

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