

# Rainclouds In Paris

Tom MacDonald

I ain't tryna make no new friends  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
And she loves me  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
But she loves me and she do

And I'm fucked up and her ass up  
And she look back and then pass the blunt  
And she twerk out 'til we burn out  
And we wake up like "where's the blunt?"  
She so down and her friends down and I'm so down for like whatever  
She so sexy, she so wet like rain clouds in Paris, Paris

Gimme a drag of that smoke hoe, gimme a drag of that smoke  
Gimme a drag of that smoke hoe, gimme a drag of that smoke  
Gimme a drag of that, fuck a movie night where your panties at  
Put 'em on and go riding 'round and I'll take 'em off when we back again  
Like work, work  
I know what it is when she pulling on my hair and my shirt (that's cool)

Chilling with a couple different women on my phone  
And they'd die for like they all going blonde but they brunettes  
And they do things like undress but they don't change  
They naked, naked and they not tryna make it  
They just wanna fuck me even after I get famous  
And I'm rolling 'round with their cartel  
Weed strong like barbels  
We stoned like gargoyles  
Fuck that new car smell  
Eyes red like they were open underwater  
More shooters on her phone than a fucking bartender  
Never tried to tell her I needed her to kill them  
But there's bodies in the closet and there's guys I wasn't feeling  
Three shots to the head dog, these bitches show no mercy  
One, two, three, oh, I call that bullshit twelve-thirty, like  
Strips down to some lingerie, she can't lie with them hips  
Strips down to her lingerie with a cigarette on her lips  
And I'm like

Gimme a drag of that smoke hoe, gimme a drag of that smoke  
Gimme a drag of that smoke hoe, gimme a drag of that smoke  
Bunch of hoes hanging out with us and like one girl that I really love  
But that tension is my inspiration, God bless my ladies  
Work, work, work, work  
I know what it is when she pulling on my hair and my shirt, shirt, shirt, shirt

She know what it is when I'm fucking her instead of doing work, work, work  
We know how it goes but the hoes gotta share it  
French kiss that pussy, rain clouds in Paris

Fucking in the back of the Range Rove'  
Got the blunt lit and champagne poured

She vibrate on my D while she shows me how loud the bass go  
She super fine and I'm super nice  
And we probably had too many wild nights  
Fuck all that shit, we living in this bitch like we died twice  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
I ain't tryna make no new friends  
Bunch of bad bitches in the same room, tryna lie with me and be true friends  
I ain't tryna find no new love  
I ain't tryna find no new love  
I ain't tryna find out why you need that fuck around with your dude love

And I'm fucked up, fucked up  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck  
She twerk out, twerk out, twerk out  
She so down, so down, so down for like whatever  
She so wet, she so wet, like rain clouds in Paris, Paris, Paris, Paris

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