

## New Type

Summer Walker

I'm feeling on these silk sheets  
And I'm filling up these silk sheets  
With legs, hips, thighs, ass  
Legs, hips, thighs, ass  
I'm feeling on these silk sheets  
Oh, I'm feeling so alone  
Wish I had a man to make me whole  
Whole  
Turn this big ass house into a home  
Home

And I  
I'm  
I'm watching my cell phone ring  
Watching my shit light up  
I got hood niggas blowing me up, I  
I  
I, I  
I, I  
Not tonight  
Tonight, tonight  
I gotta new type, new type, new type  
New type

Trick daddy looking motherfucker  
Swear 'fore God I never wanna see another  
Hoes on the top, on the bottom, way up under  
Arguing on the phone with your ugly baby mother  
Sleeping on the couch of the house of your mother  
You can't live with me so won't you try and find another?  
Fucking round with me, you gon' end up on your own  
Have your stuff out on the street, won't you go and call Tyrone-rone?

I know I'm ugly but I'm interesting  
You know I'm flirting with ya  
You want that perfect picture  
No filter, simple living  
Simping, always listen  
Guilt him so there's no suspicion  
Low ambition  
Wanna live his life without my BM in my DM saying junior miss him  
I show up with a happy meal, your attitude ain't happy  
You tell my son his daddy broke, he hear you laughing at me  
Nigga, get the fuck outta here with that broke ass McDonald's  
I'm from around the way, your cousin went to Abernathy  
I knew you when your wig ain't have no lace, I loved you nappy  
Girl, now why you cappin'?  
That ass ain't yours, I can't afford, I'm waitin' on my taxes  
But you look good, been on your Erykah, I drive through Texas  
You said to call Tyrone  
You know they booked him in January  
I'm doing 9 to 5, he wanna eat off my commissary  
You want me doing life, I'm not the type to wife  
And call me trifling, but I ain't no

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