

BUM

Capella Grey

Na-na, na-na, na-na, na
Record

I know you're tired of sayin, "Well, it's the thought that counts"
You want a nigga that's gon' take you out the house
You ain't tryna hear no, "maybe's" or "I'ma see what I can do's"
That's why you always tryna come through
Plus, I know you know the whole city know your boyfriend's a bum, uh
That nigga mad dirty, now you first lady bum
Oh nah, nah, that's your type now, huh?
If that's your type then you ain't my type no more

And I'm like, "Girl, if you were mine" (If you were mine)
I'll never waste your time (Waste your time)
I want nothin' but you girl, but you still fuck with this lame

Pack it up, let's get it
He don't even got a name
Probably wear [?]
Same hoodie with the stance
Fake belt and his Yeezys lookin' beyond measy
Take it easy 'cause you know the whole city know your boyfriend's a bum
Ooh, let's get it, tell that dude, pack it up
Low top, black Air Force 1's
Laced up, to the top, choke up
It's a mission, that's the 3-2-1
You tappin' out when I get deep in you
I stretch you out, I think he crease you up
Girl, he don't even speak to us
That nigga soft and you only think he tough because he beat you up
Let's get it

Uh, yo
Viddy fits be lookin' d-d-d-dumb
But your ex bitch goin' to stick up for fun
She a queen and she slim, this D got her on the run (Uh-huh)
I don't trust nobody, my body's a trust fund, nigga
I ain't playin' 2020, my vision is 20/20
Each pocket got twenty, twenties
I bag her without the goodies (Uh-huh)
Fuck smokin' vape like a Rasta in the weed spot
Got this bitch screamin' like the top off of the tea pot

And I'm like, "Girl, if you were mine" (If you were mine)
I'll never waste your time (Waste your time)
I want nothin' but you girl, but you still fuck with this lame

Uh, uh
Let me do one more
I know I just met you and I don't even know you like that, but
Can we skip to the part where I'm blowin' out your back? 'Cause
This nigga ain't hittin' it right, I'm just sayin', I could tell
And if he find out, mm, oh well
And she know the vibe
She want me to pull up on her, ooh, she want her thang banged
I fuck now her ex a goner, she wanna be gang-gang
Mm, yeah, like [?]

Say my name one more time, yeah, yeah
[?], say my name one more time

Oh my God, uh
Can't you see?
I'm in my prime, livin', c'est la vie
Your man on some, "Let me hold that 'til I get paid next week"
Girl, he broke and I can't play that cheap
He five on the bag, I might just get the ashes on the Maybach seat
Like that's a sick nigga, tell me what's five fingers to six figures?
All the flicks with him, he violatin' your big picture
How many ways can I keep tellin' you that nigga is a bum?
And the company you keep what you become
Let me show you how I really give it up, for real

And I'm like, "Girl, if you were mine" (If you were mine)
I'll never waste your time (Waste your time)
I want nothin' but you girl, but you still fuck with this lame

Yeah, it's crazy
I just met Capella, he really produces
Like a DJ, what the fuck?