

Bout It

PARTYNEXTDOOR

Swear to God, might fuck with this new OVO shit
Swear to God, hallelujah to the under lords
How we ride when we ride
East niggas tell how we ride out Sauga city trip

She call me like she can't wait, she want it now now now
I give it to her that way, right now now now
We pop and roll to the strip, grind on that dick
I brought her back to the crib, skipped the foreplay
She's laying down it's 2 ish
Right on my bed, blonde bitch with her blue eyes
Like butter the way she spread
Oh man, I love my lil' chicka
My Nina, Melina, Aurona, Melauna
She want the anaconda right? (yah)

Is you 'bout it, 'bout it?
Is you 'bout it, 'bout it?
'Bout it, 'bout it
Your body, your body is pure gold
Is you 'bout it, 'bout it?
Is you 'bout it, 'bout it
'Bout it, 'bout it
The way you prove you're 'bout it girl

She loves my style, love the way I sound
Love the way I talk, love the way I hang
God made no mistake, I done came a long way
So don't mind me, if I don't mind you
Nigga I got pill poppin' bitches in the back, of the Cherokee
Bitches still don't know how to react, to sincerity

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Is you 'bout it, 'bout it
'Bout it, 'bout it
The way you prove you're 'bout it girl

Stop telling those lies about me girl
And I just might call you back some time
A nigga might just holla back some time
I might just hit you back like
Stop telling those lies about me girl
I might just call you back one day
I might just call you back one day
(Might just call you back)
(Sex on the couch, no pull out
Sex on the couch, no pull out)
Yea... yea...