

COUTURE

Bren Joy

Clean
Padded down
Ferragamo on them jeans
Take me home
Where no one can intervene
Buttons down
Why you pulling at the seams?
Seams... yeah

Ohhh
Pull me back when
I'm halfway out the door
One of one
Fitted to you like couture
Show me off
Baby, show me that I'm yours
Yours

My man said he like the way my scent stick on him
He say he stay strapped, but only me disarm him
Like the car we fuckin' in, these feelings foreign
Party on your tongue
I know that shit taste good

We should talk about it
Back then I know I never would
We should smoke about it
These days, we all misunderstood
If you say you miss me
Come and meet me on tour
If you say you miss me
Only means you want more

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No one can fit in them pants like I do, I do
I ain't been feeling them things since high school, high school
He stay way out west, still he come and slide
Reminiscing on the 405

No second guesses

Get it off your chest
If I'm sleeping on you
That's where my head rests
Exes check up on you
Guess who's playing chess
You never bored
When it's both of us undressed

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