

Sweatpants

Terror Jr

Give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours
Give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours

I know a girl, she a fitness model
She do coke and hit the bottle
Fake tits, plastic in her hips, poison on her lips
I wanna grow weed up north
I don't like big city shit no more
I wanna be left alone
Small ass circle just fucking with my own

You can tell them that you ride
But you ain't gon' die
Could flex all up on them socials
But you ain't that hot

I got my sweatpants on, ooh, ooh
I'm a comfy bitch, get used to it
Fuckin' hoes with my sweatpants on, ooh, ooh
Get over it, I'm a comfy bitch

(Fucking bitches like)
Give me yours, give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours
Give me yours, give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours

I'm just me, at the sunset, against the headrest
In my summer dress, cashing big checks like I'm under dressed
Really over your head when you're givin' me yours
Givin' me yours, yours
You're calling that work but it's chores
Calling that rich but it's poor

You can tell them that you ride
But you ain't gon' die
Could flex all up on them socials
I got my

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(Fucking bitches like)
Give me yours, give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours
Give me yours, give me yours, give me yours
Give, give me yours

Fucking bitches with my sweatpants on, get over it