

# BLOODONTHE TIMBS

Bren Joy

Tell me who do you think about  
Tell me who do you think about  
I can see the vision  
Who do you think about?  
I think about you all the time

I just might be your bitch tonight  
Is you tryna pour me up another drink tonight  
Got your sweat all on my Christian Dior  
We should take this to the floor  
You and your Saint Laurent  
Tell me what you really really want

If it's what you really really want  
Flaunt, front of your friends  
Love it when you sweet as sin  
Pull it out put it back in  
Blacker the skin  
Better is the juice of the gin  
Safer when it's blood on the Timbs  
And I just might be your bitch tonight

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Pocket 6 figure  
Hand on my thigh  
Mines on the trigger  
Headed to the land of the richer  
Only bitch face for the picture  
They coming to the comments  
I'm coming on ya zipper  
Speech of the figure  
You don' need a coogi sweater  
Tell me is it me or the weather  
Lil go-getter  
I'm already in your self-centered  
Never self-centered  
Even when I don't feel ya daze  
Cause I'm headed back on the plane

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