48 Floors (feat. Mansa)

Tory Lanez

I can't make no dinner, but a nigga with the breakfast
We can smoke, we can fuck, what's your preference?
Wrote to Santa just to put you on my sex list
You got that million dollar on at the Craig's list
Aw yeah, and you know who I am
All these bitches in the crib, they just go there to dance
And I'm in and out the bank like I go there to scam
We can go to Miami, girl, we can go just to say, oh yeah
Liquor poured up, women called up, fuck it all up, oh yeah
In the condo, you know how I go
Give it up, so
48 floors, that's the way we going
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah
And don't make me wait for ya
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah
48 floors, that's the way we going
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah
And don't make me wait for ya
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah
So good, I should have to pay for itSaved you under peach emojis in my contact
So when you hit me, you remind me just to call back
Tell them niggas like December coming, fall back
She cashing out at 4 A.M., I'm 'bout to fall in, okay
We found love in the club, what you call that?
We wound up in the tub, and I bossed that
We still fucking on the bitch, 'til later
We still got this shit lit, 48 floors
48 floors, that's the way we going
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah
And don't make me wait for ya
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah
48 floors, that's the way we going
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah
And don't make me wait for ya
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah
So good, I should have to pay for itPorsche keys, got from Paris, you're my French baby
I'm just tryna win, can you let me win, baby?
Mixing up Patron with the gin, baby
I don't see nothing wrong, even though I know it's the same, baby

I'm a 7 figure nigga, still riding the scrape
Still drop a bitch off if she don't drop on the take
I can never lose the flavor that I got from the Bay
And I still got it, if you need it, you can cop it today, oh yeah
On the 48th floor
Keep that body on the sign like it's our valet show, yeah
Gridin' on me like a skateboard
Tryna push a nigga buttons, this is not a game board, no
Uh, on the 48th floor
The condo 'bout the bando, where I used to stay before
Now I'm popping in Toronto, I go state to state, far away
Whipping like I'm tryna make a getaway for it, oh yeahUh, oh yeah
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Oh
Ooh, ooh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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