

Infatuated

Buczek

Yo [Incomprehensible]
I love, love that thing you do
And I can't get my eyes, my mind off you, I'm infatuated
And you're my baby, and you complete me
Your number, I'll call you and maybe we can hook up later
And keep it gangster
My design one of a kind, yeah, I'm on my grind
Got a shorty that still trip but I ain't lost my mind
I just party and bullshit, my attitude, I'm good ma
They say I'm hood rich 'cause I drive big cars
Gettin' Guac, middle finger to cops
They say, "When you meet the one, all the thug should stop"
I met this shorty the other morning, on my way in ya all
She was bad, I didn't call, I'm a day in ya all
But, that's the rules, we don't make 'em, we don't break 'em
I don't sweat 'em, I forget 'em and find a way to shake 'em
But, I put a holla to her, I spit lava at her
She from the burbs, I'm from the jecks, trust that don't matter
She into books too, I'm off the books with the things I do
But that's between me and you
And I don't really phone tag it a lot, I'm in the wagon a lot
With different dimes on the passenger side, I'm like
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Everyday I'm on the grind, but my mind's on you all the time
And I scoop you like a soldier would
I'm in the woods, top down like I don't got a hood
They say 'opposites attract' and it's true
'Cause girl, I'm from the gutter, where the bundles will move
And you, is from where it's cool and quiet at night
It ain't no young'ns who supplyin' the white, right

But that's a different story, let's get back to the night
You've got a body, I can handle it right, right?
And I know you heard about me, beyond the rumors about me
I'm the flyest a little youngin could be, be

And you'll see with us together, it's money, diamonds, whatever

Little momma is you ridin' with me, me?

And I love the thing you do, so baby girl never change

And forever we can do that thing 'cause

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Now you know my stees'

'Cause I ain't gotta smooth that to do that thing

And it only took a night to get it right, grip it tight, hit it right

Figure out that you a rider for life

Down for whatever we go through it together

You know the boys style, way beyond all the regular

I need a switch, like a fiend need fix

Every G, need a down ass chick, to click, that's sick

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