

The Trip (Downtown) (Prod. by DJ Omega & Kosmik)

Wale

Okay my game tight My game right
Don't even know her name until I know her taste right.
I said my game tight My game tight
Don't even know her name until I know her taste right. Passion that she's asking for Her man always slacking,
no?
That why when he outta town I make sure she is not alone
That's when she gon hit my phone and tell me what's been goin on
Tell me whats been on her mind and im inclined to know some mo'
Tired at her normal seat 9 to 5 is all it be
Cubical small as shit and coworkers is talkative
(?) don't call the crib boyfriend on that jealous shit
He fathers her only kid that's why my homies let him live
But Friday night she gon make him babysit we gon blow that haze a bit and get away from all of it See it's not
right but it's okay you see our love is just not the same cause any woman lacking love deserves is entitled to a
get away. Chorus Seinfeld Skit Good love then I can do that for her
I can do that to a nigga and make a pool on her
It's temporary lust you need an in showing
And for the time being lets me in love with the moment
Okay you dancing drinking on your last one
Im just tryna poker face that's why I got my hand in
Grown man shit tonight no romance shit and you should make this bedroom like Monday night at magic
Like a (Gigi mcguire?) now let me up inside
I give you that massage good hygiene is required ion want no dirty junk I just want a girly girly that own a rack
of Jordan but don't sport em cause she love her pumps
Give my love to no one else kiss that cookie til it melt I am going underwater...micheal phelps
Do it til im tired or your homegirl can provide the help or you can be ms independent make that movie by
yourself Chorus

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

Lyrics provided by

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