

# The Hills

Coco & Clair Clair

It's tough being so fine  
Girls blaming me cause they nigga acting outta line  
It's nice being so fine  
Kick back do nothing, everything still aligns  
It girl but I party hard  
Hungover on a Tuesday  
Blow bills, reckless  
Like it's my fuckin' birthday  
Walk round, head high  
Treat it like a runway  
I, I walk it like a runway

I need a venti straight to the dome  
Your mans hit me up he wanna know I'm home  
Driving through the hills no cares, no phone  
If you need a clue you better call Tyrone  
Big pout, legs out, and my lips stay juicy  
We only drink that Grey, loosey goosey  
Give it to me straight, nothing fruity  
Atlanta girllies with the homegrown booties  
I'm hittin' the road  
Twenty four seven  
But when I see you  
On my phone  
There's no question  
Life of the party every day of the week  
Gucci on my eyes, Uggs on my feet  
Driving through the hills  
But I'm thinking about us in the passenger seat

Monday  
I'm busy but I'm thinking of ya  
And Tuesday  
Still got a lot of work to do  
I'm sorry  
You know I wanna be with you  
I'm in the hills, on the way  
Thursday  
I'm hoping that I hear from you  
'Cause Friday  
I only wanna see my boo  
My baby  
It doesn't matter what we do  
I'm in the hills, on the way

I ain't got no clock so call me when you wanna party  
Good vibes only, bring the bubbly  
Got dressed up, I look like a barbie  
So tell me where all the boys at, get started  
Work on my line, I press decline  
You my fave so call anytime  
Let's go out on your dime  
Gotta be cute, my love ain't blind  
It's true, thinking 'bout you  
I couldn't buy all your love, but you know I'd wish to  
So I bounce to the next on a pogo stick  
And I'm still outside 'cus I know your tricks

And I'm not that bitch to fall for your shit  
Still I miss you bad, and your crazy stick  
Uh  
Them others fools gold, but I love the hunt bad  
I like to play hard, work fast, get cash  
I'd like to keep it, sweet girl but I'd freak it  
I love The Hills bad, damn, I love The Weeknd  
I wear my heart on my sleeve, I hate the pretense  
Still I'll keep my guard up like a defence  
With a golden girl in the golden state  
Mesmerised I see, you made no mistake  
One of one no competition and it's no debate  
I'm at every party, making niggas think it's fate

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