

# No Mop

Roddy Ricch

(We got London on the track)

It's some hoes in my collection that I might love  
Couple bitches that get freaky off the light drugs  
She know I spoil her 'cause she keep the pussy tightened up  
Spot a bad bitch, will pick 'em and she might fuck  
Orange new Birkin bag out of Hermés  
First time I fucked her, the pussy felt like a virgin  
Get her toes done every week because it's urgent  
Got the pussy bussing like a Glock because I'm determined  
Take you out to Saint Barts with no panties on  
Book another jet so I can fuck you on the way home  
I ain't never worried about these bitches and what they on  
I just chase the paper in every city, I don't stay long  
Pick up five hundred and I leave in the morning  
I just might glass you up 'cause you a trophy  
AP, Patek, Richard Mill, Rollie

She wanna ride me, in my chains  
Hit it from the back, she tell me, "Don't stop"  
Switch sides, say my name, toot it up, get on top  
Pussy slide, no brakes, when I start, I don't stop  
I'll be ready when you ready  
That pussy wet, I don't need no mop

I don't entertain, put you on a plane  
Take you where you want to go, Maine to Spain  
G63, she got the big truck  
And I ain't tripping, she always make sure my dick sucked  
I'ma do the big one every time if you on point  
I'm trying to go all out, I ain't trying to fall out  
Take you H.Lorenzo, we can make a mall house  
Pull up at the spot, knock, and then I knock your walls down

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