

When You Got Lashes On

YN Jay

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)
Ayy, when you got lashes on
Shit, when you got lashes on
I like the way your eye-
Yeah

I like the way your eyes look when you got lashes on
I like the way your eyes look when you got lashes on
I like the way your eyes look when you got lashes on
I like the way your eyes look when you got lashes on
I like the way your head look when your hair done
I like the way your head feel, this a head song
I just got some head in the car when I was headed home
I lost my motherfuckin' mind, now my head gone

Shot him in the head, he still alive, this nigga head strong
Ain't mad the coochie left, I'm mad the head gone
He died in the outfit, now he got dead clothes
He died listenin' to the wrong person, he was lead wrong
Tossed the guns in the Flint river, now the lead gone
They shot him in his head, now his dreads gone
Nigga died in the studio, he made a dead song
I did some shit for the right purpose, but I was dead wrong
They shot below the waist, that's how his legs gone
He spent all the dough, that's why the bread gone
Nigga, what the fuck he said?
Bro, I got a AR in the crib, nigga, I limp walk
Drac' like a number two pencil, it got lead, bro
I got a bad-ass bitch on my head, bro
She really think I came for some cat, but I want head, though
It's been ten years, they still think he alive, that nigga dead, bro
Put a silencer on my gun, look like a peg, bro
I just lost my motherfuckin' top, where my head go?
Why you keep tryna fuck this bitch if she said no?
Why is it killers on your head? Because I said go
Why it ain't no mattress in your room? Where your bed go?
Knock spaghetti out a nigga head, it look like egg yolk
Why is my bitch mad as hell because her nail broke?
You can't stand next to me because you smell broke
I heard your bitch coochie hot as hell, though
I know you be on fake shit, keep it real, though
My opps woulda been dead if it was real smoke
I just pulled up with a pint and it was sealed, though

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)

I love the way your face look when you got glasses on
Me and Manny on a private jet, we'll crash it, though
You can't get a ticket to my show, you don't have to go

My bitch pretty in the face, she a smacker, though
Fuck around and poured my drank out, I left he cabinet open
You don't wanna buy these hundred 'bows, I know bastard want 'em
Fucked my lil' young bitch twice and gave her daddy something
I like the way your feet look when your toes did
I love how you ride the dick and give me slow head
I love your pretty-ass face, big-ass forehead
Love when you lie to your man and say your phone dead
Hit her with the-
Hit her with the lemon pepper wing with the bone-in
Bitch pussy walls insulated, I did a song in it
I love when I prove my bitch right, I'm not the wrong nigga
I love when you wear Crocs with your lil' scrubs
I love when you grab the Epsom salt and put me in the tub
I'm feelin' good, I love how you look, you finna get a dub
I love when I check her location, she not in the club
I love how she was actin' when she thought I hit her sister up
I hate how she walk, she got a little butt
I love when she get her lashes done with the little bun (Yeah, Baby, you did
this one)