

Options

Doja Cat

I don't need lovin', late-night cuffin'
Take it all off, you naughty
Put it back on, unpause it
Kitchen island, bedroom, closet
Takin' that elsewhere, maybe
We know we both got options

I know you faded, boy
I feel it wearin' off
When I get Henn' and Coke
I like the way you talk, yeah
I couldn't give a fuck
Givin' him paranoia
He just wanna smash on tour
Fuckin' for that new velour
I like it when you're with me all night
I can't imagine what you might try
Yeah, you so full of surprises
Guess you one of my vices
You want a picket fence and a wife
You never change your mind when I cry
Yeah, I see your flaws and you know it
Droppin' your jaw when the drawers hit the floor

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You can count on me
To never count on you
I'm only down for you
Way you put it down, baby, wow, I, I

She wanna fuck a nigga like she love me
She got a lover, but I might get lucky
But you got me on a drain like a drunkie
Lookin' at the junk in your trunk like a junkie
We don't speak, just fuck twice a week
And if she like freaks, we must try a threesome
Do it on the beach, in the sand, let me see somethin'
Seashells on the shore, I'm a beach bum
Finna eat somethin' when you come
Baby, don't you wanna let me know?
Layin' in my bed like a vegetable
Lied when you said, "Never let me go"
Just like a pro, you professional
Stand on your hand 'cause you flexible
Now she tryna fuck me in the restroom or the parkin' lot
At the restaurant, anywhere, everywhere, anytime, I

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