

MOTH BALLS

PARTYNEXTDOOR

Mothballs, I can't get the smell out my clothes
YYZ, racing 'cause the gate 'bout to close
New York is callin' up on me and the bros
I left Candice, now my heart might explode
Three months it's been since we even said hello
She wasn't good to me anyway and I know
I just can't picture leaving nobody home
This has to work so I get Neeks off that stove
I need security 'cause niggas is hoes
I need a girl that's on the cover of Vogue

I just hoped that someday, someone would love me

Ooh, oh
You're doing that thing, you're doing that thing
You're doing that thing, you're doing that thing again
Moving that tongue with that ring again
Treat that star, mention Michelin
She from Michigan, but she taste like water
The cleanest water, ooh, yeah
Clean as this cup

I been peakin' off that Addy every day
It's been hard for me to put that shit away
Drinkin' four or five bottles of the wine
Got a glass in my hand every time
I got the worst reputation in our town
I been seen with all the baddest hoes around
On God, swimmin' in the cat 'til I drown
Bitches wanna take a dip in my account
Ayy, what?
It come it me tonight, baby, humble me tonight, are you still around?
Are you still around?
Are you still around?
Yardville thrills, baby-blue pills, slop-top skills
I remember baggin' up and no frills
'Sauga City kid, got you blushin' on cam
What?
I remember stressin' over bills like a Buffalo fan, uh
Now shorties call me Drake, not Aubrey Graham, damn
And you're doin' well for yourself just like you planned
Let me help you expand
I'm the only one that understand

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