

30 Floors Up

Ryan Trey

Press play

I just wanna fuck her on the balcony
Thirty floors up but her heart still beating rapidly
When you hear the beep-beep and skrt-skrt from the highway
A million dollar pad, ten cars in the driveway
Open up your eyes, babe
Let me introduce you to this real shit
You ain't got to have hands but you gon' feel this
Lend a nigga your heart and let me show you what I'd do with it
Set myself apart, so all them other niggas, she through with them

Yes, you know the difference, she in love with my swimming
She wanna fuck my spillage, so I did her like a bird
Got her toes looking pigeon
She do magic with that wock, yeah
My lil' baby gifted
Open them legs like a gift on Christmas

Lay back and let me lick it
Baby, don't fuck your future up with feelings from the past tense
She won't be a liability or a fuck up or an asset
Fly my lil' bitch to Cali or Colombia to get her ass did
Bad bitch don't do nothing but model, she into fashion

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I don't like to waste my breath
Please, just listen on the first time
Want some more Birkins over business
Yeah, that be the worst kind
I just want to build a new you, yeah, out of the old you
Feel like niggas just be talking, but baby, I'ma show you
I'ma put you right up in your bag like they was suppose to
Fuck me all on camera, don't worry, I won't expose you
Pick out any car you want, we snatch it out the showroom
Put baguette's all on her AP and on her ears and on her throat

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