

# 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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