

Why Lie?

Flo Milli

No handouts
Only gifts

Why would I lie to the girl?
If she love me enough, she gon' lie to herself
Tell you the truth, I think she's fuckin' someone else
She might as well
As soon as I leave, I'm back on my greaze (Greaze)
When I see you again, only time will tell
Sex with you's emotional (Brr)
At least shed a tear, the pussy was cryin' as well
Netflix, watchin' a movie
Smokin' on sushi, yeah, we're high as hell
Delivery at the door
About to go for round two, she's saved by the bell
It took her a couple of hours or two, but she came out her shell (Ah)

I can spend a couple of hours with you, but then I got to go (He got to go)
I know you be busy, but I want to fuck you right after the show (Right after
the show)
But only a couple of hours ago, you were takin' it slow
Only take five shots and done, I'ma act like a ho' (Oh, yeah)
I got somethin' in my- (Oh, yeah), but you're makin' it grow
Pussy drippin' in Louis, I thought it was over, he come back for more (Come
back for more)
I had to come back, return of the Mack, she want all of the smoke (Smoke)
Now he attached, you can't get him back, so act like you know (Act like you
know)

Is we makin' plans tonight? Say your old bitch ain't actin' right
I'm tryin' to see what it's like, I'm tryin' to see, what's the hype? (Oh, y
eah)
You can't handle my dude, he a meanie
I'm his fav', he don't wanna leave me
Ass fat, the true religion greedy (Oh)
Hair cold, I think I need a beanie (Okay)
Hatin' hoes stickin' up, it's a meetin' (Damn)
Bitches goofy, they think we competin' (Haha)
Actin' tough when he know he need me (Shh)
Bet a real nigga know how to keep me
Countin' bands, this shit way too easy (Countin' bands)
Way too easy, I can't lie, man, this shit way too easy
Get whatever I want, like a genie
Why would I lie to that boy?
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You ain't got to say "Thank you", the pleasure is all mine (All mine)
Look in the mirror, you're so fine (Yeah)
No, we don't care what they talkin' 'bout online
I ain't got to check my Rollie, I know the time, baby, come on
They know we're the new Bonnie and Clyde
Get on the wrong side, you get buried alive
I be in the passenger seat, sittin' beside me
My wife on the other side, ready to drive, it's a homicide
Wave (Wave), your (Your), wrist (Wrist), high (High)
If you're richer than the opp guys
You niggas are not fly
That's why you're hating on me, no need to lie, turn my mic' up
You thought you were funny, but now you're livin' bummy
I big up my hunnies, you know I'm gettin' money (Big Smoke)
We can smoke and fuck and live it up
But soon as the money calls, she knows I'm pickin' it up
Girl, I got responsibilities (So, so, so)

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