

7969 Santa

Drake

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, damn
Damn, that's how you're dealing with me, damn
Damn, that's how you're-, that's how you're-
Ayy, look, look

Who the fuck is that? It's a disguise
You ain't who I thought I recognized
Twenty thousand pound on your rent
Bitch, I coulda spent that on the guys

I don't like what you did on them trips (Shit I don't like)
I don't like what you did to your lips (Shit I don't like)
I don't like the tone of your replies (Shit I don't like)
I don't like the look that's in your eyes (Shit I don't like)
Blame this shit on being 25
That excuse for me just doesn't fly
'Cause that keeps sayin' me, that's seven-nine
And that shit just gon' have you on my mind
Yeah

I just wanna get you off of my mind
I just wanna get you off of my mind
I just wanna get you off of my mind
Ayy, yeah, damn
Damn, that's how you're dealing with me, damn
Damn, that's how you're dealing with me, damn
I just wanna get you off of my mind
Seven-nine-six-nine, seven-nine-six-nine, seven-nine-six
Seven-nine-six-nine, seven-nine-six-nine

Ayy
Since I had some space to myself
I typed some shit, then I erased what I felt
That talk we had the other day didn't help
'Cause you really think you're out here moving stealth
I met the nigga everybody say you fucked
And I could tell he wasn't acting like hisself
Got you out here moving waste like a belt
If it ain't him then it must be somebody else
Damn

I don't like what you did on them trips (Shit I don't like)
I don't like what you did to your lips (Shit I don't like)
I don't like you tellin' just one side (Shit I don't like)
I don't like the fact you never cried (Shit I don't like)
Blame that shit on being 25
That excuse for me just doesn't fly
'Cause that keeps sayin' me, that's seven-nine
And that shit just gon' have you on my-

Baby, dogs will be dogs
Though we may run (But I promise)
Leave the door open
Tonight I'm coming home (Coming home)
Dogs will be dogs
No leash in sight
Leave the door open

I'm coming home tonight
Ah-woo, ah-woo
Ah-woo, ah-woo
Ah-woooooooooo

That's that new Teezo touchdown, straight for all the dogs that's drivin' around in Beaumont lookin' for some cat. All you pitbulls should know by now that hundreds in a row look like tuna in a bowl. This is Curtis Cut-A-Bitch-Off. And you're listenin' to BARK Radio, live from Chapel Hill. Where the South was won. Whatever that means. We got some new Drake and SZA comin' up, and we gon' be givin' away some Drake tickets as well. You know we comin' to the H-Town to tear the roof off that motherfucka. This is BARK Radio