

F With U

Kid Ink

Let's go
I've been tryna get over you
Hitmaker!
Baby, uh huh
Baby, you already know what I'm tryna do
Oh yeah
Mustard on the beat, ho

Hot box, drop top the 'Rari
Hop out, night life, I'm sorry (Skrtrt)
Red bull, mix that Bacardi
You know we likes to party
Na, na, na, na, wheels up on the jet
La, la, la, la roll up after sex
I'm just here to find you round the way
I'm just here to find, oh yeah

Really like, what you, done to me
I can't, really explain it, I still fuck with you
Really like, what you, done to me
I can't, really explain it, I still fuck with you

Oh yeah, down to the core yeah
Couldn't tell you better than I show ya
Been trying so hard to ignore the
Way you make that clap, Nola, Nola
See you curve in a stack in your frame girl
Dip swerve then I'm back in your lane girl
Keep that ass up all night, restless
I just finger roll and finesse it
Straight up no time for the extras
Know you been through it but fuck all your exes, aww yeah
The way you been lookin' so sexy, I might just let you take some pics in my
necklace, aww yeah

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Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
I still fuck with you

Please believe me
I ain't talking Vegas when I say I'll take you to the Venetian
Getting high, red eye on the PJ
Touchdown top floor in the PH
I know you hear us loud on the PA
What I'm on give her game like EA
Ease up, baby give me a little leeway
But make sure you keep it in motion
Wake up and know we get straight to memosas, aww yeah
Be on the first thing smokin'
Or you, if you down, drop the roof, see me coastin' aww yeah

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Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
Yeah, yeah (You Ooh)
I still fuck with you