

Polynesian

Smino

Oh-woah-oh

Polynesian, I got sauce even on a Sunday
She ride the dick like a Hyundai
Bezel beatin' like a drum break, it's the stone age
You should know better than thinkin' 'bout redemption, is you Shawshank?
She throw it at me 'cause you mad at him
Girl, don't salt shake me

She might reach, gotta grap her air for no reason at all
She Guyanese, so she askin' me 'bout where I be, where I'm from
I'm high-anese, off the ganja right now, use your Chinese on me girl
She Kylie, spent a lot on her nails, I'm Gucci to my balls

You don't know my body
I got an A in anatomy
I got a fuck-nigga allergy
I never fucked with you actually, yea
I get my pants from the Japanese, yeah
Open the trunk like a fiberwing, yeah
Could never trick, even Halloween, yeah
I take a bad bitch to Jollibee, yeah
She a neat freak, for you, for me, she do it so sloppily, yeah
I'm fillin' up on the macca tree, yeah
I'm a health nut, get the broccoli
Told my old bitch "Don't talk to me"
I'm over words, I'm apostrophe
Understand me like a balcony

Polynesian, I got sauce even on a Sunday
She ride the dick like a Hyundai (Oh-oh)
Bezel beatin' like a drum break, it's the stone age
You should know better than thinkin' 'bout redemption, is you Shawshank? (Ooh)
She throw it at me 'cause you mad at him
Girl, don't salt shake me

She might reach, gotta grab for her air for no reason at all (Ooh-ooh)
She Guyanese, so she askin' me 'bout where I be, where I'm from (Ooh-ooh)
I'm high-anese, off the ganja right now, use your Chinese on me girl (Ooh-ooh)
She Kylie, spent a lot on her nails, I'm Gucci to my balls

You don't know my body
I got beef with this battery that's in my back (Ooh-ooh)
I got the cease and desist on you nigga, you whack (Ooh-ooh)
And I'ma see to it, that I leave out with a check
She on my dick, my legacy all on her chin
She all moody, gettin' that thing and I leave, she all moody
I'm the one holdin' the lens, I'm unruly, I never stop goin' in
I'm in the yard workin' it, rackin' it in
Badass bitch with me, think I'm Joey, fat ass lips
Angelina Jolie, when I Photoshop, I ain't talkin' Adobe
Brand new truck stop, open up the door hinge
Colors stand out, I look like a goalie
I'm from the Lou', you gon' have to show me

Polynesian, I got sauce even on a Sunday
She ride the dick like a Hyundai (Baby)
Bezel beatin' like a drum break, it's the stone age
You should know better than thinkin' 'bout redemption, is you Shawshank?
She throw it at me 'cause you mad at him
Girl, don't salt shake me

She might reach, gotta grap her air for no reason at all
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