Wedding Crashers

Aminé

I was duped, didn't know the truth
Got rid of my old flame, now I got a boo
And now I'm feeling cool, I'm feeling brand new
I would pay a lot to be the nigga in my shoes (Who this for?)

This is dedicated to my ex lovers
Hope that you hear this, never find another
Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend
Hope you play this at your wedding
Yeah, the one I won't attend
This is dedicated to my ex lovers
Hope that you hear this, never find another
Me and my friends, we don't worry or pretend
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Yeah, the one I won't attend (Sike)

Vultures at the altar tell the pastor to watch his back
My girl said she wanted change and then she got a quarterback
Well, damn, I ain't no football player
But I hit it harder than a football player
The girl of my dreams just became a girl
And well, we can talk about that later
Honeymoon in your hometown, bitch, you broke now
Your mama ask about me almost every week
He can speak in tongue, talkin' bout "Forever hold your peace"
I said peace, please hurry up and kiss so I can eat
Tootsie roll and your tippy toes
So much soul that my soul got soul
Your auntie and uncle, they love me
All your bridesmaids wanna fuck me
Your groom look like a broom and it make me "hahaha"
Girl, I coulda been your Pap and you be my Remy Ma

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Yes, I've been balling, yeah
Maybachs to Lambos and 'Raris, yeah
Fresh in that Cartier
Take off your clothes, we get naughty, yeah
Whole party lit, bad bitches everywhere
Gang in this bitch, nawfside extraordinaire (gang!)
Pipe up the city, the diamonds gon' light up the city
I got your girl on the low

I slide in it, and then I'ma dodge in it
I got her selling her soul
Pick up five bags in a row
White diamonds look like the Pope
Gucci Python on the loafers
Yeah, my pinky look just like the ocean
It's colder, North Dakota
From the bowl to the chauffeurs
Having fun in a Rollster, in Milan copping Goyard
Now that I'm taking over, your hand out, but I don't owe ya
I came from the dirt, soil

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