

Nunchucks

Doja Cat

With the nunchucks
Rolling in your hood
Ask a big bad wolf what is good
Feeling dumbstruck
I done been there, done that
But I wonder why I still feel so alone

Baby stand up
But don't pull them pants up
You're pulling off my shirt
But should I leave my hands up?
Expression of fandom

You know that I'll be good
But you still tear the cat up
And when you provoke me
You do it at random
I won't lead you on
But I hope that you can manage
You don't want to man up
You don't want to plan up
But you call me wifey

So what's the big idea?
Do I need to sit right here and fill my ears
While bullshit come out of your lips right here
Got me searching for insight
Insight? Guess I need to call this night off
Riddle me riddle me that
Mr. Unintentional Ass
And his every interval fast
Throw that cheese and dough in that bag
With that Little Italy swag
Nigga, riddle riddle me that
While my mental instantly crash
When you enter, enter me
Gentle then, yeah, ease up
I'm day dreaming

Now, whoa, I never daydream
But you jumping from rooftops
And searching and hunting, my ninja

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