

Crisis

Brooke Candy

We're gonna cause a-

All my girls fag mob
Pierced nips in the tank top
Sip, sip 'til we drip drop
Ca-Ca-Candy dropped another bop
One on the molly
And two off the blow
Threesome in a Rari, it's a f-f-freakshow

DJ play that Candy song
The one that makes the panties drop

Let's fuck it up tonight, yeah this club our night shift
I might just lose my mind 'cause my candy priceless
Don't wanna be polite, 'cause I live life like this
We're gonna cause a fight, a crime, that's right

We're gonna cause a crisis
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Itty bitty titty, yeah, you wanna see it bounce
Double D's so bitty, and I want you on my couch
Blacked out in the city and I'm foamin' at the mouth
Paparazzi catch me flashing pussy to the crowd

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The one that makes the panties drop

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On the lap of somebody's father
My platforms are bigger than what he has
All my girls are dressed up in drama
Only pay face card, so don't ask for cash
Let me shot that, do it bare back
Make an ass clap, get a new tat, maybe my name
Feel the bass up making ya harder
So go harder
Harder, harder, harder, harder
Harder

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Candy dropped another bop