

Gunna, Bachelor

Really, ah
Do you ever think about me?
Really, if you're honest with me
I'd like to see this through
Ooh, ah
Do you ever think about me?
Really, if you're honest with me
I'd like to see this through

Who else you thinkin' 'bout?
I can't be calling your phone every day
Fuck is you thinkin' 'bout?
This shit ain't loyal and this girl is spoiled
Your heart like the trash, you can take it out
Quit making up shit to complain about
She lay on the couch, I'm all in her crotch
We fuck then we break up, we fuck then we make up
We fuck then we break up and make up
We fucked in Jamaica, we fucked at Bojangle
We fucked in the back of Bottega
I ordered the Draco, I'm over the radar
You chasing that pussy, not paper
I slow it all down with the maple
You know I got too many flavors

And she fell in love with her neighbor, if I hit it once then I hit it again
Face and her body a ten
Hair blowin' in the wind
Stoppin' in town and I beat that shit down and I'm back on the road again
She come on the low with friends
She know I got hoes like I'm Prince
They print it, I get it, I got every penny, you know I got plenty of Benjis
Fuck in the new condominium, we on the balcony
We lookin' over the city
She knows she gotta come drip to get just like a bachelor
We never showin' no pity
You got a business then I gotta be the ambassador
We got it started in Philly

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Young Gunna got too many flavors, they all sittin' pretty with white on their toes
High-end design on her clothes
Ride in back of the Rolls
That my lil' yeah, I love fuckin' her face, when it come to that throat, she GOAT
She swallow it all and don't choke
I'm pullin' up on her, fasho
I peep that you wanted, ain't give you no water, we always gon' fuck wit' you, honey
Had a few shots and I took her right back to the spot and I gave her the dick till the morning
She like that shit, I been flippin' her inside and out

Our sex'll never get boring
She said she thinkin' 'bout me every time I leave out
She need to keep on recording

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Run it back, Turbo
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