

Trill

Brooke Candy

It's Brooke Candy, Queen of Italy
Smoking dro, daily
So gone, spacey
Couple ones, hazy
We be chillin' on my couch, lazy
Drama free, comedy
If you down, sodomy
So much dome, lobotomy
And when I'm messin' with my boo, don't bother me
Couple shots, Goose
Slurrin' words, loose
Off that liquor, drunk
Got that weed breath, skunk

I got my man we bout to get nasty
I'mma let him have it all
So trill, my eyes be so glassy from all that alcohol

Hella moist, wetter
Like you're in my box, letter
I wanna fuck rough
Watchin' cartoons first, powerpuff
Girls I know you feelin' me
Where your man at chillin' watchin' TV
Turn your phone off, vibrate
Shut your mouth boy, no negotiate
Take these panties off, we gon fuck though
On that Usher Ray, nice and slow
I'm a wild bitch, I'mma give you more
Call me hoodrat Drew Barrymore