

# Control

Avelino

Control, yeah  
I just wanna see you control  
Look good in your makeup and your contour, yeah  
If you're mine then I'm just yours, all yours

Bad from born, good looking from the ends  
That's my ting, I took her from her friends  
Give her wood I would, it just depends  
If I slide in her DM's that a bookable offense  
I'm a star player and I want you on my team  
Woman of my dreams, I was on you in my dreams  
Heard you tell your friends you know me down to the T  
Baby, that's the internet, why you browsing for me?  
When I'm right here in my Nike Airs  
Got a few Loub boots in the boot, my dear  
Wouldn't let you breathe, gave a few guys air  
Don't panic, there a panoramic roof right here  
How the hell does someone like you end up on your own?  
Those days a number, put your number in my phone  
If you give it to me, I ain't never letting go  
You don't want no controller, you affi control

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For sure, yeah  
Pull up on you in a convoy  
Wine for me, baby, let me see you control, yeah  
I ain't gotta be in control, oh no

I think you're Missguided, my PrettyLittleThing  
Said your boo's who ha? I can't see a ring  
I don't want no drama, I'm just looking for a fling  
AP or Ann Summer, we go wet these bed spring  
Litty all summer, let me be your genie  
Get it from your mama, Dior the bikini  
Debut the skelly Santos in Santorini  
Hit it on the floor 'cause the bed's too squeaky  
Movie night, you're coming over  
Get the popcorn, me ah real controller  
Ex hurt you, now you're looking for exposure  
Swimming in it, me a top breast-stoker  
I can't be your main lover  
I ain't tryna have my business on Shade Borough  
But these red bottoms good for your soul  
I can really show you control  
Control

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Control this flight, auto-pilot  
Girl ride, shift gear, automatic  
Come get it if you really wanna have it  
Ain't you seen the track record, not your average  
Preed your habits, you like fashion  
We in Harrods, drippy splashing  
Getting cash in, diamonds cutting  
We coppin' carats 'cause pressure's what's made us  
Get down low, are you really down for me? Baby, get down low, uh  
Take you home, if you really wanna go there, I'll take you home, uh  
Let me know and I'll start getting rid of all my hoes, uh  
No letting go, I love it when you're in control

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(Jason Julian, that's my guy)  
(R Lo, bring it back!)