

Triple Threat

Bobby V

(Oooo) Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Oooo) Yeah, yeah, yeah

Homie, lover, friend
She the triple threat
Homie, lover, friend
She the triple threat
Like Steph Curry shoot the three
You're my real MVP
You're my homie, lover, friend
She the triple threat

She said she wanna ride out
She said she down with me through the grind (yeah)
She was there when I had nothing
Pick her up in the bucket, she won't even buckin'
And now I'm in the big body
She got one too with the "B" on it
All that ice you be feelin', let it shine
I know you wish you had a shorty like mine

Me and you baby
Ridin' 'round town with the top down feelin' like (oooo baby)
Straight from heaven, lucky number 7

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Now you got yourself a rider
Far from the other lames you was proud of (oooo)
Never say stop trippin' on you
'Cause girl we stay on our P's and Q's
Baby you're a goodess (you're a goddess)
I'm just being honest (I'm just being honest)
But he ain't tired
Now we sit back and enjoy the life

Me and you baby
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Straight from heaven, lucky number 7

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