Throw It In The Bag (remix)

Lola Monroe

I ain't the type to wear my heart on my sleeve
All I wanna believe is in the M.O.E.
You know me how I do ride around in Bentley coop's
Got no need I got me then you can through and you pursued
Thought to see what it do saw we had the same view
Now my heart on my sleeve and I can feel his poundin' too
No more cruisin' so we flew, Now we super hero fly
From the mutha fuckin' to shit that we buy

It's like we cop in the sky shop to get high
Trip on each other then swap it inside
Imma Boss Bitch so either way I'm alright
We just compliment each other some shit they can't deny
Hater's try to throw shots yeah they really really try
But all they shootin' is blanks so ain't no need to reply
We get back to our fly, and let the swag brag
He know with this Fab Imma throw it in the bag

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