

But I try to give you
Baby, I can't give you my everything
No, yeah
Baby, I can't give you my... lot of me

Baby, I can't give you my everything (no)
These streets took a lot of me
I'm sayin', I ain't never give you anything (no)
But I try to give you all of me
I know I might sound a little confused
I might be a little confused
You're supposed to be my everything (no)
But I gotta face the fact of everything

Fuck the mall up, we blowin' dollars
She say hit it 'til she holler
How we stuff that lil' pootie with all that Louie and that Prada
a
Even let her hit that la-la-la
Told me use my fingers while I'm kissin' on her na-na-na
Where you practise that at? 'Cause you told me you was kinda shy
Think she wanna fuck me too, don't tell me what your friend say
Instagram post, that ass gettin' fat, "hey big head"
Say she glad to see me, well
Her new nigga don't treat her well
She let me treat her BBL and better things
Shoes by the door, house clean, the floors very clean
Old work callin', I don't pick up, I just let it ring
She might get some dick and some Dior but can't get everything
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