

We Can Do It

Rah Swish

Lord

I got some things we can do, haha

Look

Nine shots (Brrt)

I like it fresh out the shower (I like it fresh out the shower)

And she call me Cain and she said I could get all the power

(Said I could get all the power)

I flew her to Paris (Paris)

Let her take selfies in front of the tower (Woo)

She doin' no minute man, I had to hit for a hour (I had to hit for a hour)

If she wanna touch this, she gotta come to the Flossy (Woah)

You mad? (You mad?)

I told her, "Then fuck it, divorce me" (Fuck it)

Bought her a Chanel, Yves Saint Laurent

I never care what it cost me (I never care what it cost me)

'Cause she like my backbone, she always there to support me

(She always there to support me)

And she get a ring, I turn her to my fiancé (VVS)

Put some M's in her pocket, turn her into my Beyoncé

(I know you like that, baby)

Now let me cater to you

I got some things we can do

To put a baby in you

You just wanna fuck anywhere you like

Say my name, I'm like, "Oh, baby"

Beat it up on the road, baby

We can do it anywhere

Bad as fuck, would you mind

All that designer hittin' the floor, baby?

Tell me where you wanna go, baby

I'll do it anywhere

You just wanna fuck anywhere you like

Say my name, I'm like, "Oh, baby"

Beat it up on the road, baby

We can do it anywhere

Bad as fuck, would you mind

All that designer hittin' the floor, baby?

Tell me where you wanna go, baby

I'll do it anywhere

On this Fendi shit and this Louis shit

Plus this Gucci shit, that's for you, mama

Got the G-Wagon for the whole month

Just to cruise in it, spent a few dollars

And these hatin' hoes tried to play me, close

But my swerve game shit is too proper

I'm too solid

Tell me what you wanna do 'bout it

Kept a secret but they move 'bout it

Tell me how you feel when you in the crib

And I'm on my grind (And I'm on my grind)

I can still taste you at the top of my lips

Oh, you on my mind (Oh, you on my mind)

And I'm on the road, it's takin' my energy

Fussin' and fightin', you say that you feelin' me
Sex hella good but you feel like my enemy
I like how you get when you do them tricks
Drinkin' that Clase Azul and that Hennessy
Tellin' me stop, tellin' me go
Yellin' out, pull on my hair while you killin' me (Killin' me)

But let me not play you
Just let me upgrade you
I got some things we can do
To put a baby in you

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Beat it up on the road, baby
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