

Out of Body (feat. Wale & Dot Cromwell)

Jidenna

Marco Polo, Bitch
This my last post
Cuz i'm done with yo ass
I'm done with yo lil black James Bond shit
You just doing that shit for the likes
Doing that shit for the gram
But guess what? you done my nigga
Cuz we ain't never been on a vacation
But you was with that Bambi bitch
On these sites getting tags and shit
Passports stamping it up
Barbados, Botswana, Djibouti nigga
Oh you think I don't know about that?
You know I went through your profile motherfucker
Like you know I was there, I told you
You know who the fuck I am?
You know what?
You know what?
You ain't shit This ain't really for discussion
She got some hittas 'round the way
Could fuck around and press the button
And if you know her like
I do you know she always into something
But niggas love it
The world is hers, she wanna hold it, she wanna hold it
She blow the smoke and hit the bottle
Oh, yeah, she living by the code
Making her money on the road
Cold road, she pick up any hours
No thing as too many hours
I swear she a goddess on the pole
Cold pole, she ride it like a Masi'
Mirrors in the ceiling got her looking at herself
It's outta body
It's no discussion
She know the shottas
Feel them chakras bouncing
In and out her body
It's no discussion
She make a living on the road
She done had a long day
A long day, long day

But she living for the feeling, ain't no wrong way
She done had a long day
A long day, long day
But I swear she always did it all her own way
She had a long day
She need a Long, Long Island and a long J
Sharper than them niggas, but they gettin' more pay
And that bitch she worked with looked at her the wrong way
The wrong way, the wrong way
She want her own crib
'Cause her mama rented, now she wanna her own shit
Her own lane on some fuck-that-orange-cone shit
You know the saying, you a pimp or on some ho shit, ho shit, oh shit
Ya, ya, I bend her back and do yoga
She need me to give her Deepak Chopra
I got work right now I'm like so what?
But ol' boy, why you bringin' up old stuff
More than money, she just want some time (time)
A night with her and her and two bottles of wine (wine)
I think it's funny how ever single time (time)
I put my body in her body to give her that mothafuckin' out of body
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But she living for the feeling, ain't no wrong way
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A long day, long day
But I swear she always did it all her own way
Okay, she work too much
Won't you just take off for me?
She is worth too much
That's why she got her own money
She wanna visit with Doctor Miami
I wanna jack, couple shots in Miami
I'm with Jidenna so I got a suit
So when I dress up, women droppin' their panties
Pull up and drop out, I drop out, I pull up
I gotta invite her to the back, issa Grammy
Back on my bullshit, my bitch got a bitch
And I'm talking 'bout people on the side of her panties
She's worth too much
Do you have some time for me?
She is worth too much
So I ask her to go and buy for me
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It's no discussion
She know the shottas

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>