

Everything is plastic
Sitting here, thinking to myself
It's so overdramatic

Rudy wasn't meant to stay
I take conversation any day over cabernet
They go half as crazy with you
Even with the perfect complexion
All I'm looking for is affection
Don't exaggerate, I just had to say, oh

Shimmy-shimmy nah-nah
Little lightskinned girl, she a mocha chocolate
God, don't try so hard
Hurry up, come over, it's tragic
I pull up so fast, could've crashed it
Give me brain, tell me lies, we can have it
I take what I can from the damage
Oh so, shawty, you should know by now
If you toke up shawty, ain't it all fucked up?
You be like, "Gucci-Gucci, nah-nah, I'm good"

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