

Mouth (Houston)

Robb Bank\$

Ay yeah a nigga gon' stunt
But I can still grow on you I know you ain't like me at first
Shit that's okay
I take the blame for taking the necessary retaliation on your relationship
But since the start you was well drawn to me
Like Funimation did your measurements
Girl you just' sucked a dick with your BF
So why the fuck your texts got me thinking that you tryna fuck
Then you come in my car just to motherfucking cry out
Breaking Bad, Rémy, and Margate your new life
A scary nigga bite his nails 'til they bleed like he tryna summon you home
What jutsu you trying to perform? Nigga please, nigga bleed
Hit with that dick and aligning chakras like she learning that new technique
And my pupil look you in the eye and move her hair with such technique

I say her face
Pussy all day
We shouldn't be here in the first place
Although I want you in the worst way
Oh baby show me what that mouth say
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I never spent a dime on a dime
Nigga dollar dollar bill y'all
Get your off your clip
Pussy nigga you ain't got no fire in that fake Fendi belt I don't feel y'all
How ya feel, how ya' feel, how ya' feel
Twenty-five and you living at ya' momma crib
I tell her that I love her just to play with her emotions
Water splash emoji's so you know it's incoming
iPhone percussion buzzing, side bitch need company
I wonder who finna accompany her cause I make an excuse
Mean like, I need to leave the table
How to be a playa, I been playing real life GTA all day
So if you tryna run game, how big are you in chess
Strip strip if I play my cards right I can get a grin out of that poker face
Talking bout she got a boyfriend
And I say shh
Like the teacher caught us whispering during a lecture
I remember I was so proud to bring you around all of my niggas
Shouting out you like the single
But how you like that
But not enough of me to write back
Ashlyn came to FLA and got fucked all day on the three As
How you fucked the whole team then complain about getting played
Girl, let your hair down let me lay it all down
You went looking for Mr. Right and bumped into Mr. Right Now
We were going with the flow but we still kept the ties rough
With your 1960s look I feel like Ron Jeremy before he couldn't get it up
Fangirls getting red off Bank\$ on his mean shit
Even though I'mma lie and tell these girls that I ain't mean it
But if you ain't getting mentioned to me you just ain't mean shit

I just want you to know what it really is
Say I'm fucking with her mind girl I just ducking the head

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