

RIDING

Aries

Riding, on your own
Ashing the cigarette beside me, plug my nose
All this make me feel so alive, switchin' lanes
Checking my left-hand side, I'm never right
Give me a break

Too smart (too damn smart)
December you're sweating
All the nuances you're forced to accept
Talking lukewarm (fuck it up)
Whenever you're ready
I'll be right there whenever you need

Shimmy shimmy, roll up
Or sippy on mimosa
I want a ménage, crown on me Ayatollah
I want my garage to fit a bentley and a rover
Your energy I like
Make me wanna sign my whole life over
To you
Realize I put my celly on mute
Fantasies, don't wanna have you alone

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And you'll be riding, your own

And you'll be riding

And you'll be riding
I don't see you in the same light I did
All my friends, family look at me like a giant
Touch the skies with five fingers
And I love myself so much
They probably thinking, "why you riding?"

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