

# 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

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