

A-P-T-PT

Fuck it, I can't say it, okay

It's mister A to the N and then the T to the H
I swear that I attract these women like I threw a bouquet
So if you bitches acting thirsty then I'm Bobby Boucher
Your man make hundred K a year, well I just made that today

Aight now you know what it is, girl we back up in this thing
Money stay in my pocket, girl I'm like a walking bank
Tell me what you drink, tell me what you think
If I go get these bottles, we go alcohol insane

Don't you want me like I want you, baby?
Don't you need me like I need you now?
Sleep tomorrow but tonight go crazy
All you gotta do is just meet me at the

I thought love was only true in fairy tales
Meant for someone else but not for me, yeah

She want the lovey dovey, that kiss kiss
In her mind she fantasize 'bout getting with me
They hating on me, they wanna diss diss diss
Because she mine and so fine and thick as can be

Okay I eat instrumentals like I'm the rap Jeffrey Dahmer
And if it ain't 'bout the commas then puto, no me hablas
I got a bitch so fucking bad, yeah she hot as a sauna
She said that ass so fucking big I gotta go thank her mama, god damn

Sin City's cold and empty
No one's around to judge me
I can't see clearly when you're gone

I'm looking for Mrs Bubblegum, I'm Mr Chick-O-Stick
I wanna da-na-na 'cause you so thick
Girls call me Jolly Rancher 'cause I stay so hard
You can suck me for a long time, oh my God

Whoa, stop
What?
There's kids watching