My Love (remix)

Sia

For lovin' me girl
Just wanna thank you
Look at what you can do, man
I like this shit right here, man
Come on, girl, come on, yeah
Let's do it like this
Santana's so focused on you
Come holla at a boy that's focused on you
Shorty, I ain't tryin' to give you the run around
I'm just tryin' to come get you a run around
Skip through a couple of towns
Maybe skip through a couple of rounds
If your man act dumb I'ma shut him down
I'm sort of a long distance brother
Long checks, long chips, long dick and rubbers
Come roll with a pimp or gangsta
Hustler by nature, trust that I'll take ya
And you know what
I'll show you the rules and parameters
Show you how to move with the ooze how to handle it
Show you how to cut loose soon as we scramble it
On the block soon as the moon it be scramblin'
And you can be my down ass
Yeah baby, that's for sure, I'm a show you how to package raw
How to snap it on, how to take trips with the package on
How to go and come back with the package gone
Just stacks of cash beyond
And ya'll nigaz betta cuff ya girls
'Cause Santana and Jones runnin' up the girls
No game just fuck you girls
Pollute the mind and corrupt the world
Yeah, give her pounds, give her pies, giver her cakes

Hit a town, hit a city, hit a state
Every club, every party, we fly
Baggin' bitches, every party and high
Yeah, please believe Jimmy Jizzie's the truth
Every where I go to brezies I'm true
Man they tell me that I over does it

You need to slow up, you over thugging
But the hoes slugging in the open public
I smoke like fuck it, I just roll up puffing
Now they roll up fucking
Take two totes and love it
Yeah yeah, plus my bitches swear, I'm like Richard Gere
Put them in my Coupe moving fast switching gears
Tell 'em to listen here, get it crystal clear
Stay crispy to the fit in every kick I wear
Yeah, she was feeling my gangstas
Summer time in one's jeans and my tank top
I'm on the scene with the dice like banks stock
Get money man, yeah uh
Baby girl, I'm a player with pass ball
Moving fast, hundred grand on the black fall
Please love, get your feet up off my dad's velour
This is cash door, we gonna crash course
And y'all nigaz betta cuff ya girls
'Cause Santana and Jones runnin' up the girls, yeah
No game just fuck you girls
Pollute the mind and corrupt the world
Yeah, give her pounds, give her pies, giver her cakes
Hit a town, hit a city, hit a state
Every club, every party, we fly
Baggin' bitches every party and high, yeah

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