

Slide

Metro Boomin

If Young Metro don't trust ya, I'm gon' shoot you, yeah
Let's go, let's go

Let me feed you like a baby bird
You ain't even gotta get up and chase the worm
Girl, you a trip like you made from Sherm
I don't play games, I'm David Stern
They were tryna perm, like where you get wavy from?
Eatin' shit up, bae, save me sum'
She said you and me, babe, we made for love
I sat back and let you treat me like a baby star, let's get it

Ever since I seen you walk my way (Woah)
I ain't been able to talk the same (Nah)
Girl, I've been searchin' for a change of pace
And you my kinda thing
I'm tryna take this shit back to my place (Let's go)
Just slide all day, ain't the type to play, no type of games
Girl, let's slide back, to my place, I can hide away
I'm tryna sing, what it's about?

You want thirty-inch buss down? (For sure, bae)
You want rocks on your fingers? (For sure, bae)
You want gold-black truck? (For sure, bae)
You wanna bring your twin? (For sure, bae; what it's about?)
You wanna fuck right now? (For sure, bae)
You wanna eat this cat? (For sure, bae)
Want me to ring that rose? (For sure, bae)
I'm finna bring my twin (For sure, bae; what it's about?)

What it's about
(Woah, oh, oh, ooh)
What it's about
(Woah, oh, oh, ooh)
What it's about

To the right, to the left
To the right, to the left
To the right, to the right
To the left, to the left
To the right, to the left
To the right, to the left
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What it's about
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What it's about
(Woah, oh, oh, ooh)
What it's about

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To the right, to the left
To the right, to the right
To the left, to the left
To the right, to the left
To the right, to the left
If Young Metro don't trust ya, I'm gon' shoot you, yeah

What it's about
(Woah)
What it's about
(Woah)
What it's about

I'm talkin' bout in it
Deep in it
I'm talkin' 'bout in it
All the way in it
I'm talkin' bout in it
Deep in it
I'm talkin' 'bout in it
All the way in it (Yeah, hahaha)
I'm talkin' 'bout in it (Ah-hahaha)