Uh kyuh Rrrr

Yo, I'ma give 'em what they asked for On my James Brown flow with my afro, uh Tell 'em meet me in the back though And they better have my Motherfuckin' cash flow When I'm chillin' out in Houston with the Astros And they know that I get Flyer than an acrobat They can't see me from the back row, back I shut it down with my clique though, clack I know what I don't know Always pregnant with some sons But I don't show, uh New York, I'm in SoHo Gotta hit the UK for some promo, uh

On it, I'm not entertained

Me and you are not the same

Bringing it back like Rogaine

Let us do us like romaine I think I'm insane

I think I'm insane

On it, I'm not entertained

I think I'm insane

I know you, I know you
I know you wanna touch
I know you, I know you
I know you wanna touch
I know you, I know you
I know you wanna touch
Keep trying, baby, good luck
I know you, I know you
I know you wanna touch
I know you, I know you
I know you wanna touch
Keep trying, baby, good luck

Yo, I-I-I know not to doze off
All the boys wanna see me
With my clothes off, uh
VIP and it's closed off
Wanna kiss him 'cause his lips look so soft
Uh gotta tell em hoes hold off
None of them could've did what I pulled off
Uh doors up when I pulled off
And I been good with that
Mic like a Bull's court
Why you tryna get up all in it
Do you golf 'cause you tryna
Put your balls in it?
Uh, I'm just asking a question

Is you driving or is you a pedestrian?

Could I come through your crib

With my best friend?

Could I ride that, uh, like equestrians? Uh

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