

## Luv It

Lizzo

Mane, hold up, tell me how you really feel  
Grippin' on the wood grain in the Coupe de Ville  
Drippin' stains, swervin' lanes, actin' bad, grabbin' cash  
In the Frenchies, bad, representin' south of the H-Town  
Bout to ball at the mall, call it Galleria  
Hatin' niggas from a distance, call it like I see it  
"Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am", they always glad to meet ya  
Stuntin' up in Pappadeaux's, they always glad to treat ya  
Sexy papi though, starts down with that shiny grill  
Lookin' out of his tinted window, I know it's something like (What's the dea  
l?)  
So throwed, ridin' slow, my clique jazzy, yo' clique hoes, ew! Wouldn't touc  
h 'em with a 50-foot pole, even Pepé Le Pew said no  
I'm a playa, I don't let nobody take my shine  
I get mine, you could feel me like my [?] around  
We gettin' down all the way till the sun come up  
Sippin' all the purple all out the white cup

How ya like me now cause I'm real?  
How ya like me? How ya like me now cause I'm real?  
How ya like me? How ya like me now cause I'm real?  
Touch down, piece and chain, fool, shiny grill

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Huh, you know I love it, mane  
Uh, you know I love it, mane  
Yeah, love it, mane

These fickle, fickle niggas holdin' out for a pretty penny  
You swallowin' the truth and now you wizzin' like it's Henny  
I'm "run, Forest, run"-ing and my instincts be Jenny  
Jenny Craigin' on them boys, I cut the fat and keep the skinny  
Here's a skinny on them motherfuckers that get caught up  
Yeah, you tryna be the man and ya pushin' ya luck  
And you frontin' like we homies then you call me like I owe thee  
What about the shit you owe me like the time I spent with yo' ass for free?  
You really think I'd waste my time with you?  
Building a business relationship if the shit gon' sink?  
Nigga, that's how you really feel? Nigga, that's how you think?  
Think again next time ya come steppin' to me  
Cause I wasn't put on this earth to sing back up for you  
Especially if you gon' be selfish and not come through  
And I told yo' ho ass partner "Go fuck off" too  
So we know why I don't fuck around with you  
And I hope it burns in yo' stomach cause Lizzo on the rise  
And I won't respond to yo' e-mails like "Duh", surprise  
And I don't hold grudges but, boy, ya cut off  
And, I mean, you got a little bit of talent but that's not enough  
Awwww maannn

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