

Oh I

The Game

Bongo by the way

Oh, my
You keep that to yourself
Oh, my
You don't trust no one else
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Met her backstage at a Tiller show
She said I got a reputation, I'm that nigga though
She tryna play hard to get, but I'ma get it though
She say she ain't that type of girl, she sendin' pictures though
She get naked on the Snap 'cause it disappear
I seen that pussy for a sec' and I said, "Bring it here"
See the way that I'ma fuck you, you ain't ever did
I'ma fuck you everywhere and baby I ain't ever scared
Are you prepared to sit in the club with thugs?
I'm hopin' you there 'cause all that we got is trust
You got friends, they don't fuck with me like that
So in return I don't fuck with 'em right back
I could have fucked one, I could have fucked two
But I'm only fuckin' you, what you goin' through?
Now you mad, textin' in all caps
Like I just didn't put my kids on your back

Oh, my
You keep that to yourself
(The way you do it, baby)
(It's drivin' me crazy)
Oh, I
You don't trust no one else
(The way you do it, baby)
(It's drivin' me crazy)
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm so gone off your love, I'm so gone
I'm so gone, I'm so gone, I'm so gone (aw yeah)
I'm so gone off your love and you know
I'm so gone, I'm so gone, I'm so gone (I'm so gone)
I got drunk off your love and throwed up (bleh)
Pour my heart inside your double cup
Out the park when the first batter up
I got scars from her nails when we fuck (let's go, ayy)
I wanna see your boobs [?] some [?]
Black diamonds in your chain, you a [?]
Chrome Heart clear lenses when you lurkin'
Ain't a thousand dollar bag, you a Birkin
Workin', 800 in a bag, you ain't worth it
Heard you dropped out of school, was you workin'? (She workin')
No climax from your man? He ain't worth it
Hundred racks on purses, she's mine

Oh, my
You keep that to yourself
(The way you do it, baby)
(It's drivin' me crazy)
Oh, my

You don't want no one else
(The way you do it, baby)
(It's drivin' me crazy)
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Hell yes
Her body talkin' to a nigga, say less
I'm fuckin' up her weave, need a hair net
I'ma put your body on bed rest
Late nights, took her out to Maestro's
She can get the lobster for the backstroke
You know how to love it when I ask though
Make a nigga feel good that it's the last stroke

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Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah