

## Lost

bülow

Double D  
Big full breasts on my baby  
Triple weight  
Couldn't weight the love I've got for the girl  
And I just wanna know  
Why you ain't been goin' to work?  
Boss ain't workin' you like this  
He can't take care of you like this

So, now you're lost  
Lost in the heat of it all  
Girl, you know you're lost  
Lost in the thrill of it all  
Miami, Amsterdam  
Tokyo, Spain, lost  
Los Angeles, India  
Lost on a train, lost

Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace  
Hand me my triple weight  
So I can weight the work I got on your girl  
No, I don't really wish  
I don't wish the titties would show  
No, have I ever  
Have I ever let you get caught?

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She's at the stove  
I can't believe I got her out here cookin' dope  
I promise she'll be whippin' meals for a family of her own some day  
Nothin' wrong  
No, nothin' wrong with a lie  
With another short plane ride  
Through the sky  
You and I

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