

Chris Brown & Tyga, Ayo

We poppin' like ayo
All my bitches got real hair chilling with the top down
Screaming like ayo
I'mma take her ass down when she bring her friend around
Poppin' booty like ayo
I'm a boogie ass nigga left the roof at home
We popping like ayo, ayo, ayo
But don't be acting like I need you

Aye babe this my new shit
I'm the black Richie Rich with the roof missing
If it don't make dollars it don't make sense
Z, wake up like I gotta get it
And I got a engine with a trunk space
I get money three ways, fucking bitches three ways
Seven different foreigners plus she no hablé
But I make that bitch walk with some cheesecake
I'm the coldest nigga, icy
Looking in the mirror like I wish I could be me
She too into me, I'm more into money
My hobby's her body, that pussy's my lobby
I'mma eat it, I'mma eat it
I don't lie, hold my dick, too conceited
Told her she's my wife for the weekend
But don't be acting like I need you cause we poppin' like

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I'm in a Rolls, you don't roll right
My chain shine brighter than a strobe light
I'm tryna fuck Coco, this don't concern Ice
If I motorboat, she gon' motorbike
A nigga ain't worried about nothin'
Rehabilitation just had me worried about fucking
Money, decision-making only worried about stunting
She worried about me, her nigga worried about cuffing
I wanna see her body
She said get inside of me
I wanna feel you baby
Just bring the animal right out of me
We loving, she love it
See when I go down on her
Now we fucking, she thugging
Getting loud (cause we poppin' like)

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Look, alright
Now I can spot your bitch from a mile away
Valentine in that pussy, it's a holiday

(You losing money, I windmills Dr. J
She going to follow my lead, Simon Says)
Paper, paper, I'm riding scrapers in California
Car smelling like ammonia, we got that stank on us
(Never been an outcast that stank on ya
From the ghetto but my bitch like Apollonia)
We in the hood, tatted like a Mexican
Car too fast, give a fuck about pedestrians
(And my section less niggas, more lesbians)
Got your bitch, I'm that nigga
(We poppin' like)

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This that fly shit, King shit only
Drop top, no roof