

What We Have

Summrs

What do you desire?
(Woah, woah, woah, woah)
Bitch, haha
(Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh)

You taking my soul and I know you feel like this won't last
I'm on my last line, I feel like I'm sippin' it too fast
They think that they know, but they tryna figure out what we have

I'm still mixing drugs and I know it's not good for my health

Stop actin' like you know what's in my cup
Don't worry 'bout it, I'm tryna' 'fess my love
Fuck the rest, it's just us
If I score on a pint of Act', I'm puttin' it up
If a nigga try take that, then it's up and it's stuck, I'm puttin' him up
Booty softer than the pillows in a Maybach
I ain't tryna' turn up baby, I'm laid back
Sippin' Hi-Tec, I'm relaxed
This feels so good, you gon' make me relapse
I bought you Dior, you don't know how to act
You got my back, and that's that
In the S Class, I'm tryna drop the top
You look better than a pint of Wock'
Let me stop, I'm just playin'
We gon' be good, just stick to the plan
Tryna grow up, tryna be a man, buy some land
R.I.P. Gran
When she left me, I was so hurt man
I was tryna hold the tears back, but I can't
Free my mans out the can
If I love you, I'ma love you 'till the end
But my trust fucked up, it's hard to let you in

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