

# Nada

G-Eazy

Ha-ha-ha  
You know, uh

I wear Prada, Balenciaga  
I party when I wanna  
And she can't tell me nada  
No she can't tell me nada  
All I hear was blah, blah, blah  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah  
No she can't tell me nada  
No she can't tell me nada

Now what they gonna say about this  
Half a million on my left wrist is stainless, not a list  
Too much filler, now she got a lisp  
But it's feeling insane, when she sucking on this (Ha-ha-ha)  
I'm having too much motion  
What they put in casa in, that's a cold, cold potion  
Sign another deal, now we're champagne-toasting  
Doors open, hyphy so Oakland  
Jacket's fresh off the YSL runway  
You can't get this, it was really only one made  
Met her on Friday, forgot her by Sunday  
She texts I need to grow up, I text, her back "One day"

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I leave an LA 9 on read  
If she ain't a gawk god, [?]  
Better at the bed, now she got her legs spread  
[?] halfway off the bed  
Superfly, not a plane, not a bird  
Drink till I can't remember what occurred  
I know I've got a reputation so you heard  
Million dollar dick, she'll probably get it insured  
Acting like a nurse, in a six minute voice memo are you absurd?  
I ain't listening to that shit  
I put on do not disturb  
She can't tell me nada, not a word

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Doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo

Doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo  
Doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo  
Doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo