

## New Bae

Vic Mensa

Let me pick my face up off the floor I'm off the D'USSÉ  
I've been going so hard this week and shit it's only Tuesday  
I left my bitch at home, I think I need a new bae  
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Pull up, pull up, I poured a drink let's get twisted, get twisted some more,  
yeah  
Better be good to me, baby  
Girl, you better be good to me  
I see your eyes when you look at me I see your soul  
I see your soul, you better be good to me, girl

Yeah Yeah, damn she so bad but damn she look so good every time she get low  
I ain't E-40, baby, but, baby girl I'mma tell you when to go  
We skip the bed every time that we fuck we get straight to the floor  
I buy the ticket you get on the road  
She says she live in Australia, I'll fly you out to Chicago  
She doesn't like the cold weather, she wants a vacay, a vacay in Cabo  
She got the frame of a model,  
I wanna ride like a saddle  
I fall in love with her, 5'7" stallion  
Fresh out the shower, I'm licking your asshole

My new bae, you're my new bae  
Let's make a movie, are we moving too fast?  
Who cares? You're my new bae  
With my drinking I'll be on the floor

New bae, new bae, up in Sacramento  
D'USSÉ, D'USSÉ with the Amaretto  
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang when I switch tempos  
Put you on a new game, get experimental  
Have you ever had your ass in the air, hands tied to the bed, legs tied to the leg post?  
While your roommate watching, plotting, playing with herself like who gon' get the head most?  
We can do the three-three, yeah, what about Kiki?  
Bring her to the crib in the Hills with the studio, tell her we can have a little FeFe  
Make you feel a way

I'mma run my finger in a spiral up your spine like a staircase  
You know that I know the right spot, girl  
How you doing squats, girl, I can make your legs shake  
Hit you from the back, make the bed break  
When I beat the brakes off it, yeah yeah  
Pussy getting wet, let it marinate  
Let a nigga taste something, girl, yeah yeah  
You are fucking with a Chicago nigga, like DJ Pharris  
Say, girl, it ain't nothing to spend on a bottle  
That's just cause your body the truth if I dare say,  
sound crazy  
I know I'm talking crazy, girl, blame it on the D'USSÉ  
But you look so bad if you're good to me I might just make you my new bae

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Who cares? You're my new bae

With my drinking I'll be on the floor