Like That

Yo Gotti

No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no (RockBoyBeats)
No, no, no, no (That nigga Ladd got the truth), yeah

I would take you to Chanel if you want me to (If you want me to)
Put your foot over your head while I'm fuckin' you (While I'm fuckin' you)
When you say you miss me, I can't tell if it's true
So nowadays I just lie and say, "I miss you too" (Uh)
But I only bought you Chanel 'cause I wanted you
You let me fuck you with your friend so I don't cheat on you
You always put me in my bag, that's where I'm comfortable
And then I get another bag for her

Fuck a bag, bae, let's get a bag, bae
We get money, we ain't trippin' on what the tag say
Went got the Rolls truck, you got the matching Wraith
You ain't wanna have the threesome, you wanted to play it safe
Now you a big ol', big ol' freak, comin' out your body
Long as I got you and you got me we don't need nobody
I ain't gon' lie like I'm just perfect, go buy you some purses
Cover up the pain when I know you out here hurtin'
I'm tryna fast forward you, passport you, make a couple memories
Fuck you with no rubber, uh, make a couple mini-mes
Turn your ex to a hater, make him envy me
You know I'm locked in these streets 'til they sentence me (Yeah)

I would take you to Chanel if you want me to (If you want me to)
Put your foot over your head while I'm fuckin' you (While I'm fuckin' you)
When you say you miss me, I can't tell if it's true
So nowadays I just lie and say, "I miss you too" (Uh)
But I only bought you Chanel 'cause I wanted you
You let me fuck you with your friend so I don't cheat on you
You always put me in my bag, that's where I'm comfortable
And then I get another bag for her

No, no, no, no
I could tell you don't fuck with real niggas like that (No, no, no, no)
No, no, no, no
I could tell you don't fuck with real niggas like that (No, no, no, no)

Fuck being mad, I'd rather blow a bag
She said he cheated, broke her heart, she wanna pay him back
You gotta think beyond the surface, you gotta protect the brand
Every queen got a purpose, you thinking like you worthless
Fuck the purses and gifts, cars and the crib without the deeds and slips
Is it really yours? Is it really yours? I can hear it in your voice, that pussy moist
I know you think that you don't got a choice, if you want a real nigga the choice is yours
The money yours, new Porsche, Saint Laurent, Fendi, and Christian Dior (Yeah)

I would take you to Chanel if you want me to (If you want me to)
Put your foot over your head while I'm fuckin' you (While I'm fuckin' you)
When you say you miss me, I can't tell if it's true
So nowadays I just lie and say, "I miss you too" (Uh)

But I only bought you Chanel 'cause I wanted you
You let me fuck you with your friend so I don't cheat on you
You always put me in my bag, that's where I'm comfortable
And then I get another bag for her

I bought you Chanel 'cause I wanted you (I wanted you)
I fucked you with your friend 'cause you told me we was cool like that (Yeah
)
Spent the bag, made you comfortable (Comfortable)
Baby, I could tell you don't fuck with real niggas like that (Oh, no)
No, no, no, no
I could tell you don't fuck with real niggas like that (No, no, no, no)
No, no, no, no
I could tell you don't fuck with real niggas like that (No, no, no, no)

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!