

Refuse to Love

Bashy

Nahhh, I don't know about all that

(Relationships part 1)

Yo, yo, yo

It's that, boy from London

Chicks I can't love 'em

They're tryna hold Bashy down, make me a husband nar

I ain't hubby material, I'm way too selfish I won't wake to eve
n make them bitches cereal

No, I'm slicker than oil

You might catch me with your baby mudda, in Park Royal

Your wifey ain't loyal but beef me over ya slut and you'll be u
nder the soil

I treat certain chicks as wanks, I know nothing I just use 'em
get rid of my boner

Maybe I might change when I'm older but for now I can't give he
r my heart.. I'm not an organ doner

So I keep boning 'em, Bagel and the Odeon

Their crib or my whip's the most I get involved with 'em look

They don't get to meet Mummy, they don't get to meet Daddy and
definitely don't get to meet Granny

(I refuse to love)

I don't care how good the p*ssy is, I'll never get p*ssy whippe
d

(I refuse to love)

Hmmm cause I don't care how bum they are or, how chung they are

(I refuse to love)

I just don't care, I tell them bitches whatever they wanna hear

(I refuse to love)

Well cause apparently, death is a temple every state of insanit
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