

(So fucking cold downstairs)
(It's so fucking cold downstairs)
Yeah, okay, okay, okay, okay, it's
(It's so fucking cold downstairs)
(What about when he's not there?)

I wanna get a Patek for my wrist, yeah
I wanna put a fat ass on my bitch, yeah
I wanna work with that God from the 6, yeah
I just walked through the mall, hit a lick, yeah
Why you looking at me? What you looking at?
I ain't got nothing in this lil' backpack
Only roll up my blunt with the loud pack
Hit a kid in the face with his iPad
Weave (Bitch, weave)
I was chasing that shit in my sleep
Most times you see me, I'm alone
And I let that bitch get what she wants
'Cause she know that she bad to the bone
And I'm sitting with cash in my lap
Up in Queens, so you know it's a throne
He just sent a deposit through Cash App
And I'm like, "Thank you," then I zoom

I need you
I need you, ah
I need you
(I'm so needy)
(Yeah, 'cause I'm tryna fuck)

Love, I don't really know what that means
All a lil' bitch really need is that green
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
Make a ho sick, yeah, I make a ho scream
I'm running out of patience
All she wanna do is shake ass, she Jamaican
And I love the way it look when she get naked
And she know she got me hooked, so the bread breaking
Would you fucking hit me back? Bitch, I hate waiting
Would you fucking hit me back? Bitch, I hate waiting
I hate waiting, I hate waiting
You know I'm needy
I'm so needy

I need you
I need you