

Hands on You (feat. Jeremih & ?Bryson Tiller)

Fat Joe & Dre

[Fat Joe]
Yeah, Don talk
Uh, yeah
I got free liquor, free liquor
Gold bottles, we toast 'cause we richer
Bella?Hadid,?Habib, can't be?thicker
She's the baddest, believe you me,?nigga
I'm one of the goats (One of the goats)
One of the most (One of the most)
Niggas, this real, f*ck how you feel, I'm f*ckin' 'em both (I'm f*ckin' 'em both, nigga)
And this ain't accidental
Stop stuntin', get up out that rental, everything is paid for
House on the hill, chandelier, the Richard Mille
He the type to hit the bathroom whenever they bring the bill
And I'm the type to walk a chick through the kitchen
Goodfella, when he speaks, they all listen
Set this roof on fire, watch the motherf*cker burn
Last time with punch rhyme, but this time I brought the urn
To whom's concerned, we reppin' the Squaddas
Me and Dre seen more faces than Midnight Marauders
[Jeremih]
Hit the lights, you know it's money everywhere
Pardon my pockets, I had to drop it 'cause you dared me
She know my name, been wanna scream it since she met me (Met)
Let's get it poppin', you know that I'm watchin', ooh Soon as I get my hands on you, you (Soon
as I get, oh)
Soon as I get my hands on you, you (Soon as I get, oh)
[Bryson Tiller]
Too exotic, too exotic
Drop top and a big body, shawty got me hypnotic
Been 'bout it, still 'bout it, already know how I feel 'bout it
Kamikaze, that bomb shit
Double R, that's Don shit
I just send a pic of you to you like,

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