyake  
Mexico, gettin' my chips, I like to dip all my takis in guacy  
Toxic environment when I pour more than them shots that you copped me  
I get to stuntin' too hard  
And don't let the blunt hit too hard  
I'm 'bout to stand on a bar  
And deal with The Shade Room tomorrow  
Then back to me duckin' off in the hills, I been raisin' a dog  
And from that, I learned to decipher the tones  
That could belong to a bark  
Sometimes, she mad 'cause I'm so aloof and she want me in involved (She do)  
Sometimes, she hungry, sometimes, she jealous, sometimes, she wrong  
Say life is a bitch, I guess I know more 'bout that bitch than I thought (Uh-uh, uh-uh)