

Orange Pineapple

Larry June

I know you probably sleep but ima send this text anyway babygirl
l were you still down
If I fly you to the Bay would you spaz if you realize some othe
r girls been around
I can order takeout and some bottles of champagne for them days
you ain't been around
I don't know about you but for me my nig swear to God she drive
a thousand miles
She tell me that she can do better matter fact babygirl tapping
in right now
She flying in from DC for the weekend and she tryna link up rig
ht now
I can take you hiking and shit do a couple things
Take you out to eat afterwards do the ice cream
I don't need you going through my phone I ain't thirteen
Real live P and this juice cost thirteen

I can't be your man but I would like to get to know you
We can eat pineapples and oranges
Sunday come through we can chill maybe I can pull out the old s
chools and foreigners, fuckin right
You ain't gotta trip you fucking with a boss just tell me where
it's at and babygirl we going

I see you got a new spot and you on yo shit
I told you, you ain't need me love you been that bitch
She still come through and break off a real live pimp
And I don't even need to trap I just love how it feel
On my way to Las Vegas four hours and shit
The more money that I make the more I know that it's real
Corvette in the driveway I do this for real
A couple whips on post orange trees in the crib

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