

Jealous

King Von

(Wheezy outta here)

Damn

What?

Von

Huh? What?

You know I'm the realest (You know)

And you know I'm a killer (You know)

I think I need a vest 'cause when you lie, I swear, I feel it

Right in my heart, girl, you tryna kill me (Damn)

Don't you know I got feelings? (You know I got feelings?)

Girl, you playin' with a real one (What?)

Got a couple million, I'm still in the buildings (Huh? Yeah)

Know I'm on the block, she can tell by the ceilings

No ass shots, I can tell, I could feel it

And I heard you got hurt, baby girl, I can heal it

And if you need it right now, baby girl, I'll Zelle it

Fresh out the shower, I smell it

And you know I keep my tool, no hammer, I nail it (Boom)

L-O-V, I don't know how to spell it

Got your boyfriend mad, that little boy jealous, damn (Boom, boom)

But don't even mind that (Nah)

We ain't worried 'bout it, we ain't buyin' that (Uh-huh)

I'ma fall back, I'ma be cool (Be cool)

Just don't let me find out where he hidin' at (Boom, boom)

And you know I be tweakin', fuck that, never mind that (Nah, nah)

Girl, come here with your fine ass (Come here)

You first place in the contest (Yeah)

Kissin' on your neck while we undressin' (Uh, uh)

Put this pillow on the TEC, pussy gettin' wet

I be in it, beatin' down walls, pussy gettin' stretched

Afterwards, took her to the mall, pockets on shred (Huh? What?)

And I ain't even gotta flex (Nah, nah)

And we ain't even gotta text (Nah, nah)

And I ain't even got an ex (Nah, nah)

And you ain't even got a next (Huh? What?)

And we ain't even gotta sex

But look (Look), let me know, do you clean? Do you cook? (Do you cook?)

Let me know, would you iron a nigga clothes on the way to the show since a n
igga be booked? (What?)

Let me know if you fucked on my homie named Wuk

Damn, she got me open like a book

I got her scared, she shook

Never fucked with a nigga from the hood

And I ain't never tasted no pussy this good

She gon' get somebody killed, let me knock on wood

But, girl, you fine, if lovin' you was a crime, then I'd damn near be booked

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I know how you get (I know how you get)
And I know you gang 'bout me (I know you gang 'bout me)
Down for whatever, gon' flame 'bout me (Flame 'bout me)
He tell me it's his, put his chains 'round me
Don't let me catch you with a bitch (Yeah)
I just might dig in my purse (I just might dig in my purse)
She just might go on a shirt (She just might go on a shirt)
He fuck with a baddie, he know what's it's worth (He know what's it's worth)
Baby, don't get it confused
If he fuckin' with me, then he know what to do (Know what to do)
I ain't the one or the two (One or the two)
If we talkin' 'bout niggas, I know who to choose (I know who to choose)
Yeah, he different (Yeah, he different)
He beat it in different positions (Yeah, different positions)
He hittin' my line when you missin' (What?)
Made him pull up and I told him to kiss it (Damn), damn
You the illest, nah, bae, I feel like you the realest
Yeah, it's often, I know that you feel it
He lovin' my vibe 'cause he know I'm the chillest (I'm the chillest)
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Let me empty the clip
Get it hard when I sit on the tip
Pretty brown, he done put it down
Now I fuck around, had to beat up his bitch (Bitch)
'Cause he know that this pussy get wetter (Wet)
Fuckin' me with his pipe on the dresser (Pipe)
He a demon and I'm a little savage
Rich sex, hundred K in the mattress
Tell a bitch drop her location
Pussy got you catchin' cases
Put it on me up in them trenches
Throat game got a nigga actin' different (Different)
You know I ain't givin' him back (Nah)
He in love with the way that it clap
And the way that he put in that work (Put in that work)
It be feelin' like we in the trap (Trap)
Locked in, put his heart in the vault
Say that ass and them titties is soft

Post bail if he ever get caught (Caught)
That's how it go when you fuckin' a boss, look

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