

Drippin' off my fingertips
Tell me how you like that shit
I'ma let you get off quick
Once I get inside, that's it

I'ma shoot the club up, shoot the club up
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Your boy Juicy J, mane, let's get it, hey

Tore the club up, then I shot your club up
I might love her, I ain't use no rubber
She said don't worry 'bout that shit, you know I'm safe
I said don't matter anyway, bitch, it's too late
Throwback is a never, I know, I know better
Let her get on top, she came all on my Gucci sweater
Hope this not a set up, she just want some feta
Let her get me for my dough, no, I can't go, never
Million dollar nuts all up in her guts
Let's shoot a movie, cut, these hoes I cannot trust
Different diamond cuts, these chains all tangled up
Is it love or lust? I think I'm finna bust

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