

Hinge Boy

Julia Wolf

You could hit me when you wanna little love
With no strings, no strings
Hinge boy with the nose ring
Told him if he come through then don't blink
And I send him home at sunrise
That's the routine

Disclaimer

I been on paper
Ya he such a playa
Ya ya ya he try to hide it but I know
His dad was in the league that's why he hit it like a pro
And I just wanna kiss and tell my friends that's how it goes

I like it when
His hands round my neck
I love that shit

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He said he don't got the time
Well perfect neither do I
But I might cut a couple of hours out for you tonight
I just name a time and place and a couple things that I like
And no I don't got no whip but I'm riding it like a bike
Damn New York got me saying yes yes wait okay yes
Sorry I'm too busy for a boy that wanna know me
He's a trophy

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Take five then we go to ten
Feels like 7th heaven
Test the mattress just as friends
Bend it like it's Beckham
Plot twist I love when he dips
He can't spend the night but

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