

# 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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