

She Don't (feat. Ty Dolla \$Ign)

Ella Mai

Oh no she don't, oh no she don't, oh no she
Oh no she don't, oh no she don't, oh no she Wondering what's on your mind
If you like the simple type
I ain't stupid, dumb, or blind
Won't sleep in your bed of lies
Heard you met her in the club
Tryna tell me you were drunk
I can still smell her perfume
Nigga I don't fuck with you
I'ma drink up, I'ma smoke some
Keep it moving, it was nice to know ya
Boy watch me leave
You ghost to me
Wish you good luck being lonely
I'ma push red every time you phone me
You bout to be
A memory Bet she doesn't touch like me
Sure as hell don't fuck like me
No comparison, no she don't, she don't
Ain't gon whip it up like me
She ain't got the recipe
No comparison, no she don't, she don't
Oh no she don't, oh no she don't, oh no she
Oh no she don't, oh no she don't, oh no she
You right
No she ain't never gon be you, but girl it's whatever
I done copped you fifty...why you treat a niaggs like I was never
Your man
I know I fucked up, I won't leave you mad
And I ain't begging but I'm gon ask
For one more chance
Girl I think we should just I be up on it, you know she can't keep up
You know you want this, so why you gon keep her
Don't get the picture, I'll write it out
Losin' a real one that held you down
I put the boy on and now he feeling himself
No it ain't nothing to put you back on the shelf
Too late for sorry so boy back down
I have my issues, but one less now 99 problems but a niagga ain't one

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

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