

# BUTTAFLY

Luke Christopher

You are always gon' be fly

Yeah, girl, those wings goin' clap, clap  
You so fly like flap, flap  
We don't gotta talk about past things  
We don't gotta talk about this, that, yeah  
You a butterfly, my nigga, how you glowed up, yeah  
These buggy-eyed guys better learn how to show up

Uh, you been on top of your business  
Gettin' your sleep and an hour of fitness  
My exes are best now described as a scrimmage  
And you like the playoffs, I want my head in it, you know  
So much in common for sure  
Chill with my foot in the door  
You deserve a all white Porsche  
You deserve a all black horse, of course  
You deserve a dope ass dork  
You deserve a meal, nine course

Butterfly, I, I, I (You are always gon' be fly)  
You're mine, you're mine  
Butterfly, I, I, I (You are always gon' be fly)  
But I'll follow you with me, yeah

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Tattoo my chest with some letters that spell out your first name  
Then I'll tattoo my chest with some letters that spell out my last  
Yeah, it's got a ring to it, it's got a thing to it  
It's no Versailles, so there's no way to see through it  
Holding your arm out, I'm just tryna peep through it  
Make sure you protect it, girl, I could see to it, yuh (Ooh)

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