

Love\$ick (feat. A\$AP Rocky)

Mura Masa

Please man, pretty please with a cherry on top, ok? The weather cold

The weather so

Chill, chilly really penguin feather roll

Cause I'm sipping Pro'

Yeah that 'meth is pro'

Promethazine, yeah a stepping stone

Oh they acting up? Get your weapon drawn

They only killing time, another second gone

I heard your man ain't home

Now you melatone

But you acting young

And you hella drunk I need you

I want you

(And I swear to God, you gon' miss me when I'm gone)

I need you

(I'm a lovesick fuck) I need you

I want you, come on fuck me, babe

I need you

I want you

I need you

I want you, come on fuck me, babe

I need you

I want you Okay she giving me love

But it fuck my energy up

Every time it finna be summer, only got the memories up

And now we industry lovers

They making enemies of us

I mean sometimes we in public they drain this energy from us

Visit Italia, be my seÑorita

La vida or I be there either way you need a reason

I ain't talking bout MasterCards, debit cards either

Credit charge, kermit the frog, margaritas

Yeah, I heard she got a main homie

Yeah, you wanna lay the hands on me

But you should see the way she dance on me

Yeah, wishing I ain't had no pants on me I need you

I'm a lovesick fuck

I want you

I'm lovesick fuck I need you

I want you, come on fuck me, babe

I need you

I want you

I need you

I want you, come on fuck me, babe

I need you

I want you I need you

I'm a lovesick fuck

Songwriters

Alexander George Edward Crossan Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>