Peter Pan

Ant Beale

Yeah
DB in this bitch, man
Yeah, yeah

What I like to say about haters, they just secret fans
'Fore I had the Bimmer, I was on the Peter Pan (Yeah, yeah)
Dumb bitch tried to fuck me, already know she fucked my man (Yeah, yeah)
Don't know why the boy still talkin', when I slid, he ran (Yeah, yeah)

I ain't ever run from shit but I do run toward them bands
I took the bread from advance, put that shit back for my brand
Yeah, they too accustomed to hate, these boys could never be great
I fell in love with the cake, I fell in love with the cake
I never fold on my bros, that shit is not in my code (Mhm)
I fell in love with the road, I'm sorry, I'm not comin' home (Mhm)
First single just went gold, 500, 000 copies sold
I can't be doing shit rogue, I gotta keep this shit low

What I like to say about haters, they just secret fans
'Fore I had the Bimmer, I was on the Peter Pan (Yeah, yeah)
Dumb bitch tried to fuck me, already know she fucked my man (Yeah, yeah)
Don't know why the boy still talkin', when I slid, he ran (Yeah, yeah)

You look like you taste like Cinnamon Toast Crunch
I wanna nibble on your body
I'm gon' lick it like my blunt, it remind me of some biscotti
I'm in the stu', I'm pouring up, but it's not lean inside my body
You take one sip up out my cup, you gon' feel it inside your whole body

I'm gon' pull up to your window when it's night time
(Pullin' up to your window, pullin' up to your window)
I'm gon' get you high and fly you through the night sky
(Pullin' up to your window, pullin' up to your window)
I'm gon' pull up to your window when it's night time
(Pullin' up to your window, pullin' up to your window)
I'm gon' get you high and fly you through the night sky
(Pullin' up to your window, pullin' up to your window)

What I like to say about haters, they just secret fans
'Fore I had the Bimmer, I was on the Peter Pan (Peter Pan)
Dumb bitch tried to fuck me, already know she fucked my man (My man, yeah, y
eah)
Don't know why the boy still talkin', when I slid, he ran (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I ain't ever run from shit but I do run toward the bands
I took that shit from the bands, put that shit back for my bread
Yeah, they too accustomed to hate, people can never be great
I fell in love with the cake, I fell in love with the cake

What I like to say about haters, they just secret fans
'Fore I had the Bimmer, I was on the Peter Pan
Dumb bitch tried to fuck me, already know she fucked my man (My man)
Don't know why the boy still talkin', when I slid, he ran (Yeah)

What I like to say about haters, they just secret fans
'Fore I had the Bimmer, I was on the Peter Pan (Yeah, yeah)
Dumb bitch tried to fuck me, already know she fucked my man (Yeah, yeah, yea

h, yeah)
Don't know why the boy still talkin', when I slid, he ran (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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