

Talk 2 U

Lawsy

(Aye, Lossados made this)

(Let's go, Oliver)

(Uh, Lawsy, pick up)

Look up from your phone, baby, I wanna talk to you
On my mind, baby, can't get it off of you
In the bed and I can't get off of you
We could do anything that you wanna do
Look up from your phone, baby, I wanna talk to you
I'm in love, baby, I need all of you
When I'm tryna fuck, baby, yeah I'm callin' you
All of these racks, I can spend 'em all on you

Look in my eyes and tell me I'm the one
Left hand on her ass, right hand on my gun
How I got it in my bag, this shit wasn't luck
And I want her bad, but she just tryna fuck
I walk in that bitch and I got what you need
I serve her shit, I know she a fiend
I know this bitch crazy 'cause her hair green
Off Promethazine, so I walk with a lean
I'm high as hell, bitch, that shit don't stop
Never had a job, I ain't punchin' no clocks
I'm in the pussy and she told me, "Don't stop"
So why you not pickin' up? I need you now
It's not the same when I fuck other thots
So lemme pull up, I just touched down
It's goin' down when I get to the spot
Let you know how I feel about you right now
(Lawsy, pick up)

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