Don't Kno

Moneybagg Yo

She like, "we gon' see each other today?"
I'm like, "yeah for sure that"
See we duck off and we fuck off but nobody know that
Got my name saved in her phone as a bitch name
Play your cards smart bitch, a super freak like Rick James
Quiet, stay low key and fuck, we go by them laws
I'm hitting her from the rear while she ignore her nigga's calls
Ooh she wrong, but who gon' out of cut
We smash and we Audi race
Shawty erase my calls, erase my texts out her phone
She give me Adderall
She tell me how she sick of dude
I tell her how my bitch trippin'
She like he won't let her out the house and she tryna get with me
Old square ass nigga
Always care ass nigga
You the type to beat her up and pull her hair ass nigga
I'm the type to smash on her, pull her hair ass nigga
After we done I get it fit 'cause I'm a fair ass nigga
She don't know my mother
She fuck with my brothers
We just be linking up and fucking
We keep it gutter
We fuck with no rubber
We be on top of covers
She got a nigga and I got a bitch
We don't tell on each other
Nah we ain't together, nah we ain't a couple
Don't know what to call it
She call my phone like she my main bitch
I don't know what to call it
Leave from with you and come pull up on me
I don't know what to call it
When we fuck we do our own positions
I don't know what to call it
I pick up my phone whenever she call it
I don't know what to call it but I fuck with shawty
She know we gotta keep this shit here on the low
Can't let my bitch know 'cause I'm stuck with shawty
When we be texting she send emojis
Water emoji, tongue lick emoji
Hit her back with the purple dick emoji

I'm like where you at, aye let's get emoji
She tell me 'bout her problems at the house
How she with the nigga, she don't love him
How he want to but she don't fuck him
All lovey dovey, tryna cuddle
But she don't want that, she want you to fuck her rough
Like you do a car, tune her up
Face down, ass up
Smack her on it
She want you to toot it up
Tellin' me how she really a fan of me
She listen to my shit all day
I'm like where you at? she like on my way
'bout to eat the dick in the car broad day
We just fuck each other, we don't love each other
Feelings, we don't get into 'em
We be coolin' and we be kicking it
I don't know what to call what we doin'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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