Young Chop on the beat Ooh, oh, oh, oh She's gonna get, oh

My night runs into morning, all the time
And through my phone I'm scrolling, bang my line
Off that drank it's hard to focus (focus)
Seems like I'm always chosen by romantics that are hopeless
We can make arrangements though
And if you down, down, who knows, uh
I might just do you like we lovin', yeah
Or make you my numero uno

She don't allow herself
To miss nobody else
I've had days where I was dolo
But I never caught a bad case of FoMO
Don't talk to me about your previous
You know I'm that times two
Penthouse jumpin' from the front to back room
Girls goin' wild, showin' off new tattoos

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We get aggressive You be undressin' Making a mess and Cleaning it up when we done I got a serious question Do you like sex? If you thinkin' yes Then I'm tryna test you Say I'm Khalifa, the best But I got money to get I gotta hop on a jet Probably don't call, I'ma text Hop in my car, it get wet I'm getting all of my checks I'm winning all of my bets No, I ain't lettin' you down Baby, I'm giving a hundred percent

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I can't keep my mind off you
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