Mmm, I ain't your type
Mmm, we ain't grow up on the same advice
Mmm, it ain't that deep
Mmm, trust me don't jump
It ain't that deep

No small talk
All big convo
Need mine pronto
Chase that down like that all-white Bronco
I just want a bag she just wanna follow
Spend it all on some titties and a condo
Anybody try to text me I curve it
I ain't even pitching but I curve it

I just wish all these bitches gonna learn I ain't here to talk
Bad bitch, straight up from the magazine
Savage, something that you never seen
And I go, anywhere I wanna be
Moonrocks, got me Moonwalking, Billie Jean

I ain't whipping but I swerve

High class, real big baller shit
My friends, really on some baller shit
Courtside, that's the only time I'm on the bench

So close, that the coach tryna put me in

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I told you when I hit the switch it stays on
I ain't ever switch I stay down
Everybody says I ain't the same
But the only thing I changed was the game
I ain't really gotta skip leg day
Cause I been running shit since the tenth grade
I been running way from the fuck shit
I been running way

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Nowadays I walk over things I used to trip on And they try to steal my drip but they always slip on it Blue done went and stole your bitch, yeah I call that crip walking Please just get up off my dick, unless you plan to sit on it You should never trade chemistry for curiosity Each and everyday I try to make my momma proud of me Used to never understand and now they all on top of me Fuck a plan b, you gon have to come and swallow me