

For The Evening

Eric Bellinger

Check me out
We got y'all
Can somebody say "Make money, money, make money, money, money"
Make money, money, make money, money, money
Say "Make money, money, make money, money, money"
Make money, money, make money, money, money
AYY

Spicy oh I think she like me, yeah
This one dangerous (Oh-oh-oh)
High-key might be wifey, yeah
Look at that ass on her
I be on them curves for the evening, girl
Got me push it up on it
Say the word and we leaving
And I'll be yours 'till the morning
'Till the morning

She saw the big bag
And now she want one
Took her on the boat
Now she wanna drive one
She know I'm too cold
Without the ice on
Counting my pockets
She's so dangerous
When we made good love
She want the lights on
Only been one night
Swear I'm the right one
It don't take much
Pull up and pipe some
Hand in my wallet
But I'm not saving her

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Look at that ass on her
I be on them curves for the evening, girl
Got me push it up on it
Say the word and we leaving
And I'll be yours 'till the morning
'Till the morning
It's Eazy

Do this on my niggas riding with me
Niggas, we've been scheming on the low
I got love for my bros
So fuck what you thought
Fuck everything that they told you
If the money ain't involved
Then don't even call
Don't even pick up the phone
I don't fuck with none of y'all

If you talking 'bout the cash
Tell them [?]

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It's Eazy