

Everybody Does

Brooke Candy

Poppin' bottles in the club
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)
Droppin' dollars on they guts
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)
Bangin' models in the back
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)
(That's what everybody does)

Brooke Candy on the track
(That's what everybody loves)
(That's what everybody loves)

(That's what everybody loves)Basic hoes, open toes, swag, jerkin' in a circle
Y'all are talking, smoking up a pack of Cloves
While I'm on another planet, god damn I'm booking shows
For fashion week in Milan, to Tijuana Barrio
Man I'm so next level make the Devil look froze
Basic bitches leave in stitches while I'm stacking money rolls
Working 14 carat poles, while I'm shittin' on the trolls
Mandy Freshour's on the line, while Andy Warhol's packing bowls
Clear though, everybody fuckin' with the weirdo
Strangest in the game, all the same I keep it real though
Jaws drop while I stand my ground

Stacking bread while label hessie, I'm ahead of my timePoppin' bottles in the club
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(That's what everybody loves) B-B-Baby I'm sorry, I'm hella rare like Atari,
I'm fuckin' Mena Suvari while I'm on mushrooms like Mario,

Sorry Ho, Candy on the track, I took your spot

While you were trying on your Louboutins, I'm groovin' on your mans cock
Hot chocolate on a cold day, stacking dough like Coldplay

I could teach a master class on roleplay

Hoes say, Candy is a slut, she lookin' nasty

Raspy ass bitches sitting home and watchin' 'Das Me'

Haters put me on a shrine so they can worship

Warrior, call me L'oreal because I'm worth it

Birds squawk, I whip my hair when I'm here

When I'm Heaven sent but I'm hell bent on getting shit done Poppin' bottles in the club

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(That's what everybody loves) Man I'm so next level, Man I'm so next level, Man I'm so next level

Private jet life, hotter than your ex wife

Arab dude singing while I'm pickin' out my next wife

Man I'm so next level, Man I'm so next level, Man I'm so next level

Private jet life, hotter than your ex wife

Arab dude singing while I'm pop-pop-pop-pop Poppin' bottles in the club

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Songwriters

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