

Drowning

Eli Sostre

Dress to jump like Jordan
Brand new whip, imported
Model bitch, she gorgeous
Let me know you want it
I can't tell you no lies
All day, you run through my mind
I know I be way too high
But it's okay, we'll be just fine

I can't fuck with her, she too fast
She still trippin' on my past
Different bitches that I had
That's the shit that make you mad
You hate it when I talk that way
But I'm from that block baby girl I'm crazy
Couple them mad how far I made it
Still going up, no they can't take it
Ride in this Batmobile, can't save her
Got some money, got some haters
I like different type of flavors
We took a trip out to Jamaica (Woah)
Better be real, baby, don't fake it
She got nothin' but heels on and she naked
Yeah, I like that

I miss your touch when you're not around me
Yeah, I was so lost and you came and found me
Yeah, it was pourin', rainin', I was drownin'
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