

Which One

Drake

Does my hair look beautiful? (Yeah)
Do my titties look right?
Think I can knock a boy off right now?

All the girls that's here for the truth, come put both hands on the DJ booth
Then wine your waist to the big man sound

And I get too stiff 'cause that ting's too round, good God
Make me lift up your gown, but your face so sweet, wanna spin you around
If I go link gang, I'll bring you around
If I go to the bar, I'll bring you around
Which one? Which one?
You're not like the tings you're around
You're a real good girl, so I'm bringin' you down
But come to the bed, I'll fling you around, weh
These guys can't make songs for the gyal dem
Trust me, this how the single should sound
Fuck anyone that's bringing you down
Sweetheart, you're doing your thing right now, good God

Yeah, all the girls that's here for the truth, come put two hands pon the DJ
booth
Then wine your waist pon a real good yute dem

You want Cench or your ex, which one?
You want friends or success, which one?
Tell the sound man, "Spin this one"
Play this for the gyal dem party, dun

God forbid a girl's tryna have fun
I got X if you wanna take drugs
You wanna have sex or do you wanna make love?
Which one? Which one? Which one? Which one?
Got a fairy ting and I got a witch one
A G'd up ting that I bring sticks 'round
And I've got a good girl, good girl, snitch one
Too many gyal, now I gotta switch one
Turn the hotel to a twenty V. one
Three-sixty, my head got spun
Junk in the trunk, can see it from front
Girl, your body is tea, it's pain, I'm sprung
Your backside weighin' you down, one ton
I got a chopstick for your wonton
Tell me what you want, what you really, really want
Put a coin in the slot, ya just hit jackpot

Ayy, all the girls that's here for the truth, come put two hands on the DJ b
ooth
Then wine your waist for the six-side yute and

Put your head inna the pillow, face first
Face first, face first, face first
Ayy, face first, face first
Put your head inna the pillow, face first
I'm in the jam, know the mandem, burst
You got makeup on the white shirt
I wanna fuck out your face and skrrrt

You need to throw that ting inna reverse
Then work, work, work, work, work
Yeah, work, work, work, work, work
Your last man broke your heart and it hurts
You could cry out ya eye and curse
You want diamond watch, you want purse
You don't need swimsuit, take off your shirt
Bend your back, gyal, don't say a word
Face of a angel, I come like church
I can't wait, girl, I'm not a waiter
But you're sexy, you still get served
I'm at the Claridge's in London, burst
Put your head inna the pillow, face first

Yeah, all the girls that's here for the truth, come put two hands on the DJ booth
Then wine your waist for the six-side yute dem

Ayy, you want Cench or your ex, which one?
You want friends or success, which one?
Tell the sound man, "Spin this one"
Play this for the gyal dem party, dun