

Strippers & Chances

Larry June

Cardo got wings
So, you know
I hit the strip club with my brother Jay Worthy
You know what I'm sayin'?
Something slight, seeking inspiration
You know what I'm sayin', if I crack somethin' I crack somethin'
If I don't, I don't
Two mojitos, please
Numbers

Lately, baby, I been on some other shit (Other shit)
Gotta make it happen on some thuggish shit (Thuggish shit)
Nights on the road with my son and shit (Son and shit)
I'm barely even sleepin', shit
I been outta the game, I been boardin' these planes
Dealin' with a lot of shit but I don't never complain
I know she lookin' down on me, I know she got my back
And I'd trade anything to have them old days back
Took that fear out my heart and I went harder
Had to move smarter, get my life in order
You gotta keep goin' no matter what
Shit, you can't step it up 'til you step it up
Fuck it, let's hit the strip club

Baby, keep goin', bend that over, run it back
Make it clap, uh-huh, like that
I'm back at it, goin' hard, never switch
And got no love for a punk rock bitch
Baby, keep goin', bend that over, run it back
Make it clap, uh-huh, like that
I'm back at it, goin' hard, never switch
And got no love for a punk rock bitch

Baby, keep hoin', I ain't tell you to come in off the blade
I need it all, whole thousand, so, baby, keep goin'
Still snowin', I ain't never had no other than that
Look like a blizzard but it summertime in Oakland
Ain't you three worthy? Sprite dirty, that's early
Dancin' on the pole, that bitch was slappin' Jay Worthy
Know the streets heard me, I'm that nigga from the two L
Brown chocolate mink lookin' smoother than Nutell'
Remember postin' all them ads just in hopes that she would do well?
Had to prep her right because you know these bitches do tell
Pull up in that Lex, bubble-eye, new car smell
Terrell Owens, baby, keep goin'

Baby, keep goin', bend that over, run it back
Make it clap, uh-huh, like that
I'm back at it, goin' hard, never switch
And got no love for a punk rock bitch
Baby, keep goin', bend that over, run it back
Make it clap, uh-huh, like that
I'm back at it, goin' hard, never switch
And got no love for a punk rock bitch