

Catching Feelings

YNW Melly

Whoa, uh
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm

I know you tired of seeing a young nigga locked up
But it ain't my fault, lil' bitch, they stay calling them cops, bruh
And I know you say you down to ride and that you keep it real
But don't you know that it's something that I ain't never feel
But I feel it when I'm with ya
I'm tryna get to know ya
Never met a real street nigga
Well, baby, let me show ya
Uh, uh
Go on then bend it over, ooh
She obedient, she do what I told her

Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
I think I'm catching feelings
I don't know what to do
Girl, I'm tryna f*ck with you
Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
I think I'm catching feelings
You got me so confused
Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
I think I'm catching feelings
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Girl, I'm tryna f*ck with you
Girl, I wanna f*ck with you
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I'm so confused

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Make love to me
If you go or die
Keep in touch with me
The way you wear your hair is because of me
So, why you never ever show no love to me
Don't say a word, just get on top and make sweet love to me
Ooh, I know, I know you f*ck with me
You know it's Melly baby, so go on and bend it over
Never met a real street nigga that's exactly what I told her
Uh, ooh, she from Atlanta, Georgia
You know my car don't run on keys, they run on Florida water
Bad hoes, superfine
So divine, just be mine
Ayy, ayy, oh no, if I'm catching feelings, do I let her go?
'Cause you know
I was feeling, I was feeling how I'm f*cked up in this jam
Where the f*ck you was at when I was locked up in the ground
Bitch, I don't know how to love, so teach me how
Bitch, you ain't shit to me, hit the door
(Bitch you green as f*ck)
I can't f*ck witcha no more
Damn, ha ha ha, you silly ho (Oh no)

That's why I know you slurp that dick like go on and bend it over
Stop playing with a nigga like me
100 Bands, and your niggas asleep (Girl)