

Can't Keep It Up

Young Thug

(Goose with another one)

Ooh, baby, I just wanna tug you from your hair
Ooh, ahh
I got a Kaswaki, let me run it on the stairs
Luh, ah
I fuck 'round speed it up when she tell me slow it down
I can't keep it up, bae, I'm 'bout to cum now
Something 'bout your smell, your baby hairs laid down, no gel
You know very well that YSL wiped off the spell, uh

Dropping the top off the Benz, uh
I really spin, I don't really want no friends
I got a model friend, tall as a man
I gotta bunch of xans, we'll be up when we land
Uhh, ahh, ahh
You a heaven in the sky, baby
Dressing designer [?] you a fly baby
I can dine your woes every night, baby
I don't wanna tell you that you whine too much
I ain't tryna, baby, yeah, but you gotta gargle my nuts
Fuck you so hard get charged with domestic, yup
Private door ajar, we don't do domestic, yo
Hop up out a frog-eye Benz
When we get married, divorce your friends
Horse and a carriage, your pussy pink like a pig
Why this bitch pussy pink like a pig?

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After I beat it up, she told me she'll hold it down
If I eat it up, it's rare 'cause I don't donate the crown
I stay drippy, yeah, we the freshest in the town
We stay VV'd up, majority all my shit bust down
I used to be lost, now I'm found
I go soft, she can get it hard for another round
I break her heart, I think she'll be scarred for a while
Committed to my vows, I take care of you like a child
Thanking God, He blessed me with a sound
I made it far, I'ma let you wear the style
I fuck her raw, ass poking out her gown
I dog her like a hound, stay smoking out a pound

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