

J'adore

Strandz

Girl, you know the gritty
Grimey, South of London
Where niggas grip guns
That's where I come from
I'll give you some, some to dance for me girl
Innocent one, so bad for me, yeah
Expensive, she give me her number for free
And said, "If we get to dating, boy, the dinner ain't cheap"
I said, "Slide with me, baby, and we gon' see"
Now she love me
But, boy, you should have seen the receipt

Chop more, she choppin' my money
Top floor, like (boy, do you love me?)
J'adore, she want it, she got it (j'adore, I want it, he cop it
)
Chop more, she choppin' my money
Top floor, like (boy, do you love me?)
J'adore, she want it, she got it (j'adore, I want it, he cop it
)

Don't get it twisted, she hustlin' just like me
We talkin' business, just taught her 'bout the VAT
Damn, I love it when she tell me she been pushing the P
Girl, come and count this money while I'm rubbing your feet
Ain't no other nigga done it like me
I think I even love her mind more than I love her physique
I repeat, you fuck with her, then boy, you fuckin' with me
And I might not be Lidge if I catch you on the streets, nigga

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