

# She Don't Want A Man

Curren\$y

She was a little red Corvette, fast as hell, turned heads on the set  
Pretty skin, soft voice, asking for rough sex  
Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets,  
This particular evening she wanted to ride jets  
Even though I now shawty was bad news, I played it cool  
Vowing to never turn sucker like them other dudes  
Misreading signals, attachment issues,  
Getting way too into the grip of the vagina lips  
Got homies searching for relationships,  
She not tryna hear my type of bitch  
She ran a story to me over grape juice and ciroc sips  
Married to a doctor, cuddle master  
Don't fuck her just buy her her anything tryna satisfy her  
On the low, she fucking his partners, feel her boys inside her  
Cause she weren't fucking with a rider

She don't want a man, she just wanna fuck  
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He tell balance the check book, I tell her roll the weed up  
She don't want a man, she just wanna fuck  
He tell her to drop his kids over, I tell her pick my homies up  
She don't want a man, she just wanna fuck

From talking it out to the parking lot  
From the parking lot to my safe house  
Tommy Vercetti, Spitta Andretti, this is New Jack City  
Most bitches ain't ready  
But Shawty ain't tripping, she was living already  
My f-ck game impressive so she come back steady.  
The shit, while heavy I can carry it  
Cant get too far I mean this isn't marriage bitch  
She roll doobies as I paddle shift  
We fuck, watch movies, end up getting too groovy  
And then we smash again, she talking about him  
How she feel bad about feeling so good, by giving me the ass  
Bout how if she could, she a tell a nigga everything to get it off her chest  
But she don't want see him, man,  
Collecting her underwear from the rooms of my pad  
She got dressed and left in a flash  
But she saying she be back!

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Couple days roll by, Shawty callin' askin' if I have time  
To put a couple in the air I was like, yeah  
We could fly ? there's plenty over here  
She fell through like always  
We broke it down in the hallway  
She bossed her way back she don't crawl her way  
Her body designed Frank Cartier

Say something talking heavy on her heart today  
Telling her the situation is wrong and she should walk away  
Cause her feelings was coming into play  
Affecting her home life in all kinda ways  
Her man askin her whats wrong she don't know what to say,  
But she do got a union to save  
But she in love with the lust that we've made  
She had far too much she could say  
That fucking me was a perfect mistake

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