

# **Lovely**

## **F.E.L.N.**

Here it comes again  
Come on, come on  
Here it comes again  
Come on, come on  
Don't I look extra slick in this Nautica?  
Just think, it was you that she bought it for  
Now you lookin' through receipts tryin' to audit her?  
Man that shit ain't really happen, I thought it up, call her up  
'Cause that little groupie out anyhow  
I could a done it shit I'm fuckin' with Timmy now  
If I had her it just would a been in and out  
Back in that Escalade, we spinnin' out, women shout  
Bubba brought some shit and we noticed it  
Got them hoes stuck listenin' motionless  
Please don't think of me as a chauvinist  
But I am on fire and I'm knowin' this, blowin' this  
Whole landscape to fragments and yeah you heard right I'm in Athens  
Can't hardly keep up with these fashions  
That's why forever Ralph Lauren's my passion, ask him  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Fuck weak cash, I get mine on the slow roll  
Beat Club eleven thou' is the logo  
I ain't too far removed from the hobos  
Tryin' to help 'em so I gotta get more dough, oh no  
Bubba K done got in the zone boy  
That's Timmy's Bentley dawg get your own toy  
And as far as ladies go J lockin' that  
Now that that's clear, where the vodka at?  
Bring it back  
I'll be takin' drunkard to Stonewall  
Tell Jed hold my phone calls  
He say he wanna run but he gon' crawl

You heard Get Right I done told y'all, don't stall  
Let's keep this thang movin' okay bud?  
Now say what? I can see why they gon' hate us  
'Cause we all up in they grill like breakers  
Just gimme a minute

I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Boy you ain't blowin' nuttin' but hot air  
All on the charts, how you got there?  
Then again, ain't no secret it's not fair  
But Bubba got 'em single the top scared, stop there  
Met this little Betty through Demon Jones  
And she love to slurp it up till the semen's gone  
She must like the taste, she won't leave me 'lone  
That might sound sick but to each your own, freak it on  
All types of kinky little fetishes, all stimulants and all sedatives  
Got interracial sense but I'm devilish  
And Betty when I aim I never miss, tell 'em this  
Bubba don't run with no lame ducks  
Think he got a big dick but he can't fuck  
That's why when you call us you hang up  
And I just shot a load on that same slut  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Just gimme a minute  
I betcha every thing will turn out lovely  
Just gimme a minute  
I'm a be a-ight just trust me  
Gimme a minute, gimme a minute, gimme a minute, trust me

Gimme a minute, gimme a minute, lovely  
Gimme a minute, gimme a minute, I'm in this ugly

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>