

Yeah, I stand as evidence
That it's hard to escape the prison of my residence
Baby girl, she looked heaven sent
But she a history nerd and she like presidents
It's so evident, eyes closed, throw head, fall to the sentiment
Ass up, she know that I'm holding the elements
Looking for cheap thrills and she don't want any letter but the E pill
And she know I keep bills, keep still for haters that wanted me killed
Thrill ride, bitch I got an ill vibe
Kill time by popping things that are pill sized
Took the cap of the bottle and made a notion like
Sip this baby girl, that's Moscato, I've been known to go full throttle
Give it gas and pool models and you might be interested in what follows
I looked at her, she said 'maybe'

You don't wanna lay back, hop a peace out of this ride, it's a Maybach
Maybe, girl how you gonna save that?
Tryna keep the front seat and lay way back
Maybe we should hit the bar, my crib, it ain't that far
So maybe we should hit the car, spend the night with a star
Looked at her, she said 'maybe'

Got the body of a goddess, intelligent girl, you must've went to college
Polishing your physique, I say that possibly you a freak
You smile like you ain't even speak
Baby, know we can run it, I'm so intoxicatedly blunted
And wanted in different states for things I did for the hundreds
But we all got a past, bitch don't go judge me
Because I'm in notorious spot where lots of thugs be
Shit, that's my style, the G's, influence and play a plenty, I get wild
But jeez, tip the Henny back, California kush
Got partners out West to send me that
You interested in blowing a 20 sack 'cause we can blow it all
Girl, I keep work like you keep jerks, failing attempts to get in your skirt
I can hurt it if you let me, just say it 'cause boy you sexy
But you ain't about to play me so the answer's still 'maybe'

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What you think, you high shit? Come in the club like you was different
Lifted above these hoes, fuck that shit, bitch, I'm pimping
I ain't worried about these bitches out here and I ain't stressing you
Fuck all that smooth talk, bullshit, that's depressing you
I'm only worried 'bout two things: undressing you
And putting pressure on benches, I call it "bench pressing you"
Blessing you
If you don't recognize then you out of the line
Need to get this fucking dick on your mind
Oh, you a dime but I'm a twenty sack
Ask me where my twenties at, couldn't even find 'em
I got hundreds in your mom's back
Honey back up, on my face in this V.I.P. section
When did this became your residence? It's evident? It's not

I know that you hot but you never had enough
To keep both my eyes locked, girl, there's fire spots
Face, the legs, the titties, the ass, the pussy
And if those ain't looking good keep pushing

She was like 'maybe we should hit the bar, go back to your car
If the crib ain't far then I'll spend the night with a star
You can show me that your dick ain't really all that posh'
She was like 'maybe we should hit the bar, go back to your car
If the crib ain't far then I'll spend the night with a star
You can show me that your dick ain't really all that posh'
And I was like 'maybe'