

You

Lola Brooke

Tonight, tonight, tonight, oh
Yeah, uh
Tiller, whoa
And Young Lola, controlla
Come closer, mad pretty
Make me lose composure
Tad tipsy, won't you come over
Last lap in the city, know I'm not sober, true
You know I see you come over
(You know I see you over there, there, there?)
Uh-uh, uh-uh

I'm a bad-ass Brooklyn brown skin bitch (Brown skin bitch)
And I love a hood nigga with some toxic dick (ay, you get me)
Nothing but some socks, he from Bronx in it (whoa)
Have me walking all crooked in my Crocs and shit (Brrr)
Bitch, I go Taraji for my baby boy (For my baby boy)
Ride it like a Kawasaki, that's his favorite toy (Favorite toy)
I'ma swipe his EBT like a Amex (Uh)
Give it to him raw (Uh), no drawers (Uh), no latex (Uh)
Yeah, I got him butt naked for me waitin' at home (Waitin' at home)
Bitch, your pussy ain't hittin' if he takin' too long (If he takin' too long
)
Told him, "Put my name on it" (Yeah), yeah, I'm makin' him moan
He smellin' Lola Brooke, that's his favorite cologne

Ha, huh
I'm yours for the summer, I wanna
Drinking 'til we drunk, I'm choosin' you, baby
Things I wanna do to you, baby, you say he crazy so I gotta take a risk on y
ou
Like why would I lie when I'm tryna put this on you (Yeah), baby?
Ay, yeah, ay, yeah

Tryna make a choice between his leg or his face
Shit gettin' more intense, I need action daily
What I expect today? It's good neck, hood sex
Stop callin' his phone, bitch, he catchin' up a rest (Uh)
Fuckin' with me is a W, fuck him at the W
When you comin' quick, seems to trouble you
I want a rough neck nigga that's nasty
My sex drive wild and his ass is immaculate
Put it in my, nah, nigga stabbin' it
A shooter that assassinate, tongue doin' magic tricks (Oh)
Foot on neck (Yeah), hair on frontal (frontal)
Got him bussin' nuts 'fore we leave the Holland tunnel (Yeah, ooh-ooh)

Ha, huh
I'm yours for the summer (Hey), I wanna
Drinking 'til we drunk, I'm choosin' you, baby
Things I wanna do to you, baby, you say he crazy so I gotta take a risk on y
ou (Hey)
Like why would I lie when I'm tryna put this on you (Yeah), baby?
Ay, yeah, ay, yeah

Yeah, Tiller
Oh-ooh-whoa, baby, yeah

Young Lola, controlla
Come closer, mad pretty
Make me lose composure
Tad tipsy, won't you come over
Last lap in the city, know I'm not sober, true
You know I see you come over
(You know I see you over there, there, there?)