

# 48 Floors (feat. Mansa)

Tory Lanez

I can't make no dinner, but a nigga with the breakfast  
We can smoke, we can fuck, what's your preference?  
Wrote to Santa just to put you on my sex list  
You got that million dollar on at the Craig's list  
Aw yeah, and you know who I am  
All these bitches in the crib, they just go there to dance  
And I'm in and out the bank like I go there to scam  
We can go to Miami, girl, we can go just to say, oh yeah  
Liquor poured up, women called up, fuck it all up, oh yeah  
In the condo, you know how I go  
Give it up, so  
48 floors, that's the way we going  
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah  
And don't make me wait for ya  
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah  
48 floors, that's the way we going  
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah  
And don't make me wait for ya  
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah  
So good, I should have to pay for it Saved you under peach emojis in my contact  
So when you hit me, you remind me just to call back  
Tell them niggas like December coming, fall back  
She cashing out at 4 A.M., I'm 'bout to fall in, okay  
We found love in the club, what you call that?  
We wound up in the tub, and I bossed that  
We still fucking on the bitch, 'til later  
We still got this shit lit, 48 floors  
48 floors, that's the way we going  
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah  
And don't make me wait for ya  
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah  
48 floors, that's the way we going  
Open up the Wraith doors, oh yeah  
And don't make me wait for ya  
Pussy so good, I should have to pay for it, oh yeah  
So good, I should have to pay for it Porsche keys, got from Paris, you're my French baby  
I'm just tryna win, can you let me win, baby?  
Mixing up Patron with the gin, baby  
I don't see nothing wrong, even though I know it's the same, baby  
I'm a 7 figure nigga, still riding the scrape  
Still drop a bitch off if she don't drop on the take  
I can never lose the flavor that I got from the Bay

And I still got it, if you need it, you can cop it today, oh yeah  
On the 48th floor  
Keep that body on the sign like it's our valet show, yeah  
Gridin' on me like a skateboard  
Tryna push a nigga buttons, this is not a game board, no  
Uh, on the 48th floor  
The condo 'bout the bando, where I used to stay before  
Now I'm popping in Toronto, I go state to state, far away  
Whipping like I'm tryna make a getaway for it, oh yeahUh, oh yeah  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
Oh  
Ooh, ooh

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