I can't help it I'm on my grind She can't help it I told her we should take our time I can't help it I'm on that grind She can't help it A nigga always on her fine How you doin' baby? I'm good You know you took me high last time I heard you fucking with the lame niggers It don't matter you know my ass mine You stupid Now put something on it Take my time there ain't no rushing on it I'm a player there ain't no coughing on it Got a squeaky mattress from all the fucking on it In the public she feel me touching on it While I'm driving she be sucking on it You see I'm loving don't it? Quit fronting girl you know you want it Quit fronting girl you know you want it I can't help it I'm on my grind She can't help it I told her we should take our time I can't help it I'm on that grind She can't help it A nigga always on her fine Summer time ass sticks Scooter out of sax fifth Pimp headstrong ain't afraid to say you that bitch Put you on that back shit coach you like it's practice Want it to bad she ain't even mind the traffic First night access phone numbers memorized Season with the pimpin fuck around I leave you tenderized Spit it fly until you coco butter with the mouth piece Can't help but place in hands on you like an outreach Do it on the couch freak tell me how I make your blouse slim Young live nigga in my prime and I'm spouse free You know about me young debonair Earrings getting lost hoes bring the extra pair I can't help it I'm on my grind She can't help it I told her we should take our time I can't help it I'm on that grind She can't help it

A nigga always on her fine

She all for my discussions morals to production She wanna blow my flute thought she was more into percussion Not to be brass but I like a big ass Underneath to see her leggings and she more into the function Heart like a drumbeat crash into my planet Similar my love I wait for y'all to understand it I never move bass but I'm solid on this granit I was polishing my gift y'all was probably playing mad and Now she polishing my woo and y'all probably can't stand it Travelling the axis on some parles vous france shit Accents germ roads, acoustics are my thing Turn your dress around and maybe I can pull some strings I put it in your mouth like it nearly sings But we want to spend so I keep this acapella clean Not gon' send no dreams she expecting diamonds rings But I scratched at all we gotta find this green

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