

NO MAKEUP

King Combs

Lil baby pressure with no make up, on
Fucc sleeping cause we gone stay up, long
Swear that little pussy could get ate up
I'm one hundred, the real one, not the fake one
Yea yea
You finna let me serve it out your place huh
Yea yea
You take these Birkins to the face huh
Yea yea
Beat it til it bust up like a uzi
I can't get enough of it,
Baby I'm a groupie, oo wee

I'm finna go triccc in my lil bitch get her something expensive
We then niggas running up digits like hundreds
Of millions
Outside yo building pulling Benz's and Cullinans in it
How you did it? yo ex nigga was a fuck nigga
Girl that nigga lame, we could mop up
Watching yo phone know my name finna pop up
Bout lil baby I do it big she know I got her
Still fucc a pussy nigga blocc up

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You know my body - pull up and set it off
On the way to me as soon as you drop her off
You know I'm a one nighter, whos a top five
She sayings, me like dylan
KD snipe em
Air force white Nike her
Married to the game I feel like Mekhi Phifer
Then she run it up, I call her my little swiper
If she by my side, you know that she here for lifers
Me on your body, your skin is so soft
Diamonds they dancing like Michael moonwalk
Chill in the wraith and get ghost and we park
She like my accent, she love how I talk

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