

She For Keeps

Quavo

Is she for keeps? somebody tell
Is she for keeps? somebody tell

Is she for keeps? (ayy, ayy)
Somebody tell me is she (somebody tell)
Is she for keeps? (oh yeah)
Oh, is she for keeps? (somebody tell)
Is she for keeps? (yeah, yeah)
Somebody tell me is she
Somebody tell me is she (yeah, somebody tell)
Somebody tell me is she for keeps (somebody tell, oh yeah)

'Cause I bought her bags and a bing roo
And I put them diamonds in them bengals (shine)
Like the way she take them pictures, it's the angle (flash)
Like the way she keep her business all personal
You know, you know, you know, you fit me
You get me, you get me, you get me
Drop off, your old boy, then get with me
Heard it's slippery (splash), heard it's wet like seaweed (splash)
Moonwalking on slabs (moon), she live life like Babs
Nails and hair all long, shoppin' spree in Hong Kong
Ass fat in her jeans, she don't like to wear thong
She gon' make you sing this song
Is she for keeps?
Pour this drink for me
Smoke this dope for me
Drive around with me, ayy
Just for keepsake (keepsake)
She gon' lead the way (lead it)
I might fall back and go count up a large bag

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Perfect, nobody's perfect
My body's perfect, bitch I'm perfect
Somebody lied, just watch me murk it
I'ma murk it, bitches my sons, I used a surrogate
Got 'em hurting, he know for certain, cop me that Birkin
Baby nervous, I make 'em nervous, I make 'em nervous
When them bum bitches in my town, all my real niggas alerted
He say damn baby you bad, I say I commit murders
When the block starts to get hot he know I'll hide his burners
I'm from keeps, I am for keeps, she can't compete
He ain't stupid enough to lose me to another nigga in them streets
Ooh, they salty, I know they salty
Please say the barbie, he say the barbie
I'm the bad bitch that all the bad bitches fuck with
She a mad bitch if she ain't fuckin' with me, suck dick
This piece flooded out cost about a buck six

Pull up on a bum bitch and be like what up sis?
Rap bitches is on my nuts, call 'em Chip 'n' Dale
These bitches can't see me, they should all be reading braille
Pull off in that GT with some Seagram's Ginger Ale
Tell that bitch I'm Oprah, she couldn't even be Gayle
I'm me, when will these girls ever see
You will never be Nicki, and that's the real key-key
Key-key, key-key

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