

# Spend It (Feat. Trey Songz)

## Fabulous

See you can't just do it  
(Go ahead)  
You gotta do it well  
Body language is the kinda talk I'm fluent in  
Why don't you stop talking 'bout it and come do it then  
Written on your face, that "yeah I'm tryna do it" grin  
Even planning, we just need a spot to do it in  
Heading to engagements, head behind the Range tints  
Fruits of my labor, edible arrangements  
It get a little messy, sweater new, Jays mint  
And she say when she done with me I better go and change them  
Fuck the sweater I don't know no fuckin' better  
Y'all don't get it, I don't know no fuckin' better  
Then this right here, shawty right there  
Still givin' ol' boy nightmares  
And I heard your ex hate it, that's why my texts dated  
Last night was a movie and it was X-Rated  
[?] call wet, it only gets better  
Tonight we make the squeal and call that shit wetterGo ahead (Go ahead)  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
Go ahead (Go ahead)  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
(Niiice)  
I'ma kiss your body from your head down to your toes  
Any time you want it you just let a nigga know  
(Just let a nigga know)  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
We gon' do it real good  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
(She represent Queens, I was raised out in Brooklyn)  
Body language is the only talk he fluent in  
He knew it was going down when he flew me in  
Anything that I got on he wanna do me in  
Now all these non-discrete bitches wanna do me in  
Uh, go [?] on me  
He know all his nigga wanna put the D on me  
Even Dr. Dre went and put the B on me  
But my pussy so exclusive, limited edition  
You know niggas love pretty bitches with ambition

[?] on the keys never go in the ignition  
B-But when I ride it, do it to precision  
I could tell that he trippin' every time that it's slippin'  
When he bout to come I start to kiss his neck  
I let him score, but we ditch the ref  
When we going out we gotta ditch the press  
Aah man, I got his bitch depressed  
Go ahead (Go ahead)  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
Go ahead (Go ahead)  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
(Niiice)  
I'ma kiss your body from your head down to your toes  
Any time you want it you just let a nigga know  
(Just let a nigga know)  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
We gon' do it real good  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
(She represent Queens, I was raised out in Brooklyn)  
I'ma call you big daddy and scream your name  
Only if you have me trippin' like candy paint  
(So what you said, give it you right, give it to you left  
Make it last forever, king sweat, have you outta breath)  
Daddy slow down a bit  
You acting like I never been down town and shit  
I need a baller laid back while he watch this thing bounce  
Buying him designer bags, [?]  
(No doubt, I'm the player that they're talking about  
Got that good shit, even in a drought)  
If you gon' do it, do it for real  
(And if they ask how I'm doin' tell 'em doin' it well)  
Go ahead  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
Go ahead (Go ahead)  
Fuck me like you know somebody else ain't fuckin' me right  
(Niiice)  
I'ma kiss your body from your head down to your toes  
Any time you want it you just let a nigga know  
(Just let a nigga know)  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
We gon' do it real good  
And we gon' do it, do it, do it, do it  
(She represent Queens, I was raised out in Brooklyn)

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

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