

Childish (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

Vell

Girl you actin' stupid
I think you kinda clueless
I don't wanna fuck with you no more
You playin' hella games, Nintendo
Girl you actin' childish (whoa)
Girl you actin' childish (whoa, yeah, yeah)
Girl you actin' childish, childish, childish (mmmm)
Girl you actin' childish, childish, childish (mmmm)
Girl you actin' childish
Damn I miss my thick bitch Katrina
Ride the dick so good like my Beamer
When I seen you at the mall you was peepin'
Same day on the IG creepin'
In my DM like "Vell, hit me up"
I'm thinkin' in my head like man I'm finna fuck
Called her on my phone I'm finna pull up
Bounce out, fifty down I got my bands up
I ain't tryin' to play no games I'm tryin' to luck up
And I been about my money call it slow bucks
You gotta get a clue baby
These hundreds blue I'mma throw this money up
It ain't nothin' to cut that bitch off
Real nigga A1 cut from the cloth
Used to take you to the mall, showed you how to ball
Now you blowin' up my phone and I don't accept calls
Gucci, Louis, Prada, Giuseppe, we trippin'
Fuckin' hella models, champagne we sippin'
I tried to hit her on the low-low
But you was playin' hella games ho
And I ain't fuckin' with you no mo'
By the way I fucked TT, and she goes
I'm the man in my city, East Oakland
And when we ride around the city yeah we smokin', ho
Why you wanna
Play the games on me?
Girl you fuckin' with a grown man
And I ain't got time for that no

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>