

My Porsche

Devvon Terrell

I wanna take you home with me
And fuck shit up
Want you to be alone with me
And fuck shit up

Hop in the car baby girl I'm on my way
I pray to God that you ask me to stay
I'm cruising down the west side doing 95
Need a girl that can chill and match the vibe

You remind me of my Porsche
You remind me of my Porsche

Girl I'm in the mood for you
There's nothing in my whip that we can't do
Everybody stare and I'm well aware
The windows never tinted I want them to stare

So hop in the car baby girl I'm on my way
I pray to God that you ask me to stay
I'm coming down the west side doing 95
Need a girl that can chill and match the vibe

You remind me of my Porsche
You remind me of my Porsche

Don't want nobody to touch you
Wanna be the only one that love you
That fuck with you and give you
Everything that you need
Your interior got me on the edge of my seat
It's so hard for me to not speed
Like the attention
Like it when all them say
How the hell he get a girl like that yea
Every time I pull up with you
They feel a way
This shit feel familiar

You remind me of my Porsche
You remind me of my Porsche