

## Letters

Ay Em

Told my ex "Stop writing me letters"  
I got a girl now, I need to behave  
She took a risk when she know that she shouldn't  
How can you blame her man? Her ex was a lame  
She brown skin Moroccan like hashish  
My Mali girls love me like bariis  
My Asian girl in a salwar kameez  
She link a man with nuttin underneath  
My Algerian got curly black hair  
But she whiter than haleeb  
Didn't mean to make a mess right there  
She got makeup on the Lamborghini seats

He's an undie, I just know plain clothes  
Born sinner, I don't know J Cole  
Summertime, Louis V raincoat  
Looking at these mids like "These ain't lows"  
My favourite conspiracy theory is these girls ain't hoes  
You know boys ain't too, hmm, loose cannon  
She a badders but I'm just calling her new talent  
Designer junkie, I swear I poured up like two gallons  
Fuck the trainers, I'm tryna find me a new balance  
I want some vitamin E  
I hit my East African and I give her vitamin D  
My West African, I swear she elite  
My chocolate baby, curviest that you seen

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