

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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