

Ex-Men

Chris Webby

She rolls up like cannabis
With a look in her eyes, so scandalous, so
Come through with the candlelit
You should know, I'm the man with this
You can hit my phone, phone phone, phone, phone
Keep it low 'cause I'm pretty well-known
Did it on my own, self-made man
With a billion-dollar plan, let me take you home
Let me get in my zone
I'm not like others you've gotten with
I do not play all that drama shit
I'm not who you show up to momma with
But I'm who you could call if you want some dick
Whoa, no, they don't do it like me
Baby, I got what you need
Skinny white boy but a certified G
When it comes to bum-bum-bum up in the sheets, yeah

You feel me knocking so let me in
Yeah, I'm the one with the medicine
I'm not one for the flexing
But girl, I'ma do it better than your ex-men
And I know where your head has been
Yeah, you want me, it's evident
I'm not one for the flexing
But girl, I'ma do it better than your ex-men

[?] looking better than Beyoncé
[?] make her my fiancée
Finna ball in this bitch like Dion Waiters
I be smoking that pussy like I roll paper
I done took, took her to the jet, ay
I done had her drip, dripping, pussy wet, ay

[?] got them bitches tryna [?] ay, ay, ay
Bad little bitch, she wanna fuck and I wanna fuck, too
Got twenties on [?] Timbuktu
Top [?] nigga pay me and fuck you
I done took a twenty on the seven [?]
Every little bitch that I'ma run to
Got good pussy and some good tongue too
I be smoking that pussy, it's like she break [?]
If you want to, baby, we can come through, ooh

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