

Posted at the front just sipping up on the Alizé
Bad bitches running and grindin' peepin' the baller mane
Gold things and gold chain and gold rings
Mean coach, tailored suits and Cartier frames
Two steps 'cause players don't really dance hoe
Break a nigga back by shakin'' dice on them dominoes
Makin' money 'cause money is what I comprehend
Sailor Moon I see you choose that in front your man
Breaking hearts and locking lips I don't understand
Bro became the rookie and sip all over this double can
Glock up at the crib and don't be ringing the phone
Getting loose straight off the Henny and my partners rolling th
e skunk
Gettin' the red Testarossa steady switchin' them lanes
Feelin' like I'm Tony Montana with diamonds in my chain
Come and lounge at the players club, come get a back rub
Feet up countin' money, see the stacks, bruh?
Pockets filled with nothing but blues, I'm dropping checks
Bring a bottle of your finest champagne, that's to the neck

When I first saw you
You threw me a kiss
I, smiled and laughed it off
I tried to resist you looked so good
So inviting
I wanted to stop and tell you
You excite me

I can feel a mutual attraction
A mutual attraction
I can feel a mutual attraction