

WISHLIST

Denzel Curry

I can show you—
That Ultraground music, ridin' in the Urus with a chopper and I'll use it
Put your title up, you'll lose it, I'll prove it
Matter fact, I stamped and approved it
Straight Ultraground makes all them haters get down
You understand what I'm sayin'?

I can, I can, I can show you lame niggas how to do this
Stack your money up, be about your business
'Cause hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list
H-hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list
I can show you lame niggas how to do this
Stack your money up, be about your business
'Cause hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list
H-hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list (Ayy, okay)

Ayy, I met this girl the other night
She said she wanna get with me and fuck Armani White (White)
Respectfully declined because I said I got a wife (I got a—)
She said she want a threesome and her best friend is a dyke (Well, goddamn)
Known around the way, I started hearin' about her type
Always with the ball players, that's the ones she likes
She got her titties done and I guess they look alright
They call her Princess Peach, she downin' every nigga pipe (Super Mario, woa h)
In and out of DMs tryna be a rapper BM (Woo)
She gon' get the W, I skrrt off when I see 'em (Skrrt)
I know it's gon' get worse when I start doin' coliseums (Yeah)
Hoes gon' be hoes, I just call it how I see 'em (Damn)
Let me clarify, I ain't talkin' 'bout all women (Nah)
Some just wanna settle down and have a couple children
For all my rapper homies, just be careful while you tourin'
You meet a pretty girl, but her intentions ain't the purest (She a bitch)

I can show you lame niggas how to do this
Stack your money up, be about your business
'Cause hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list
H-hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list (What you want?)
I can show you lame niggas how to do this
Stack your money up, be about your business
'Cause hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list
H-hoes gon' be hoes, they come with a wish list (Woo, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, what you want?)

Second phone buzzin', just delete the other number, yeah
Cruisin' that 103 'til I seen a freak that went to Rutgers
She was peekin' out the covers, she said, "GT, wait" (You know this nigga?), yeah
Grew up down the street, my uncles beatin' up her brothers (Woo)
I said, "Bitch, jumpin' back, shit been lit, fuck you at?"
She was just runnin' packs, Emmitt Smith, run it back
She out here makin' sales, brother and them just caught a body, now she gon'
be payin' bail
Paintin' nails, callin' me Sonic the Hedgehog the way I be chasin' tail
Pusher bitch, you know she got them grams in the mail
I'm in Miami, so you know them bitches fans of Denzel
I'm callin' them back with a fifty, she wanted them titties and damn BBL

She said, "Ooh," bitch, you 'bout to make me cancel this Zelle
She said hood is home, but she in a condo that her buddy own
Pay me good 'cause she good as gone, boy, you should have known
Callin' me up on fifty phones, foot on all these trippy hoes
Never let them keep me on my tippy-toes

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Do-do-do-do-do
Do-do-do-do-do