

For The Streets Interlude

Summrs

(You never showed up)

Your hair long, you on your shit and your ass fat
My money long, you my type and you know that
I was wonderin' if we could fuck with no strings attached
I don't want no feelings involved, I don't fuck with that
You looking good, I pulled up on you in the matte black
I had Chanel on, you had Prada on, I fuck with that
And I'm toxic, you toxic too, I love that
Your eyes green, my money green, I love that
I promise if you take one more shot, you gon' be out
In the hills, baby, I love it, you see the skyline and the clouds
Fuck you in your lingerie and I make you moan real loud
We both get to the money so we can't fall out
I'm a real nigga, baby, you ain't had that type in your life
I'm a real nigga, baby, we can fuck but you can't be my wife
Heart broken so I love it when you hold me tight
You said I'm for the streets, yeah, I was with a bitch last night
With a bitch last night

You said I was for the streets, I was with a bitch just the other night
You said I was for the streets, I was with a bitch last night
You said I was for the streets, I was just with a bitch last night
You said I was for the streets, I was just with a bitch last night