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SpaceGhostPurrp "Red Wine"

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Coming through the scene, Feeling very, very clean New jeans you never seen A found of billie iean She was a fiend for the fame And the fortune, gave her a ring Till she claimed an avortion Got rid of my seed, everything I need Told her she can be my queen If she swallow my babies And keep it in her tummy Or I can leave you bummy Baby girl you got a choice AinÂ't a damn thang funny See IÂ'm after this money While these honeys be dressing up Coming to spot, now they different, they breast is up You better be catching up, You niggas all in my dust CanÂ't fuck my connection up Your bitch be the one to lust I be the one to bust, all over they faces Counting my money up, IÂ'm stackin caucasians I am amazing, my nigga lÂ'm racist, I hate fuck niggas, peon niggas, they raisons

Give it to me, give it to me DonÂ't worship me

She thinking she the shit, when she want She be moving her hips In the motion of slow she lickin her lips She a trip I watch all the lames with no game Try to lay they mac down itÂ's whack They all the same I came to step in the pow To make her laugh at the end of the night She made her own bath Legs up, all in the gut, I know she feeling Like that when she scream my name In vain, she into feel is Kill it, the spot non stop Every time they see us style We be making panties drop Brand new cologne, turn it to love zones In morning poetic thoughts, And the vickies, yeah, start a nigga buts Â... when you moving smooth, keep me motivated a lot Ciroc drippin down your breast, As your friend celeste with the ass naked off of the chest

I be like Give it to me, give it to me DonÂ't worship me DonÂ't worship me

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