

All That (Lady)

The Game

You know I love you like cooked food, I'm a good dude
Let's hit the Roscoe's on Pico, I'm in a hood mood
I'm sittin' here thinkin' 'bout all the things I could do
So what you should do is
Play your position for Berkin bags, we poppin' tags
Her shoe game sick, we drinkin' Ace out of Red Bottles
True gang shit, fuck with me and you're famous
Kanye'd my bitch, now she's away from the nameless
Camera flashes from strangers, turn a Range to a manger
Jesus piece on the plate, yea my baby an angel
Fell straight up out of Heaven into what we into
Who knew we'd grew into, whatever we into
That's too much for your mental so we snapback that
Game on point like the stripes on my Gucc backpack
My ladybug, yea she cool like that
In them Trues, why you move like that

You know my lady always on
She know I need it so
She know she can get
All that, all that, all that, all that, all that
My lady got me going
I'm where she already knows
She knows she can get
All that, all that, all that

Uh, you my lady
And that pussy feel like a haven
We can make babies, let's be creative
She say leave them tricks alone but I'm a skater
I love her like her daddy, told her no man would
I got a lot of bad bitches, she the only one good
I got her flowers for nothing, she smiling and blushing
If I don't answer my phone, then we probably fucking, ya
She love my tattoos
Ain't got no room for her name but I'm a make room
She let her hair down, we have a stare down
She said "I'm glad you ate it, where my cap & gown?"
Told her "I can be your chauffeur, " dick like a limo
Multiple orgasms, that's my M.O
Redbone pretty
I kiss her from her titty to her clitty

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Look, my girl's sweet like my hotel floor
From where they ran through more keys than a hotel door
Indeed, give her the D now the whole hotel know
Feel like I'm looking down from Heaven screaming "Oh, Hell no!"
When you hop on top, girl, that's what it feel like

She always had a player back like them field lights
And every time I left it ain't feel right
Cheated on her and she stayed, that's just real life
Cause it's hard when you ain't on the same coast
Burning bread in the club so all these girls want toast
Hoes try and wave but we ain't on the same boat
They trying to sink everything that we made float
She told me 'bout her ex man, her old boy stories
And how she had a dildo, you know, toy stories
Don't fuck her on her period, ain't into horror stories
I take her to my favorite restaurant, she order for me
Cause she know me

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I'm feeling your style
I'm loving your swag
I like how your jeans fit
You're killing that bag
You working them heels
Your diamonds are real
You give me the chills, girl
You all that...