

Celly

Young T & Bugsey

You can pull up
3 in the morning
Needing your touch

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I'm waiting for it
Tell me when you're ready
Now I'm waiting for your message on the cellly

20 on me and I still hit block the rolling
My cellly, it blowing
Popping the rose Moët
I gave her the keys, it's yours, you own it
Skin golden, Kelly Rolland
I'm living in the moment
Straight Cali I'm toking
Where is your dargs, phone 'em
I'm in her Lotus
I make it open
Dior massager I need
Skinny Slim Amiri Jeans
No, they wish this wasn't me
Man, I seen her take a bean
She gon' make it trampoline
Bro gon' grease up di machine
Now they treating me supreme
From the Fifth to Tennessee, yeah
Tell your brody take easy
He get one life, this ain't no replay

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Big Boogers on me like a runny nose
She might be in love with me but it ain't one of those
Game ain't based on sympathy, it's based on dollar notes
Drop the top while out in traffic, do it unprovoked
I'm in a yardy dance with Dolce and some Vivienne's
Bro don't do La-Di-Da, bag up the Z's, get rid of them
Her waist Somalian, her bundles they Brazilian
She in the lobby, buzz her up, can't see civilians
Ice on me, cold-blooded, yeah, yeah
Katrina water, Aquafina flooded, yeah, yeah
Doggy Dogg hydraulics, ooh yeah, yeah
In the trap narcotics, ooh yeah, yeah, yeah

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