

No Romance

Kid Buu

Woo, ah

Brr

Skrr

Told that hoe I ain't with no romancin'
All about my dollars, diamonds dancin'
You don't get no guala, boy stop cappin'
I can't love these hoes cause' they so average
Thug living average, they calling me a bandit
Way too many bands, I can't fit under my mattress
My gun never jammin, never get caught lackin'
Hit the plug, the pack send, now my diamonds dancing, yeah

I just let my diamonds dance, yeah
I ain't dancin' with these hoes, naw
I just let my diamonds dance, yeah
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I just let my diamonds dance, yeah
I ain't dancin' with these hoes, naw

[?], no this ain't Ciroc
All my diamonds dance, yeah they dance a lot
Treat my hoe in Fendi, side hoe, Saint-Laurent
Running up the guap, yeah, skrrting off the lot, ooh
Diamonds milly rock, mean they dancing on the block, ooh
Rocking every chain, out here standing on the block, ooh
Run up you get shot (grra) your bitch on my cock
We live by the coupe, get guala, fuck the opps

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