

Lightweight

T. Mills

Go, go
Can't nobody pimp me
Neighbours home, I'm fuckin while they listenin'
Black girls are siblings
I got a thing for sisters, you with me?
Yeah, I'm high as a bitch
Pull the sheets off the bed
She ghost ride the dick
And I really gotta ask,
Is there flash on the camera
'Cause your face from California
But your ass from Atlanta, oh
First time, she was gaspin forever
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever
Put it on your tongue, taste that
And lemme get it from the back, take that
And you ain't gotta be shy
When the video leak
You know the critics gon' rate that
Yeah do that shit
Said ya man hold it down, better move that shit
Go

Seven grams in a blunt
It's lightweight
Every day I double cup
It's lightweight
Your girl wanna fuck
It's lightweight
When you see me in the club, you might hate
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight

I'm having sex in the city, Carrie Bradshaw
Motherfucker, I see the same pussy your dad saw
Yeah, I'm official like a gun and a badge drawn
And gettin' paid while I fuck 'em with my vans on
She ain't a bitch like a lushie
But she a pro, she don't even need instruction
Light another one before the blunt ends
I want you, you want her, and your drunk friend
I wake up with no pants on
Ménage à trois in Paris
Yeah, I had to get my France on
And then I let her get her dance on
She let me bust on her face when her man gone
And she love to do gymnastics
So I tell her to come over and we practice
Yeah do that shit
Said ya man hold you down, better move that shit
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Pop a bottle, pop a bottle, pop a bottle, girl
Pop a bottle, pop a bottle, pop a bottle, girl
Where the money at?
Hit the lotto, girl
Where the money at?
Hit the lotto, girl
Pop a bottle, pop a bottle, pop a bottle, girl
Pop a bottle, pop a bottle, pop a bottle, girl
She a motherfuckin' lighthweight
It's all motherfuckin' lightweight

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