

Elevators (feat. Buddy & Polyester the Saint)

Chuck English

Check me out, uh
With her and her, yea you and her
In the Jeep, couple G's, grip the cup and turns
I need to see it first, best believe it works
You want designer purses but that ain't how it work
Not me, not a drop of thirst baby
In the club cutting cake, it's a nigga birthday
Pop the Dom P bottle bruh need to celebrate
But don't act like we in the spot tryna chase
Give her space, if we like it then we let you know
Girlfriend pick you out that's how we really roll
She like it then I like then we rent a boat
Couple centerfolds, gotta get 'em both
With the bathrobe on in my shower shoes
Match the Grant Hills up with the Fila suit
Real live nigga rap and you see it too
Tesla coupe went the scenic route Girl, no need to hide it
You know you like it
Girl quit yo playing
Just cut the game Girl, I does it
You know you love it
Girl quit complaining
Just cut the game Gon' and bring it over here to me
Come on, come on, come on
And gon' and bring it over here to me
Come on, come on, come on You know how it is, you know how I do
I'm 'bout the bidness, sipping champagne on the roof
Going swimming, now you wanna hang with the crew
Bring your friends, we can pop for a few
Seconds, I reckon we can all get loose
Pop the Pino, pop the Goose
Oh you faded now, I'm on a thang or two
Girl stop playing, this ain't nathin' new
You one of them chicks that like to twerk alone
I'm one of them players, no Twitter, no phone
Page a pimp when you wanna get it on
And make it quick, I'm finna hit the road
Slide, ride, skippity skip
I turn water to wine, girl don't trip

What's your sign, I
In the game I'm above the rim
Girl, no need to hide it
You know you like it
Girl quit yo playing
Just cut the game
Now all my lowriders, westside fo' life, pro riders
Grinding all day with no problems, getting yo dollars
Go ahead and pop yo collars
As I recall it was me and a chick with a [?] and a fifth
Kicking it with G's in a whip
She handed me the keys to the whip, I said please, we can dip
Let me slip into yo creez for a bit
I hope it's sweet, cause if it is baby I'ma run up in it
Hand me the bib cause you know that I'm gon' feast
And yea I know you petite but it don't matter cause I know you a freak
So won't you gon' and let a nigga put it down, down, down
Hope you ready cause I'm finna go to town, town, town
Girl I love it every time you make that sound, sound, sound, pow, pow
Baby you's a dog and I'm finna pound, pound...pound
Now, I'm hitting it from the back
Ow, she liking it like that
Bow bow, oh yea her booty voluptuous
See Chuck made the cut so bump to this, puff puff to this
Girl, no need to hide it
You know you like it
Girl quit yo playing
Just cut the game

Songwriters

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Published by
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