

Dolce

Chris Brown

They say, "Fuck you, where your friends at?"
We say, "Fuck it, where the bands at?"
We say, "Bitch you by the car? No"
I tell the bitch I love the bottle
Bitch you be busy, why you callin'?
See that bitch is poppin' bars now

Pourin' Dolce, Dolce yeah
Why you playin' round? Need to bring that body here
I'm divin' in, I eat it all day
I don't give a fuck what your hoe say
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Baby, you the finest, booty bouncin'
That's why I put you in designer, I'm movin' mountains
Haters get the fuck from round, we don't fuck around
You know when you hear that chopper sound, somebody got laid down
Hasta luego
Play with the bricks like they Legos
Too drunk, I'mma fuck up my kidneys
Come check out my brain like Play-Dough
All my killers, they do what I say so
All my bitches stay down, you don't mess with
Got a bitch who just do what I need
Hold a burner and roll up my weed and mind my babies
It's hard to tell if she really loves me
Or is it the Dolce
I'm too fucked up at the moment
To even recognize your face, we was too fucked up

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She blowin' my phone up
She want that dick first thing in the morning
Skrtrt off in the foreign
Just give me some head, that pussy is borin'
Sellin' pussy like it's real estate
Puttin' jugs on the interstate
Old clip out the H-Town
On the southside with my nigga Trey
You niggas is foolish, you soundin' so stupid
Just left from my jeweller
Like what is you doin'?
Just got back from tour, I'm livin' like Lucious
I be drunk off the D'ucé
Two hoes, call it two play
Man down at the trap house

Tell 'em take mine, we done that play
OHB, that's the set nigga
Father sellin' them bricks now
Got a redbone on the westdie
That bang head like TIP nigga
I'm good wherever I go
I'm stacked up and they know
With the top down on my king shit
I got the keys nigga, like Hov

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