

Car Keys

Ava Max

Yeah, pull up at the Ritz in my brand new whip in gold (Aw, yeah)
With a full eclipse, and a moon lit-lit like, whoa
Everything blurred, mixing all that smoke with the Grey Goose
Fendi Baguette on the bar top, both my hands on you

Take a picture
Of my figure
Catch a glimmer
Allow me to remind you, baby

I'm the keys to your car, bae
If you lose me, then baby, good luck
I'm the king to your checkmate
Still yours, oh, baby, you've won
I'm the bubbles in your champagne
Grip me tight like you're holding your cup
I'm the keys to your car, bae
Whoa

Know that you need me

Aw, yeah

Uh-huh

Whoa

Aw, yeah

Uh-huh

Know that you need me

Aw, yeah

Uh-huh

Whoa

Aw, yeah

Uh-huh

Know that you need me

Catwalk through the hallway, straight tell 'em one, two (Aw, yeah)
Three, four, five, six, seven, let the liquor flow through
Six in the morning, tell me now what we gon' do? Yeah
Driver pull up in the black car, baby, let's move

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Aw, yeah

Uh-huh

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Uh-huh
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Aw, yeah
Uh-huh
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