

Suckin Up

Audrey Nuna

Ooh, they don't love me, rack full of s-
Oh, they don't, ooh, they don't love me, rack full of s-
Oh, they don't, ooh, they don't love me, rack full of skelly
Ooh-ooh, they don't love me, rack full of skel-

Ooh, they don't love me, rack full of skelly
Talk, talk money, I got dirt on my wellies
Yuh, 'cause I ain't Cinderelly
If you eatin' jelly, don't say shit about my belly
'Cause I walk, don't need Ellie
Machiavelli, send a note to the enemy
Okay, bettie, yeah, I talk, talk pretty and I stink and I'm smelly
If you, if you super jelly, don't say shit about my belly

Restart, don't need puppy lovin', cut the leash off
Tryna profit off me, I'm like Mona Lisa
And they corner watchin', they be stalkin'
They pretty talkin', they cocky blocky

And they su-su-suckin' up
And they ta-ta-talkin' up
Don't just ta-ta-talk it up
Why you su-su-suckin' up?
When I need
Yeah, something real

Funny, a double whammy
Don't tell your mommy that you want me
I'm Botticelli, I'm worth the penny and the bennies
And if you love me, play Sakamoto through the telly
You gotta show me, yeah, don't just tell me

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