

Bet

Mereba

Bet my bottom dollar that
You would make my father go
Mad like seeing double
He'd say your name then he'd call you trouble, oh
Don't you worry about
So clean but they'd do you dirty
I'm mad for being flirty with you

Heard from a bird that you
You're nothing but trouble
Just trouble
Heard from a bird that you
You're nothing but trouble
Just trouble

But I like how low you lay
And I let you in my day
'Cause I like the way you call me baby
Heard from a bird that you
You're nothing but trouble
Trouble

And I'm still picking up the rubble from my last quake
And I was sitting on the shadow coming from my last break
Had to take a second look, then a third then etcetera
He said don't let your eyes get ahead of ya
He called me out
And I was blushing like Russians up in the snow
I said I'm sorry made my way to the do'
He said no
You fly love, I'm gonna call you my thug
You gon' call me yo man
They gon' call me that thug
Like, hope plain and simple we would meet every week or two
Light up the reefer tinted window two-seater, ooh
I like his meaner demeanor
It doesn't mean our
Worlds can't collide right place right time, right?
I bet my dollar you'd be hated by my father but
Loved by a daughter you could father
I said too much
A birdie said you was rough
Might break me up like I was what you put in the dutch but

I like how low you lay
And I let you in my day
'Cause I like the way you call me baby
Heard from a bird that you you're nothing but trouble
You're just trouble
But I like how low you lay
And I let you in my day
'Cause I like the way you call me baby
Heard from a bird that you
You're nothing but...

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