

Lightweight

T. Mills

Go

Can't nobody pimp me
Neighbors home, I'm fuckin while they listenin
Black girls are siblings
I got a thing for sisters, you with me?
Yeah, I'm high as a bitch
Pull the sheets off the bed
She ghost ride the dick
And I really gotta ask,
Is there flash on the camera?
'Cause your face from California
But your ass from Atlanta, oh
First time, she was gaspin forever
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever
Put it on your tongue, taste that
And lemme get it from the back, take that
And you ain't gotta be shy
When the video leak
You know the critics gon' rate that
Yeah do that shit
Said ya man hold it down, better move that shit

Go

Seven grams in a blunt
It's lightweight
Every day I double cup
It's lightweight
Your girl wanna fuck
It's lightweight
When you see me in the club, you might hate
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight
It's lightweight, lightweight
I'm having sex in the city, Carrie Bradshaw
Motherfucker, I see the same pussy your dad saw
Yeah, I'm official like a gun and a badge drawn
And gettin paid while I fuck em with my vans on
She ain't a bitch like a (??)
But she a pro, she don't even need instruction

Light another one before the blunt ends
I want you, you want her, and your drunk friend

I wake up with no pants on
M

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