

# Ayo

## Chris Brown X Tyga

I need you

We poppin' like ayo  
All my bitches got real hair chilling with the top down  
Screaming like ayo  
I'mma take her ass down when she bring her friend around  
Fuck â€˜em both like ayo  
I'm a bougie ass nigga left the roof at home  
We popping like ayo, ayo, ayo  
But don't be acting like I need you

Ahhh! Aye babe this my new shit  
I'm the black Richie Rich with the roof missing  
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense  
Z, wake up like I gotta get it  
And I got an engine for a trunk space  
I get money three ways, fucking bitches three ways  
7 different foreigners plus she no habla  
But I make that bitch walk with some cheesecake  
Yeah, I'm the coldest nigga, icy  
Looking in the mirror like I wish I could be me  
She too into me, I'm more into money  
My hobby's her body, that pussy's my lobby  
I'mma eat it, I'mma eat it  
I don't lie, hold my dick, too conceited  
Uh, told her she's my wife for the weekend  
But don't be acting like I need you cause we poppin' like

I'm in a Rolls, you don't roll right  
My chain shine brighter than a strobe light  
I'm tryna fuck Coco, this don't concern Ice  
If I motorboat, she gon' motorbike  
A nigga ain't worried about nothin'  
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  
Specially when I go down on her  
Now we fucking, she thugging  
Getting loud (cause we poppin' like)

Huh, look, alright  
Now I can spot your bitch from a mile away  
Valentine in that pussy, it's a holiday  
(Uh, you losing money, I windmills Dr. J  
She going to follow my lead, Simon Says)  
Paper, paper, I'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, I'm that nigga  
(Yeah we poppin' like)

This that fly shit, King shit only  
Drop top, no roof - ahhh!

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