

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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