

Lost

Blossoms

Double D
Big full breasts on my baby
Triple weight
Couldn't weigh the love I've got for my girl
And I just wanna know
Why you ain't been going to work
Boss ain't working you like this
He can't take care of you like this

Now you're lost, lost in the heat of it all
Girl, you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost

Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace
Hand me my triple weight
So I can weigh the work I got on you girl
No I don't really wish
I don't wish the titties would show
Nor have I ever, have I ever let you get caught?

Lost, lost in the heat of it all
Girl, you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost

She's at a stove
Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope (Cooking dope)
I promise she'll be whipping meals up for a family of her own some da
y
Nothing wrong (Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)
With a lie (Ooh)
Nothing wrong
With another short plane ride
Through the sky (Up in the sky)
You and I (Just you and I)

Lost, lost in the heat of it all
Girl, you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost

Love lost, lost
Love lost, lost
Love lost, lost
Love lost, lost