

Myself

Yungen

ADP, j'adore ça

Baby, please don't go, he's no show
You should put that man on the shelf
And if he don't go, he don't go
I might have to move him myself

Girl, you've been Ella Mai trippin'
Ray J, one wishin'
He cheated 3 times, but somehow you still forgive him
You stay and take shit like so many other women
All you do is play Beyoncé, but still neever listen
But me, I treat you like a winner
Nobu or Hakkasan, I'll take you out for dinner
Old girls hating, but them girls are all bitter
They all men are trash, but there ain't nobody litter than me
We like Travis and Kylie
You look good in Loubes, but even better in Nikes
And you still stay low, that's why I rate you so highly
And you can't ignore the fact that you look better beside me

But, all these arguments ain't good for your health
You want love, you ain't looking for wealth
And this guy's got you moving all stealth
So I'ma have to move him myself, yeah

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Look, he out every night, I know that you don't want that
He chasing girls and I know that you can't stop that
I know you stressing wishing you could turn the clock back
Every other day, you take your pic down off WhatsApp
Again and again
I know your girls hating, you can't vent to your friends
Everytime he mess up, you always making amends
And they've seen it all before so they know how it ends
But, you just too used to being controlled
You don't have a life, you do what you're told
When deep down, you got a heart full of gold and I'm sick and tired of it being cold

Man, all these arguments ain't good for your health
You want the love, you ain't looking for wealth
Plus, this guy's got you moving all stealth
So I'ma have to move him myself, yeah

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Ay gyal, you're too sexy

North gyal, them don't get me
No wave without jetski
No tea without Tetley
But you bound for that reload
Two two, ya gon' left me

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