

yeaaa

Flyana Boss

I got my hands on my back
He like it when I, yeah, just like that

I got my hands on my back
No, I don't want your man, you can keep that
He like it when I, yeah, just like that
Like that, like that, like that
Like that, like that, like that (Yeah)

Uh, I make it pop like bubblegum
I'm hot now, wait 'til the summer come
Shake somethin', hopscotch, do the Double Dutch
Got hits, got bands like a drummer drum
Ah, shake ass 'til my body numb
Ah, make it rain like a money gun
No competition, I already won
You don't eat like it's Ramadan

Shoot your shot just like a free throw
Yes, I'm thick, just like my ego
Bestie come wherever we go
Tokyo to Puerto Rico
Give me space, I don't like people
Lock me up, this ass illegal
Bitch, I'm art, don't need no easel
You know I'm bad

I got my hands on my back
No, I don't want your man, you can keep that
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Like that, like that, like that
Like that, like that, like that (Yeah)

Uh, I make hoes sick, influenza
You like my pic? Influencer
Touch down London, I flew in, sir
Pussy palace, up in Windsor
Detroit faux fur, yeah, I'm so cold
Anita Baker, sweet love so low
I need a baker 'cause I got that dough
Pussy knockout, pow, pow, Rambo

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