

Nah

Sneakbo

She didn't wanna know me, nah
Now I'm Not3s, all these chicas wanna phone me, now
I'm with Bo, so now they wanna know me, nah
So now she wanna phone me, nah
Hey, nah nah now
Leka Beats

First things first, get money
Then get honeys
Didn't wanna know me
Now she wanna lick my lolly
Now I'm getting notes and I'm sneak to the Bo
Hoes ringing off my phone, won't leave me alone
Got nuff' bad b's
Trish from the east
Tell her come south in the Addison Lee
I fell for the pussy when she put it pon me
Do the doggy, doggy style, doggy make her go sleep
Got Shay from the west, sex be the best
Put her on my snap just to flex on my ex
We ain't in love, me and her just friends
Face so peng and her body so leng
I got gyal, gyals, gyals, gyals, gyals I like
Black, White, Chinese, different types
Pull up on your spice, I can see tonight
It's going down babygyal, switch off the light

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Didn't wanna know me before this
They didn't wanna notice before
And I was on my lonelys before this
But they didn't wanna phone me before
Oooh, bro my phone, you can't phone it
No I can't answer your call
I remember days I was on the low
You didn't let me roll
But now you wanna know me
Kick back, you can never be my homie, nah
And I was grinding on my lonesomes
Now I'm up, all these chicas wanna show me love
And now I got my bad B in the passenger
And none of you chicas and challenge her
Oh, look at the back on her
Man, you niggas should pattern up

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She didn't wanna know me

Didn't wanna know
I was going studio
She didn't wanna go
I was on my grind so low, I was broke
Only had cats, no yats on my phone
Now I'm chilling in Ibiza
Chilling with Tanisha
She got balloons, I be smoking my reefah
Suns out, bums out
Looking like a diva
I just wanna get a likkle slice of your piza pum
I don't say names just to make it rhyme
You can check my phonebook
All these chicks are mine
Got my Asian spice, living up in Dubai
When Chanel acts up, I just catch a flight
No light, light, light-ups look at my guy
Had the match for Raheem
Had a hell of a time
Had a glass of whine, then finessed the spice
Let's bet, I could beat that before July

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And I was on my lonelys before this
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(Brixton baby)
She didn't wanna know me