

Overdose

DJ Mustard

Mustard on that beat, ho!

She dancing freaky
Annie bending over
She sweat it out, yeah
And that pussy so hypnotizing Annie I cannot deny it I
Gone overdose, yeah
Gone overdose, yeah yeah
Gone overdose, Annie you know I'm gonna
Gone overdose, yeah
Gone overdose, yeah

Right off the bat yeah your boy got dollas
The money come frequent like flight milage
And honey come frequent leak on her body
Kiss on every inch of her body
Touchin down in LA
I'm calling you for the pickup
On and off wit your man, he call and you never pick up
He be talking but honestly never lives up
The vibe that he give off got you ready to give up
So you coming to swoop me for that
All that extra ain't no need for that
I'm the type that will hit her from the front to back
To side to side you cry when I slide in that

Maybe get the chicken, maybe get left with the feather
Living like a rich factor, grip grippin on my pepper
Wit a pole dancing specialist
Focus on that efforts we been at it for a minute
Titles we not even stressin
Finessin our way to a glamarous life
You always gon stay wit who fuckin you right
They gotta be a line for that, i gotta get a line for that
Cocaine, coochie steal the TV try to find it back
Put it in her pocket watch you smoke it
LSD with you love, sex, drive
Buy her lease can't a nigga test drive
Elbows on your thighs from that angle what my ankles look like

Thoughts that she a friend, she a groupie
She be sturnt up at the functions
Annie got junk in her trunk
(She wanna bend it over)
Thoughts that she a friend, she a groupie
She be sturnt up at the functions
Annie got junk in her trunk (Yeah)
She be, she be, she be