

Trance

Young Thug

Touch me, tease me, touch me, tease me
(Yo, bitch, I'm the big Balenciaga mama)
Touch me, tease me, touch me, tease me
(Been bringin' the drama, big don dada, you can't even name a bitch hotter than this)
Queen shit, bring him down to his knee shit
You know what the fuck I'm talking 'bout, lil' bitch
Pimps down, hoes up, you feel me?
(It's that Trappin N London for sure)

Hunnid racks, big bag, fat ass
I'ma pop my shit, you know I'ma pop my shit
He say, "Damn, baby, you done got some ass on you"
He love how I make it dance, put 'em in a trance like this
Good frame on me, can't get close 'less you comin' with a check, spend your bag on this
Need the Cartier shades with the Rollie iced out
And I need it right now, need baguetties on my wrist

When she saw the diamonds, went in cardiac arrest (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Tried to slide on a nigga and I heard he got caught up with the rest (Grrah, ooh, ooh, ooh)
She a bad bitch, gotta get the best
Fuckin' on the cloud, got her pilotin' the jet (Skrtrt)
Balenciaga mama in the 'Vette (Skrtrt)
Tryna slide on a nigga
And I heard she got caught up with the rest

New shoes, I done Jimmy-ed my Choos
You can't walk like this, you can't even talk like this
I'ma boss-ass bitch, let a bitch throw dirt on my name
I'ma get the bitch rocked like Chris
Can't stop my drip, I've been flexin' on my opps like this
I'ma put it on, no off switch
Put this shit on every day
I got these hoes drownin' tryna ride the wave, yeah
You won't get a Cinderella
You better be comin' with purses and chains
He got him a new addition
And you knowin' Karlæ be the one to blame, shame
These bitches thought that they was in my lane
Think they compare, these hoes must be insane
He say he want a bitch with perfect shape
Well, baby, no need to look the other way

Hunnid racks, big bag, fat ass
I'ma pop my shit, you know I'ma pop my shit
He say, "Damn, baby, you done got some ass on you"
He love how I make it dance, put 'em in a trance like this
Good frame on me, can't get close 'less you comin'
With a check, spend your bag on this
Need the Cartier shades with the Rollie iced out
And I need it right now, need baguetties on my wrist

When she saw the diamonds, went in cardiac arrest (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Tried to slide on a nigga and I heard he got caught up with the rest (Grrah, ooh, ooh, ooh)

She a bad bitch, gotta get the best
Fuckin' on the cloud, got her pilotin' the jet (Skrrt)
Balenciaga mama in the 'Vette (Skrrt)
Tryna slide on a nigga and I heard she got caught up with the rest

I can't show you how to cook
You gotta know how to cook (You gotta know how to cook)
I know how to make it look, I do this shit by the book (Shit by the book)
She said she wanna a new ass and titties
I told her, "It's already booked" (Booked)
She wanna fuck in the dark
Told her cut on the light 'cause I like how it look (Ooh)
Got on dope boy Nikes when I fuck
Got a black four-five and you know it's on tuck
She a freak, she can suck, she can fuck
With her teeth, she know how to make love
Beat the pussy like Terminator, spread her like exterminator
Hunnid racks stacked on the table, brrah, name in the papers

Hunnid racks, big bag, fat ass, I'ma pop my shit, you know I'ma pop my shit
He say, "Damn, baby, you done got some ass on you"
He love how I make it dance, put 'em in a trance like this
Good frame on me, can't get close 'less you comin' with a check, spend your
bag on this
Need the Cartier shades with the Rollie iced out
And I need it right now, need baguetties on my wrist

When she saw the diamonds, went in cardiac arrest (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Tried to slide on a nigga and I heard he got caught up with the rest (Grrah,
ooh, ooh, ooh)
She a bad bitch, gotta get the best
Fuckin' on the cloud, got her pilotin' the jet (Skrrt)
Balenciaga mama in the 'Vette (Skrrt)
Tryna slide on a nigga and I heard she got caught up with the rest

Touch me, tease me (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Touch me, tease me (Ooh, ooh, ooh, grrah)
Skrrt, skrrt