

# Twisted!

Aminé

'Scuse me

Y'all got me fucked up  
Please don't get me fucked up  
Now I'm really up, fuck  
Damn, we got em sick, huh  
Hundred thousand flights  
Pockets looking like they bricks, huh  
Said she couldn't find me, so a nigga put his wrist up  
Wrist up  
Wrist up  
Said she couldn't find me, so a nigga put his wrist up  
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Got these niggas mad and that envy shit is tragic  
Young Aminé, baby, please don't, please don't, please don't touch my baggage  
I'm so motherfuckin pretty, put my face up on a jacket  
Talkin' 'bout me like I care but I'm at Disney doin' acid

I got a bitch that's bad  
And a bitch that's super freaky, she got hella ass  
Vanmoof on my bike, I let that drama pass  
Niggas show some love, but tell me what's the catch  
Tell me what's the catch

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R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
You can't get that shit from me  
Rappers wanna send a verse  
I tell 'em send a warranty

My ice real, yours make-believe  
Niggas sweet, I'm sugar free  
Flight to Paris in the morning but my pants is Japanese (I think that's him)  
Rolling deep (Really deep)  
Like Adele (Oh my God)  
Call my folks (Huh)  
Tell em I'm doin' well  
I'm ducked off somewhere in the cut  
Said she can't see in the club, so I put my wrist up

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