

# Boca Raton

Bas

I'm out in Boca Raton  
I'm sipping Roca Patron  
I got this chick on the phone  
Talking 'bout life and how I just ain't for her, I been inclined to agree  
'Cause all I been doin' is me  
Now I can't be your one baby girl, nah  
But I play the two or the three now

Give her the dick and I'm gone  
I'm like a ticking time bomb  
I'm on the road, grind time for the dough it's my time  
She cheer me on pom poms  
She good for the soul, she good for the mind  
She help me get found, TomTom  
She help me eat clean, balsamic  
She might end up meeting my mama  
Let's take it back like western time zones  
Used to call you up to share my milestones  
Now you hear my voice and sound annoyed  
Might as well be talking to the dial tone  
I been living dreams it ain't what it seems  
Splitting at the seam when it  
Splitting at the seam when it come to you

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I flew out to Boca Raton (yeah)  
Had to meet my nigga Bas (uuh)  
He took a break from the road (yeah)  
Decided to party with Cozz  
Had to get away from the cold (right)  
The Winter was killing my vibe  
Just got off the phone with J. Cole  
Told him that I'm with the guys (woo, woo, woo)  
Look in my eye, I'm seeing life through Versace (aye)  
Dippin' in Mazi, 'bout to eat Hibachi  
Now with the pass the Curvoisi, -er  
Sippin' 'til I'm sloppy (aye)  
Fuck her 'til she knock knees  
I put a hurting on her nani (yeah)  
Anaconda through her body  
Got her screaming Godly  
Dale boom dale (uh)  
She a work of art like a Salvador Dali (aye, aye)  
It's like a Prada robbery  
Nothing but designer, we can go shopping  
You want the Zonda or 'Rari?  
We could get both so you know this shit poppin'  
Feeling like Tommy  
In Belly when Keisha and him got it popping (aye, aye)  
Put her head in my Tommy

Boca Raton I ain't leavin' this party

I can't help the way you think when I'm not with you  
I'm not with the way you think when I'm not with you  
Baby we know just what we got  
Only we know just what we got  
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Fiends