

## Internet (Connection)

Supa Bwe

Old bitch ungrateful, I hope my new girl like me for who I am  
And not just Supa Bwe the A-hole  
I just became the type you wanna take home  
Baby I'ma dog, I'ma shark, I'ma Mako  
Running from labels  
Running through levels  
Still questioning God 'cause I feel for the devil  
Was dude just as salty as me  
Salty as sea, salty as these  
After I'm done running a 3-A  
To run for me, aye  
She 21 now  
Feel 23, how  
I run the 3-A  
Yo shit bland, ya'll call that slept on  
If that shit dope, that shit stepped on  
And I know dope, baby  
I know coke, baby  
I know pills, baby  
I know how to turn my vocals into dollar bills, baby  
Just keep it real, baby  
I've been fucked over  
Over and over  
It's over you  
Just what I 'oughta  
Don't make me wait, ma  
The food getting cold again  
Give me youth when you touch me, baby  
Please, I need some fire when you fuck me, baby  
Please, I ain't too proud to beg  
Don't make me wait, ma  
The food getting cold again  
Give me youth when you touch me, baby  
Please, I need some fire when you fuck me, baby  
Please, I ain't too proud to beg, yeah