

The Fargo Splash

Tory Lanez

Got these bitches hating on you, but it don't offend you
You my number one, just know that you got no contenders
You keep that pussy so clean when I be going in you
I'll spend my life in your box, don't need no co-defendant
Go 'head, cut these niggas off, like they had no existence, they can't go th
e distance
I'm 0 for 0 for instance
Fuck the gym let me pull up and give that stroke a fitness
She a 5 star shawty, still down to go for Denny's, down to go for Wendy's
McDonald's chicken, fries, thickest thighs, seen it in her eyes shawty know
I know I seen her
Netflix and chill, and we can go to dinner
My schedule busy, but for you girl I'll make no agenda, You got no contender
s
You got that hot for me, all in my cold Decembers, no pretending
Oh we dripping on these niggas that you loving on
You gon' fuck 'em, treat 'em like you don't remember
I need to have it till the day you're gone, that's from January to December

Whatever you want
More than happy to provide it, wet like Poseidon
Whatever you want
Don't you deny it, it feel like we flying
Whatever you want
You know I can provide it

Pulling up to Story after Mr. Jones, only thing I care about is who gon' get
you home
My cigar full of this weed, so I can switch the tone
You stumbled to my house drunk, is anybody home?
Words slurring and my vision blown, different zone
Room spinning, I don't know
What's in my pants you get to blowing, you so nasty
And what's up with me
You stayed up tonight to fuck with me, lucky me
Coogi panties sit that pussy on some double G's
Fifty pair of those'll only cost a couple G's, yeah
Just give me something to work with, something with purpose
First time that we fucked, girl you was nervous
Moaning 'fore I even started touching the surface
Whatever you want

Whatever you want
Whatever you want if you're that quiet, shit

She want it now and fast, grabbing and smacking ass
Make it last, beat me to the finish, wave the checkered flag
Toe tag, left the pussy on the deathbed
Been milking the game since I was breastfed
Long enough to know that women with lisps give the best head
But not with braces, your pussy talking's the only conversation
Yap yap, grab her hair, pull the track back, got something to prove
Not from Houston, but I got something to screw at all times, she said it's a
ll mine
All dimes, y'all fuck with nickels
I be in them guts, poking them sides until it tickles
Squeeze the Charmin on her soft ass

No, I don't pay 'em to come, I pay 'em to go, hoe
No credit, all cash
Be sliding up and using worthful transactions
Then just hop up off my dick with no attachments, using prophylactics
Safe to say this song is whatever you want, but it's limited to this penis and a blunt, holla at me
Luda!

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-Yo.

-Yo, what up?

-What's poppin'?

-Yo, you still with Mia

-Nah, it's crazy, she just left out the car and shit.

-You hit?

-Nigga, of course I hit, nigga. Come on man, it's me.

-Wazzup?!

-Wazzup?!

-Wazzup?!

-Wazzup?!

-Nigga stupid, bruh {laughs}. Yo, all jokes aside. What the fuck did I call this nigga for again? Oh yeah, You sure Mia and Jalissa ain't friends?

-Oh for sure, they don't even fuck with each other like that. She was in the car talking about it and shit.

-Yeah alright, but yo, look. There was some dudes up at the barbershop the other day. Smoking blunts, drinking liquor, shooting dice, talking shit-

-Alright, my nigga I get it! What you tryna tell me, bro?

-Yo my mans was telling me, son. Jalissa, she upping some shit. And the first thing she gon' try to do is-

-Nyce, get off this damn phone! I told you I had to use the phone and you up here bumping your gums. Hang up this phone!

-Ayo, man. You know Moms wylin' and shit. Man, you know what I'm saying? It's all good, man. I'ma holler at you later.

-Alright, my nigga.