

# Cake

## Futuristic

Cake, cake  
I need a lil' more on my plate  
She got cakes though, we might go on a date  
Debbie Cake, bet it taste great  
Cake, cake  
I need a lil' more on my plate  
She got cakes though, we might go on a date  
Patty cake, Debbie Cake, bet it taste great

Okay, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake  
I need that big money, I don't never take a break  
I'm all about that business, why you dipplin' down to shake  
Lil' guy, calm down, I can put you in your place  
Forever say everything's straight  
If you talking 'bout these women then they going both ways  
They belong to the streets, I guess they both strays  
Ain't no strangers coming through, but both of you can stay  
I got a fetish for lettuce, I need a salad  
I'm all about that dressing, undress you on thousand islands  
The cops tried to profile us, we riding and looking stylish  
I need that bunk cake, I'm talking that Megan Thee Stallion  
Chain up on my neck, that shit look like a medallion  
I'm trying to get this bread like living with them Italians  
I'm drinking 'til I'm leaning, I'm looking like an italic  
And my pockets getting crowded, they fatter than DJ Khaled  
Yeah the motherfucking

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Huh, huh, whipping that WAP  
Rocking Raf Simmons, just throw these niggas off  
Put the real homies on, put the phony niggas off  
It's the WAP, free the WAP, got the game heated, locked  
When it come to Ben Franklin, I really need a lot  
Went and got so many whips now I really need a lot  
I went and took so many trips down, I really needed spots  
Shut my favorite store on 5th down, I need another spot  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, feeling like a baker  
Private party, you did not get an invitation  
Escorted the vibe straight through immigration  
Uh huh, pass another around 'cause I feel like drinking  
Drink 'til we throw up although we probably can't  
So many hunnids, I'm stumbling walking out the bank  
I got a blindfold with Chronic rolled up like Dr. Dre  
Russ has been banging, you hear this shit from a block away

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