Cherub

Coco & Clair Clair

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Whoop, yeah, whoop

Fuck the NRA, but I'll blow your fucking house out
With a gun, baby, I don't give a fuck, your lights out

She's a little bitch, she's my mini-me, wannabe
Pull up to the party, bet your boo wanna leave with me
I got lots of friends, and they all wanna die for me
Even enemies wanna get a co-sign from me
She's a little bitch, she's my mini-me, wannabe
Pull up to the party, bet your boo wanna leave with me
I must be a cake, 'cause they all want a slice of me
Higher than a jet, even clouds wanna copy me

Rapping on this Runescape type beat
Thinking 'bout someone who's been tryna try me
Stay steady eyein me, is that a glizzy or you happy
To see me, haters can't decide if they're mad or wanna be me
Either way I don't care, realest bitches in the room always me and Clair
That's why the bouncer gave us the all clear
I'mma Jordin Sparks you, that's right, no air

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