

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, 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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