

## Like I Do

## Ty Dolla \$ign

Dun Deal on the track

I be so high I can't think straight  
Fuck ten times went on no dates  
She asked me for some money, shoulda seen my face  
Fuck her at the hotel, not my place  
Till she go to sleep  
I asked her whose it is, she said only me  
When I fuck her on top, she get on to me  
Look me all in my eyes, she want more of me

No, he can't fuck you like I do  
Fuck you like I do it girl, fuck you like I do  
You ain't satisfied with your nigga, tell the truth  
He can't fuck you like I do it girl, fuck you like I do  
Aaah, Aaah, Aaah, Aaah  
Aaah, Aaah, Aaah, Aaah

Street nigga, rubber bands  
Stripper pole, stripper stands  
Front to back, chest to chest  
Pull her hair (pullin' her), you know the rest  
I just want, turn it, turn it, (yeah)  
Shawty thick, and she learn it  
Won't tap, but it's right back to the money  
And I just wanna fuck, she just wanna cuddle  
Don't ask me for no money, you may get in trouble  
Street nigga I hustle, ratchet bitches I love 'em  
Bougie bitches I love 'em, lame niggas they cuff 'em  
Wanna street nigga in your presence  
Your boyfriend in trouble  
Eye contact, we done that, in that Maybach on leather  
And you already know it

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Threw a hundred on the watch, put the time in  
Shawty grindin' side to side like a violin  
Crib 36 Chambers, I'm from Shaolin  
Threw 30 in the clip, made it smile  
Money gotta whole lot of it  
Gold chains, gold bottles

New crib, my college, one plane, four pilots  
All she say is "do it, do it, do it, do it, do"  
I, make the money and blew it, threw it  
Gucci, Louis Vuitton  
And I heard that nigga, he be talkin' 'bout me  
When she with that nigga, she be talkin' 'bout me  
Hopped up out the Wraith to the Porsche drop

Watch the doors go up and the jaws drop

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Call me, if he don't arrive  
Call me and, what side you on girl?  
Just let me know, you down to ride  
Nothing to it, it's whatever babe  
It's whatever baby, yeah