

# Lovey Dovey

YNW Bortlen

(Dmac on the fucking track)

Even if she say she love me, I can't give in knowing I can't love  
I just wanna be friends and fuck  
I ain't tryna tie you down and be your man  
All about this money, and love can't fit in  
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It's all about the grind, feelings don't fit in  
Shawty say she miss me but I ain't tryna miss these bands  
I don't want no kisses, bae, I'm tryna get my money up  
Broken heart, no love, quick to cut a bitch off  
Pull up, we get missing, we in the wind  
[?] I told her what's up  
Groupie, you, girl, that's what come with  
You see blue, yeah, that come with it  
These hoes see something wrong with it  
If you fuck with me, gotta grind with me  
You flake then you gotta go, 'cause shotta 'bout to blow

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Rich, in the meantime, I ain't mean nothing

You the baddest I done ever seen when I ain't seen you  
Them other bitches wanna be you  
Clocked in, you know I'm ready to make the block spin  
Convertible, don't know where the top is  
And I can't remember the last time I ever heard the clock tick  
This a Rolex, don't hear the clock tick, yeah  
Boss bitch but you ain't mine  
I can't be lovey-dovey, I'm tryna fuck all the time, yeah  
I tell the truth, yeah, you divine  
But shit, me too, I hit it good and then I lick on your spine  
Ayy, I got my weight up  
Now a nigga only think 'bout paper  
Ayy, it used to be me and you  
I was tryna ball like a Laker  
From the 315 like [?]  
You got a country accent but you not from Decatur  
You know what it is  
Girl, what you need? 'Cause I'm a cater  
Ain't no lovey-dovey though, for real  
Girl, what you need? 'Cause I'm a cater