

Pulp Fiction

Jared Evan

Hook:

Oh, oh, oh, no
You treat my heart like it's a movie
You blew my blazer in a car
You treat my heart like it's a movie
Professional!

Uh, uh, uh

Who would have knew you and me whilst
I'm looking down at my lap,
Like yeah, she got us!
I'm looking down all around and see who watches us,
And became the perfect option.
You treat me like a movie, a Tarantino truly
You're looking me up and down like you knew me
But look at how you do me!
And how you do me is got me chasing you around like a groupie
A chauffeur for you!
The way that I'm on you until you pop shit
Not going to ignore you like I'm Vincent Vega
As soon as I shake, girl, you turn it up major
And I'll be back gone, you treat me like a movie.

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Behind the wheel for life
Addictive the generosity, share the mic
She opened the briefcase and ordered real on sight
I'll make them .. only clapping...
And know the hype, and honestly my addiction is women, right?
And all I want is to come to Brooklyn and spend the night
Said she almost died seeing what living's like
Huh, cancel on a car service and missing flights.
My Louis wallet reeds bad motherfucker
I'mma bad motherfucker, they relax till I come up
And then they get giddy, and they ask, can we caught up
And knowing all the action gotta love us
My heart's not a movie, huh!

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