

## 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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