

Come Thru

Eli Sostre

Yeah, I might come through (Come through, come through)
Yeah, I'm on my come through (Come through, come through)
You know that I want you (Want you, want you)
I know that these other guys on you (On you, on you)
Yeah, I got her on me (On me, on me)
She just want the money, all these bitches on me (On me)
How the fuck you gon' leave? (How the fuck you gon' leave?)
You ain't gotta be here, girl just tell me that you want me

Sometimes I get too paranoid, don't trust soul
Niggas spreadin' hate, they just tryna fuck up the glow
Fuck this rappin' shit, I make more dough from sellin' O's
Now I'm chasin' victory, remember losin' hope
I can't never let it go
Girl, the way you do it, it's professional, yeah
I need all my dough up to the decimal
Yeah, I'm comin' back, I'm comin' back for you

Yeah, I might come through (Come through, come through)
Yeah, I'm on my come through (Come through, come through)
You know that I want you (Want you, want you)
I know that these other guys on you (On you, on you)
Yeah I got her on me (On me, on me)
She just want the money, all these bitches on me (On me)
How the fuck you gon' leave? (How the fuck you gon' leave?)
You ain't gotta be here, girl just tell me that you want me

Yeah, yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah, uh
Yeah, mm-mm
Yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah

You know we can't tell the location
No, this ain't nothin' like Vegas
Can't be surrounded by haters
Niggas be mad that you made it
Bitch, I take off like I'm Blake, uh
Mama took trip to Jamaica
Store the racks in the Louie for later
What you want you, a man or a savior?

Hunnids stay stacked in my duffel
Keep me some fire for trouble
They'd rather me dead in a puddle
So we makin' it rain every summer
Watchin' how them niggas do you
Truth be told, don't wanna lose you
I don't got time to pursue you
Girl, be patient I don't wanna lose you

Said she want love and affection
I guess I fucked up the connection
Don't know where to go, no direction
All the bullshit, they see you deflect it
I spend a hunnid on necklace
I'm finna X all the checklist

You know the streets gon' protect me
If you fuck with me wrong, could get messy

You know we can't tell the location
No, this ain't nothin' like Vegas
Can't be surrounded by haters
Niggas be mad that you made it
Bitch, I take off like I'm Blake, uh
Mama took trip to Jamaica
Store the racks in the Louie for later
What you want you man or a savior?

Hunnids stay stacked in my duffel
Keep me some fire for trouble
They'd rather me dead in a puddle
So we makin' it rain every summer
Watchin' how them niggas do you
Truth be told, don't wanna lose you
I don't got time to pursue you
Girl, be patient I don't wanna lose you