Tinashe Checks In

DJ Mustard

God damn, bitch it's hot as fuck
Roll down the windows, turn on the AC
or turn on some music or something, bitch you got me fucked up
Let me see what's on the radio
DJ Mustard songs playing on every radio channel
Bitch I'm tired of this shit, I'm tired of this niggaMustard, 92.3 Pusha Inc. radio
it's a beautiful day in the city right now
I know everyone's out doing their thing
it's summertime, but I need all my sexy independent single ladies
if you don't need a nigga for shit call me up right now
like right fuckin' nowWould it be a mistake if I put it down on you?
I'm not into games I've been feeling lonely, so are you
We should do the damn thing
Let me hit the shower, are you comin' through?
Give me about an hour
And I'll be ready pop the pill, got super powers
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? We don't even speak, we just do the nasty
Thought we would make a family
Used to love to see my nigga happy even though you brought baggage
Did everything you asked me but you was gettin' ratchet
Now we got damage, you let these other bitches have it
You let these other bitches have it
You let these other bitches have it
You let these other bitches have itBitch get his phone c'mon
He's asleep let's go
(No bitch, I'm scared, no I can't do that)
Come we'll get his phone, c'mon
(Are you for real? C'mon)
You know his code bitch?
(No, but I'm about to crack it)
I't probably that bitch birthday
(It better not be 5-2-6)
Check that nigga mama birthday
(Oh, 1-2-3)
Damn that ain't work neither
(Shit well is it my shit?)
Wait don't try too many time bitch you gon' get locked out
We gon' get busted
(Damn bitch I'm already locked out)

Fuck
(Fuck)

Songwriters
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