

Hey There (feat. Future)

DeJ Loaf

Future Hendrix
DeJ Loaf, I got you, baby
You got what I want
You got what I want
And I got what you need
Hey there, hey there
Freeband gang
What we doin', what we doin'? Hey there, hey there (yeah, yeah baby)
Hey there, hey there (try to turn up on 'em)
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)
Hey there (Aye what we doin')
Hey there (Aye what we doin' then?)
Hey there, hey there (Aye what we doin' baby?)
(Aye what we doin' then?) I still taste you on my lips, yeah I do
Last night we made love 'til the Sun came
I know it's hard when I leave, I'm not with you
But when I'm gone, hold it down, you're my love thing
You be doin' it, that one and two, that four thing
Let's slow it down a bit, I'll hit you with that foreplay
Hop on top, I start to ride you, that's that horseplay
Strip for my baby, bitch we ballin', that's that sports play
I love you, I love you
I feel it all in my stomach
You a monster, baby, baby I want you
I'm starin' you in the eyes and tellin' you that I want it
No shame in my game, I'm a fein, I'm a junkie
You need a line of my love, put this pussy all on you
I got you bumpin' and grindin', got me screamin' and moanin'
Who's knockin' at the door? My legs locked right now Hey there, hey there (yeah, yeah baby)
Hey there, hey there (try to turn up on 'em)
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)
Hey there (Aye what we doin')
Hey there (Aye what we doin' then?)
Hey there, hey there (Aye what we doin' baby?)
(Aye what we doin' then?) I ain't tryna spare you, baby, ain't no tire, my trunk
I get to come at you at least a hundred times out the month
Soon as you wake, baby, ride on me, just for breakfast

Paparazzi wastin' time if they're tryna catch us
I done hit her with the new wave, she go crazy, baby D
And say fuck the earth, it's us against everybody
You on a team now, baby, yeah Pat Riley
You with a king now, it's only right you shine like a queen And I still taste you on my lips, oh yeah I do
When we make love we on the top of the moon
But that oh, oh say my name now
Put my nose in that pussy, give you head now
She know I get that mula, man trappin' is a habit
We ballin' every night, baby, woah Kemosabe
Ain't no shame in my game, I'm a fiend, I'm a addict
Whoever knockin' at the door, I told 'em I got to have it
What's poppin'? Hey there, hey there (yeah, yeah baby)
Hey there, hey there (try to turn up on 'em)
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)
Hey there (Aye what we doin'?)
Hey there (Aye what we doin' then?)
Hey there, hey there (Aye what we doin' baby?)
(Aye what we doin' then?) And I still taste you on my lips, oh yeah I do
When we make love we on the top of the moon
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Whoever knockin' at the door, I told 'em I got to have it
What's poppin'?

Songwriters

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