

Cupid's Guidance

Sleepy Hallow

Tell a baddie hit me when she land
Fill up my pocket with bands, aye, yeah
Great John On The Beat by the way
Fill up my pocket with bands
They want me to stop but I can't
Don't need no new friends
Nigga stop, yeah

Fill up my pocket with bands
They want me to stop but I can't
Don't need no new friends
Nigga stop callin' me twin
She doin' tricks with no hands
She shot her shot on the 'Gram
I can't be fuckin' on fans
Tell a baddie hit me when she land

I think we should be friends
But you can't be gettin' no man
'Cause I'm tryna fuck you again
No cap, I'm tryna to slut you again
Never thought about fuckin' your friends
But you know if I try I can
Threesome, you should tag her in
Say she wanted a bag and Benz
And my father ain't make me a man
But it's okay, I understand
Honestly, I ain't have a plan
If I didn't rap, I would trap and scam
Baby, I would be baggin' grams
Hit the block and I'm tappin' in
Wham, Bam, I'm like Baby, four pockets expand
Damn, damn, give her money she cryin' again
Damn, damn, my opps keep dyin' again

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Yeah, yeah, yeah
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She said she want this forever

She tryna leave in my sweater
Say she love you, but I get it wetter
I'm like, "Baby, it only get better"
I was down bad with no ends
Ran it up, I ain't walkin' again
Say I'm broke, I ain't even have a phone
Now it's funny she callin' again
She said, "Baby, you got talent"
I even know I had it
Back then you was embarrassed
Now she tryna fuck on me in Paris
Maybe horses and a carriage
I don't want it, I'm marryin' cabbage
I'm like, "Baby, I come with some baggage"
I got some problems, you won't understand it
I never force it, look
I never forfeit, been drivin' Porsches, goin' through courses
Goin' on tour, bitch, I need some more shit, I'm tryna flourish
Baby, I know what you want
Baby, you know what I need
Can you just get on your knees?
I ain't beggin' when I say please

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