Cupid

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

(808 Mafia)
(The cupid pad, the cupid pad)
(Cupid, ooh)

You boys tryin' too hard (Too hard), it's in me, not on me (Nah)
Ism is (Ridiculous) Niggas tryna clone me (They trippin')
Only got brothers (Brothers), I don't got homies (At all)
Spot her from a mile (Mile), take his tenderoni (Huh)
They ain't used to that (Ayy), made him stupid mad (Ayy)
Out the Porsche in some Dior (Ayy), in my stupid bag (Bag)
We don't do the tag (Tag), black card or do it cash (Yeah)
She say she love the way I live (She love it), I call the crib the cu
pid pad (Cupid pad)

You know the rules, if she choose, you lose (Yuh)
Platforms on mama Queens, uh, hunnid strips blue (Blue)
I don't really flex (Flex), but today I'm feeling extra
You feel me? Send my text, bruh, Bentley to the neck (Uh)
Easy, Dolla feelin' greasy (Greasy)
Pulled his broad, she told me keep quiet, I keep it peezy (I keep it
peezy)
Let me rip the clothes off her body, the season Yeezy (Season)
She looked me in my eyes and said, "Boy, you a different species" (Bi
g deal)

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We purchase bottles in the spot (We do), but hold the fireworks (Hold
 it)
I don't need to club to know what my attire worth
Or no chick to set the scene 'cause I ain't buyin' skirt (I'm not)
Slide like a gentleman if I desire her (If I desire her)
I move right, I let the instincts drive (Skrrt)
Then we goin' bye-bye-bye on my N*Sync vibe (Bye, bye, bye)
After club pool parties, skinny dip, she dive (She dive)
Get the Henny, take a sip and it's lit, we live

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