

Huh, huh
I'm in yo dreams, bitch
I'm in yo dreams, bitch
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See me when you sleep, bitch
I'm in yo dreams, bitch

You took my sleep for so long I took yours back, bitch
You said we won't speak no more, bitch how'd I come back, again
?

Young Christian, no Dior
I bet I could bag ya bitch
My- my trap hot like Popeyes, cook that while they spaz
Ya dig
Huh I'm Freddy, I'm Freddy, pop up in yo dream
And my Mexican bitch mix the drop wit' Tajin
One second I'm good, I'll buy you yo SHEIN
Next second I'm bad, cry you out yo jeans
(Chris! Come back!)
Mm, girl I think you pressure wit me
And you can fuck all them other niggas, that's cool
But don't you think it's something special with me?
Cmon, cmon
Cmon

My wallet on Chase Bank glitch
Pesos, bitch it don't speak English
Hop out we chase that bih
Nowadays hatin' niggas can't say shi-
(Damn it, damn it)
They say "You switched up Chris, I can pinpoint when that first
check came in"
Dat shit don't make no sense
Dat shit don't make no sense

Take me through the pits
Baby, cut my wrist
Kiss me on the lips
Convince me I mean something to you my girl, that's it
Be my acid tab
And take me on this trip
(I will show you the greatest nightmare!)
(Oh, my goodness, Valentine! That is not the shot at that momen
t!)