Ayo

Chris Brown & Tyga

I need you

We poppinâ€™ like ayo
All my bitches got real hair chilling with the top down
Screaming like ayo
Iâ€™mma take her ass down when she bring her friend around
Poppinâ€™ booty like ayo
Iâ€™m a boogie ass nigga left the roof at home
We popping like ayo, ayo, ayo
But donâ€™t be acting like I need you

Ahhh! Aye babe this my new shit

Iâ€™m the black Richie Rich with the roof missing
If it donâ€™t make dollars it donâ€™t make sense
Z, wake up like I gotta get it
And I got a engine with a trunk space
I get money three ways, fucking bitches three ways
7 different foreigns plus she no hablÃ©
But I make that bitch walk with some cheesecake
Yeah, Iâ€™m the coldest nigga, icy
Looking in the mirror like I wish I could be me
She too into me, Iâ€™m more into money
My hobbyâ€™s her body, that pussyâ€™s my lobby
Iâ€™mma eat it, Iâ€™mma eat it
I donâ€™t lie, hold my dick, too conceited
Uh, told her sheâ€™s my wife for the weekend
But donâ€™t be acting like I need you cause we poppinâ€™ like

Iâ€™m in a Rolls, you donâ€™t roll right
My chain shine brighter than a strobe light
Iâ€™m tryna fuck Coco, this donâ€™t concern Ice
If I motorboat, she gonâ€™ motorbike
A nigga ainâ€™t worried about nothinâ€™
Rehabilitation just had me worried about fucking
Money, decision-making only worried about stunting
She worried about me, her nigga worried about cuffing
I wanna see her body (bodyyyy)
She said get inside of me
I wanna feel you baby (yeahhh)

Just bring the animal right out of me
We loving, she love it
See when I go down on her
Now we fucking, she thugging
Getting loud (cause we poppinâ€™ like)

Huh, look, alright
Now I can spot your bitch from a mile away
Valentine in that pussy, itâ€™s a holiday
Uh, you losing money, I windmills Dr. J
She going to follow my lead, Simon Says
Paper, paper, Iâ€™m riding scrapers in California
Car smelling like ammonia, we got that stank on us
Never been an outcast that stank on ya
From the ghetto but my bitch like Apollonia
We in the hood, tatted like a Mexican
Car too fast, give a fuck about pedestrians
And my section less niggas, more lesbians
Got your bitch, Iâ€™m that nigga
Yeah we poppinâ€™ like

This that fly shit, King shit only
Drop top, no roof â€“ ahhh!

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