

## Frontin

IDK

Uh-huh, uh, uh  
Uh-huh, uh, uh  
Uh-huh, uh, uh

Don't wanna sound full of myself or rude  
But you ain't looking at no other dudes  
'Cause you love me  
So you think about a chance  
You find yourself trying to do my dance  
Maybe 'cause you love me  
Ladies

So then we tried thinking it slow now  
Because you weren't used to how fast we touched (Fast we touched)  
Then we locked eyes and I knew I was in there  
And I was gon' tear your ass up (Tear your ass up)

I know that I'm carrying on, never mind if I'm showing off  
I was just frontin' (You know I want you, babe)  
I'm ready to bury it all, unless you don't care at all  
But you know I want ya (You should stop frontin', babe)

Tryna be the best girlfriend you could be  
But still you peak and look at me, and girl, I love it  
Uh-huh, uh  
Then you give your other girls a show  
Tell her you gon' call her, ask how it was  
And she's gon' love it, woah-oh-oh-oh

So then we tried singing it slow now  
Because you weren't used to how fast we touched (Fast we touched)  
Then we locked eyes and I knew I was in there  
And I was gon' tear your ass up (Tear your ass up)

I know that I'm carrying on, never mind if I'm showing off  
I was just frontin', you know I want you, babe  
I'm ready to bury it all, unless you don't care at all  
But you know I want ya, you should stop frontin', babe

Ah, ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah  
Ah, ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah

She said I picture bright red stop signs  
I picture "Don't walk here" when you mop signs  
I picture all of the bullshit we been through  
Now you just picture the picture of what I picture when I picture you  
Picture two pictures of lemonade, the sweetest of lips  
You used to pitch me the idea that you want my dick  
Whenever we split like banana and empty the clip  
'Cause we be at war then come together like an eclipse  
Because of the stick, the stigma shouldn't be like this  
But shit, the stigma of crossin' lines, reason we trip  
And fallin' in love but true gon' fall from above  
A shot of the cupid 'til it crosses the flock of a dove  
And that's a fancy way of sayin' you ain't shit

After all this time, this is what I get?  
Like the slang of a Miami nigga, in his words  
"You the opposite of truth, you ain't legit, legit"  
I'm tryna flip the switch  
Of feelings as you insist to bitch  
But momma taught me never call a girl out of her name  
For now  
You are out of the frame  
It's like

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