

SEX THERAPY

Robb Bank\$

Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Baby, this ain't no love song
This just the truth, the real song
The real side, what really happened (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) Come on (Yeah, yeah)

I'm taking out the 'ghini for the night
Drink some lean, and I ease my mind
Long road, all alone on the drive
Reminisce on my life sometimes
Bitches I've conquered, the mountains I've climbed
Love the thrill when a new one hit my line
Know it's so wrong, but it feels so right
Headin' round, tell me when you see my lights

Baby, lets talk about sex therapy
Baby, need to talk about you and me
Cause it ain't working out the way I thought it would
We don't even much fuck no more how you call this love? (Aye, aye, aye)

You know what it is, baby, yeah
You know I wasn't shit, baby, yeah
But I don't deserve this, baby
Tell me why you lied to a nigga, baby, yeah
I couldn't thug through the shit, baby
Big dog shit baby
Big dog barking, a real nigga talking
Cause I chewed up my muppy on the end, baby, yeah
And you know you can't force me to love you
Fuck faithful, I'd rather say "fuck you"
Hit another hoe raw and then fuck you
That's the type of way I need to thug you
You had started this shit, so it's fuck you
Shoulda treat you like something you should run through
[?] with the juice, all this shit I been through
Tryna keep track of me while I keep track of you (Hold on)
Fast forward, a couple months later now
Tried to give you space, feel like a fucking clown
It hurt me more, cause I only could blame myself
That's what I get for tryna fall in love with a fan
On her story she like to go on a date
Somebody please take this pussy, I'ont wanna date
Cause you can't fool me twice, no it won't be me
Open your legs, gave your followers the invitation
The minute that you with that nigga, so relieved
I did everything I could to keep peace
I showed you out, picked out your outfits, please
I showed you who I was, the real me
Ain't nothing left, ain't nothing more to say
Tried to rekindle flames, and you rained the parade
Since the day you left I been burnin' sage
When I die my ghost gon' laugh in your face, uh
Promise I won't fall in love again
Promise I won't fall in love again (Let's pray)
And if I do pray I fall for a friend, huh
You got me crying in the booth, like a bitch

I could never forgive you for that shit
Bulletproof soul, match the bulletproof vest
My momma got ma' fucking cancer in her breast
Don't ask me why I'm ma' fucking stressed
Shit done changed

Let's talk about sex, baby
Let's talk about you and me
Let's talk about bubbles in the tub
Let's talk about makin' love
Let's talk about sex, baby
Let's talk about you and me
Let's talk about bubbles in the tub
Let's talk about makin' love (Aye, aye, aye, aye)

Yeah, dick that I gave to you
Bills that I payed for you
Used to ride around playing Sade, nigga
Sword Art Online, with the mind games, nigga
I fucked her, her, and her
And you still stayed with a nigga
I was beefin' with him, you laid with the, nigga
Perfect transition, lose your life
Transit, put me to your head, like an instant transmission, nah
Suicide hotline, kill for me then call me, Phone
Know that shit done
Exactly how you want it, M-O-B

(You on top) Yeah, on the floor
(On top) Yeah, on the floor
(You on top) Bitch, money on the floor
I need you on the floor, I need you on go, I need
(You on top) Riding
(You on top) Taking that dick no subsidi-di-di-di
Never squirted before, you lying (You on top)
All I need is two fingers, I turn to Posei-ei-ei-ei