My Type

Devvon Terrell

Are you the type of girl that wants to take it slow?
Are you the type of girl that keeps it on the low?
Are you the type of girl that only fuck with rich niggas?
Are you the type of girl that want a man to mold?
Are you the type of girl that do it for the likes?
Are you the type of girl that does not have a type?
You just fuck with anyone, that wound up being truthful
The opposite of what most of these niggas do to you
Well, I'm him, shorty, I'm he
Shorty, I provide and I can give you the keys
Keys to the whip, keys to the crib
I won't say some corny shit like, "This is how I live"
'Cause what you see is what you get
I'm not tryna pay for sides or feed you with lies
I'm just tryna give you good dick and DoorDash
'Cause we can play the crib if you want to
We can play it cool, you know I want you

What's your type? Yeah
Tell me, baby, what you on tonight? Yeah
'Cause you my type on paper
And I know you not supposed to talk to strangers, strangers
What's your type? Yeah
Oh, baby, tell me, what you on tonight? Yeah
'Cause you my type on paper
And I know you not supposed to talk to strangers, strangers

You can either hop up in my whip or take the B train
You can walk up in my crib, I know a few things
HBO or Uber Eats, girl, it's nothing, that's you
I ain't tripping, if you like it, then I love it, I do
You remind me of my ex girl
And I know it 'cause you like to do the same things
You take my hoodies and you like to rock my chains
I can tell that you been around
Never heard of notification and your phone always down
You expect me to trust you?
I can't do that if I ain't the only one that's gon' touch you
Only one that's gon' love you
You a stranger, so it's easy to dub you
Said, the only man can judge you's the man up above you
And I'm upstairs, shorty
Please listen to what I gotta say, shorty
I don't wanna be the nigga that's in your way, shorty
Baby, let me know right now
I just need to know right now
I be like

What's your type? Yeah (What's your type?)
Tell me, baby, what you on tonight? Yeah (On tonight, night, yeah)
'Cause you my type on paper
And I know you not supposed to talk to strangers, strangers
What's your type? Yeah (What's your type?)
Oh, baby, tell me, what you on tonight? Yeah
'Cause you my type on paper
And I know you not supposed to talk to strangers, strangers

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