

Gold Wrappers

B. Smyth

Ooh, yeah, ooh
Diamond in the back, sun roof top
Diggin' the scene with a gangsta lean

Yeah rooftop, seen a couple friends at the bar baby
Oh, and on my mind all I'm thinking 'bout is who I'm taking home with me
Oh, shoulder rubs, I'm going through the motions
And I guess we can call it the pregame, oh

But now we on the clouds, got you gripping on my jock
Jack on the rocks, and we ain't even get back to the car

Oh, well she just wanna show love, give a fuck 'bout the finer things
Oh yeah, she just wanna do drugs, roll something and get high with me
Oh, she just wanna show love, she can't wait for us to leave the scene
I'm leaving gold wrappers on the nightstand, she my one night fan, oh...
I'm leaving gold wrappers on the nightstand, oh...

You get the foreign cars and the foreign bags
She avoid the Black Fridays and all the sale tags
Say she found that out, funny through my snaps
Realise I was a hustler, now she love my raps
The filly only focused for the time being
Mansions and motels and cities I'm dying to see
Saw your best friend, she offered me her phone number
Iced out, gave her ass the cold shoulder
I represent you cause you represent me
It all come to light how we move in the streets
Rubbing on your neck and kissing on your knees
Gold wrappers, we rolling up, we twisting trees

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Jack on the rocks, and we ain't even get back to the car

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Body to body, the mind is numb
Round after round, I need more than one
Promise no illusions no fantasies
Panties fall down, like some autumn leaves
Body to body, the time has come
Going all night until the morning sun
Ruby Rue red lipstick on me
Call up the Uber cause it's time to leave

Oh, she just wanna show love, give a fuck 'bout the finer things
Oh yeah, she just wanna do drugs, roll something and get high with me
Ooh, she just wanna show love, she can't wait for us to leave the scene
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