

Text From U

Lawsy

Acot, you're a Jenius!

Lawsy, pick up!

Lookin' at my phone, waiting for a fuckin' text from you, baby
Can't leave you alone, I think I might be obsessed with you, ba
by
When I get too high, I think about confessin' it to you, baby
My whole life, I wanna spend the rest of it with you, babe

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When I'm on the road, baby do you miss me?
Yeah I be fuckin' them other hoes, but they don't get me
Like you get me, she hate that I'm 15
But I got her in love, she still gon' get with me

Bitch I'm sippin' straight mud, and she wanna sip with me
She said that she want designer, Prada bitch, Louis V
Damn this bitch keep gettin' finer, every day of the fuckin' we
ek
And I keep on gettin' higher, at least the drugs gon' fuck with
me

I'm finna let this J, she wanna get higher, too
I'm just tryna' fuck, baby I don't wanna fight with you
She love this song, dis dat typa shit she gon' ride to
Just hit my phone, baby I could get you a right, boo

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