

SHAWTY / IN LOVE WITH ALL MY BITCHES

Yung Bans

Shawty
Yeah, huh

Ayy, shawty, shawty, do you wanna be my shawty, shawty?
Pop that pussy like an ollie, ollie
Ride this dick just like a trolley, trolley
Ayy, rollin' off the X, no, this ain't molly
Girl, you love this way a nigga touch your body
I need that pussy, and I don't care if we in private
When you come around me, bitch, I get excited
Only way we ending if they get us and we both dead

Skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt, skrrt off in the coupe
It's just me and my boo
I'm number one, you number two, yeah
Diamonds my chain like fruit
Still goin' bad, love the swoop
Girl, you all I need, but I know ain't no I in you
Ain't no me in love, can't go out bad, go out like a scrub
I gotta keep my guard up, I ain't tryna run
I know you want it just to be us, see I make you blush
My baby runnin' out of trust, she done had enough
My heart middle finger fucked up
I only feel your pain when I'm on the drugs
Turn me to a junkie, yeah
Baby, I can't get enough
I just want your love
Girl, why won't you open up?
She said if I'm dead and gone, all alone, she gon' die
Take her own soul, blow her own dome with that fire

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's what she said
I get excited when a nigga see you in my bed
You know these hoes that text my phone-

Daytrip took it to ten (Hey)

It's gon' come a time when you need my love
Nigga might OD for love
So much pain in love, the money ain't enough
And I swear to God I might end it
In love with all my bitches, yeah
I'm in love with all my bitches, yeah

Baby don't cry to me, I can see pain in your eyes
I get on drugs and I come alive
That's why I look at you in a different light
Ayy, sippin' on drank with these pills on my chest and I'm loading the barre

l, ayy
Russian roulette, will I die or live as I look in the mirror? Ayy
Load it up, load it up, load it up, load it up, load it up, yeah
Yeah, I'm froze up, I'm golded up, y'all hoes ain't shit
I don't need nobody to take these drugs from me
Fuck that bitch, my heart cold, I'm in love with MG
Ayy, memories of you, I just can't get 'em out my head
Wake up in the morning to you naked in my bed
Hate the fake, you not the only one, girl, sad
If I see you with a nigga I'm putting a pistol to your head
You try to tell me, "Go'n 'head, go'n 'head"
I will blow your head, your head

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