

Never Fall In Love

Tom MacDonald

Yeah, yeah

Yeah

Turned twenty one in the club with the motherfucking girls on a Thursday
She just wanna dance, she just wanna get lit barely her way
She don't wanna drink, she don't want a blunt, she just wanna fuck them boys
up
She just wanna do her thing
And never fall in love
She just wanna do her thing
And never fall in love
And never fall in love
And never fall in love
With a dude who could trip while she do her thing

Late with the red dough

All she do is spend

Whipping in the rental, buying for a friend

Living on a budget, turning up all week like "fuck it"

Getting in too deep, getting lucky

Parents got a fortune and they never let her touch it

Spend what she make then she make money right back

Square one, how you like that?

Text with a man who will write back

Send a booty pic like "yeah, bet you'll like that, like that"

She don't care about a ring, she just wanna do her thing with it

When they judge all the bitches in the room she'll always be her own worst critic

Red bottoms with the LV

New purse with the LV

House party out in Long Beach, with her day ones smoking on hemp trees

Don't get 'em already, on the Gram, on the Twitter, on the Snapchat

Made back on the man with the cheddar

Bunch of bitches come around but she kill it now

She turned twenty one in the club with the motherfucking girls on a Thursday

She just wanna dance, she just wanna get lit barely her way

She don't wanna drink, she don't want a blunt, she just wanna fuck them boys
up

She just wanna do her thing

And never fall in love

She just wanna do her thing

And never fall in love

And never fall in love

And never fall in love

With a dude who could trip while she do her thing

Old money at the bank still, she living at the spot, oh

Got a crib in the Black Hills, but she came from Chicago

She ain't tryna go back, homemade

Looking hella paid in a Thursday throwback

She just wanna do what's cool at the moment
Rent a house and a whip but she never ever owned it
She been fly though, got her eyes low
Got her hair done, nails done, little summertime, post fly though
She just wanna do her thing, she just wanna do her thing
She just want a couch on her house on the beach
She don't want a kid, she'll be happy with her needs
Let me slide through the crib all cool with it
You know I'm a fool with it, freak I'm 'a howl at the moon with it
Break a couple rules in the pool with it, show you something new with it
Eat it like I shoulda been a food critic
Bend it over in the kitchen at your condo, I know you just wanna do your thing

She turned twenty one in the club with the motherfucking girls on a Thursday
She just wanna dance, she just wanna get lit barely her way
She don't wanna drink, she don't want a blunt, she just wanna fuck them boys
up
She just wanna do her thing
And never fall in love
She just wanna do her thing
And never fall in love
And never fall in love
And never fall in love
With a dude who could trip while she do her thing

And never fall in love