

Bring Dat P

Real Boston Richey

Damn, bae, I'm leavin' a voice message again, it's like 11 o'clock, man, damn

Man, I'm tired of fiendin', like, man, what the fuck? I don't wanna beef no more, man

Bring it to me, please (Thtboistokes go crazy)

Slow it down 'cause I feel like we rushin'

I take that back 'cause, girl, I'm tired of fussin'

I'm tired of doin' you bad, treatin' you like this shit nothin'

I'm tryna show you love and manners through all this lustin'

How the fuck them crackers pick my brother up for a button?

All these niggas 'round, somebody gotta tell us somethin'

I take that back 'cause that shit there ain't even up for discussion

I'm puttin' my pain aside, let's talk about you, bae, I'm crushin'

I promise you let me eat it, you gon' bust just like a Gusher

Have you spittin', brrrt-brrrt, like this K, it come from Russia

Promise to hold you tight when I'm in it, bae, I love you

Tuh, you won't let me get it, you let my Earth burn like it's Usher

Mm, I'm like bring me that pussy

Why you actin' hard? Bring me that pussy

What the fuck you on? Need to bring me that pussy

I'm tired of playin', bring me that pussy

When I leave my job, you gotta bring me that pussy

When I leave the trap, gotta bring me that pussy

You say you done arguin', okay, bring me that pussy

When you leave with your friends, bring that pussy

Bae, I love hard, I'm an Aquarius

Your pussy good, two days in, baby, I'm ready to marry it

They play with you, they gon' be releasin' doves and pushin' carriages

You know I'm full of love, girl, my mama a Sagitarious

Won't take you for advantage, you love me, I'ma cherish it

You could trust me, I take your secrets, then I bury it

Don't tell your friends what we goin' through 'cause they ain't goin' through it

You wanna fuck a nigga to get back, then, girl, go'n do it

But I told I apologize for all that lyin' and wrongdoin'

'Cause it ain't right, you always judge me for what the bros doin'

Niggas that used to be in my sister business until I got my room

'Cause you don't why they really fightin' and what they be at home doin'

Girl, you know my flaws inside, but to the streets, it ain't known to 'em

So why every time we beef, you hit up Twitter and put 'em on to 'em?

When I slide, you think I cheat, you know I'm in the streets, you know my ph one boomin'

Don't act like rap niggas on top of me 'cause I'm my own shooter

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