

I can't fault you if I let you in, baby
I can't fault you if I let you in
(It's that trappin' in London fa' sho')
Oh, baby, let me in, yeah, ah

Yeah, baby, twerk that
Baby, when you hit that shit, it's like the bullseye
And when you take a pic, get my good side
When you 'round me, baby, please don't bring your hood side
I play it on repeat
You know when you put it on me
I ain't tryna help, you probably see
What it's gon' be
I guess I can't say

This the type of shit I do
When you fucking with a real one, baby
Real one
When you fucking with the real one
This the type of shit I do
When you fucking with a real one, baby
Real one
When you fucking with the real one

Yeah, she love it when I (Talk to 'em)
Look inside the mirror, see the realest of 'em all
I know she a real one, I'm accepting all your flaws
Dip inside that pussy, got me splashin' in that raw
You know I get to it, I make millions when I talk (Talk)
Jump inside that jet, get that fashion from New York (Talk)
Even on your best, it don't matter what it cost
Grippin' on your breast, while I'm beating down them walls

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Go deep
That's some freaks talking
Four sea-
Meet me up at the
Four seasons

(This the type of shit I do)
(When you fucking with a real one, baby)

Go deep
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