

Interviews (feat. I LOVE MAKONNEN & Yung Gleesh)

[Brodinski](#)

x 2The girls don't really dancing off in the hood no more
They find a new ride to a new Mexico
Was lavy for the sex, get you money
Was lavy for the sex, we buying honey
Call world out here givin' on
Losing it all for some drugsSo if you feel how I feel
Why don't you let it show?
And if you ain't do what I do with
Why don't you let it go?
Put the game critical, straight here for some scissor
Down I'm balling free before
I take out my residual
Uuh girl just look at you, uuh girl you so cute
Do, you do interviews x 2
Didn't mean to interview x 2
Wanna see what's up to you
Baby what's up to you
Didn't mean get low from my move but maybe I get in love with you
Ain't my mother proud of you now wanna met your mother too()
You scream too much, you cry
You scream to much for me, I wander why
You always complain
Don't know what you're sayin'
You just spy with the limit
Then you make it darker
Hit that bitch with the wallet then I hit your daughter
Skip that shutting out of friend ship
Know I'm getting shelter

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>