

Yeah

She want this dick without the feelings, how revealin'
She think that cat gon' make me leave the house I live in
She think that that cat gon' win me over competition
Bein' a honest man don't always bring you honest women
Hatin' hoes ain't happy, happy hoes ain't hating
If she got a man, that's perfect, I'll make her moan
She go back home and leave me 'lone
Single, single, single women, too much trouble
She want to cuddle, wanna be a couple
Group chat bitches huddle, now she late, now it's hate
Chuck the deuce, now she puzzled, yeah
This the part where shit get ugly, shit get petty
Run and tell the internet for help, it's so upsetting
Now raise your hand if you never got pregnant to keep a man
And you won't let him see his kid 'cause he won't be your man
Put your hand down, now, raise your hand if you knew
She was obsessin' over you and you continued and pursued
And now she two weeks overdue
And now you feelin' blue

Ain't a whole lot God created and it ain't about the baby
All that Black power, "we shall overcome" shit don't work on baby
Mamas, 'cause, look, I'm way too good
At walkin' out of people's lives and disappearing for good
I'm way too good at many things
I'm way too good at thinking differently
I'm way too good at being peaceful, simultaneously
Attracting enemies
I'm way too good at watching a chaotic world and seein' symmetry
I'm way too, I'm way too
I'm way too honest once I had too many drinks
I just get blue and start to kick a nigga tree
Could drink my liquor, just don't take a nigga tree
This that Billy Zoliday, I smoke that pawpaw tree
Lookin' for evil, homie, it's a lot to see
I'm from Atlanta, dog, it's not a shock to me
And if your album flopped, it never dropped to me
Got knowledge for these younger artists, probably
But you could show them water, that don't mean they'll start to drink
Plus, when you teach yourself, you learn to do it properly
Yeah
Possibly an anomaly or a prophecy
You play your own game, you're no one else's property

Can I— Can I get a Plan B, please?
What? This is a pharmacy, we don't do abortion
No, I want a Plan B
We don't do abortion, sir!
No, no, I want a Plan B
And we don't do abortion! (Yeah, I know, I m—)
Jesus Ch— uh, wah yuh cum inna har for?
Nah, I just want a Plan B
Yeah, but why yuh cum inna di people dem gyal picky pum pum for?
Yuh shoulda cum inna har boom-boom
Go to aisle fourteen, sir, you will find Pampers

Baby bottles (Yeah, but—)
Strollers (Nah, I'm just tryna—)
Cheap teething equipment
And all the other things you may need for your baby, sir
Now, come out of me department
Come out of me department (Yes, bu—)
You are a father now
Can I— Can I get a Plan B, please?