

# The Fargo Splash (feat. Ludacris)

## Tory Lanez

They want it now and fast, grabbin' and smackin' ass  
You gotta make it last  
What? Fuck?me  
Oh, oh, oh  
Say it, make love to me  
Oh, oh, oh

Say it How these bitches hatin' on you but it don't offend you?  
You my number one, just know that you got no contenders  
You keep that pussy so clean when I be goin' in  
I'd spend my life in your box, don't need no codefendant  
Go act like these niggas off, like they had no existence  
They can't go the distance  
I'm 0 for 0 for instance

Fuck the gym, let me pull up and get that stroke of fitness  
She a five-star shawty, still down to go for Denny's  
Down to go for Wendy's  
McDonald's chicken fries, thick as thighs  
Seen it in her eyes, shawty know I know I seen it  
Netflix and chill, and we could go to dinner  
My schedule busy, but for you, girl, I'll make no agenda  
You got no contenders  
You kept it hot for me all in my cold Decembers  
No pretendin'

Don't be trippin' on these niggas that you lovin' on  
You gon' fuck 'em, treat 'em like you don't remember  
Ooh, I need that hotness 'til the day you gone  
That's from January to December  
Whatever you want  
More than happy to provide it  
Or like beside it  
Whatever you want (Yeah)  
Oh, shawty, don't you deny it  
It feel like we flyin'

Whatever you want (You want, you want)  
You know I can provide it  
Pullin' up to Tory after Mr. Jones (Oh)  
Only thing I care about is who gon' get you home  
My cigar full of this weed so I can switch the tone  
Please don't go to my house drunk, is anybody home?  
Words slurrin' and my vision blown  
Different zone  
Room spinnin', I don't know

Unzip my pants and get to blowin', you so nasty  
Don't know what's up with me  
You stayed up tonight to fuck with me  
Mmm, lucky me  
Gucci panties hit that pussy on some double G's  
Fifty pairs of those'll only cost a couple G's, yeah  
Just give me something to work with  
Something with purpose  
First time that we fucked, girl you was nervous  
Moanin' 'fore I even started touchin' the surface  
Whatever you want  
Whatever you want, ha  
Whatever you wanna be  
Act right, shitShe want it now and fast  
Grabbin' and smackin' ass, make it last  
Beat me to the finish, wave the checker flag  
Toe tag, left the pussy on a death bed  
Been milkin' the game since I was breastfed  
Long enough to know that women with lisps give the best head  
But not with braces  
Your pussy talking's the only conversation, yap, yap  
Grab her hair, pull her track back  
Got somethin' to prove  
Not from Houston but I got somethin' to screw at all times  
You said it's all mine  
All dimes, y'all fuck with nickels  
I be in them guts, pokin' them sides until it tickles  
Squeeze the Charmin on the soft ass  
No, I don't pay 'em to come, I pay 'em to go, ho  
No credit, all cash (Ching)  
He slidin' up and use a worthful transaction  
And just hop up off my dick with no attachments  
Usin' prophylactics (Ha)  
Safe to say the song is whatever you want  
But it's limited to this penis and a blunt  
Holla at me, Luda!Whatever you want (You want)  
More than happy to provide it  
Or like beside it  
Whatever you want (Yeah)  
Oh, shawty, don't you deny it  
It feel like we flyin'  
Whatever you want (Ooh, it's whatever you want)  
You know I can provide it (I can provide it)  
Ooh yeah, yeahI'm 'bout to throw some game, they both one and the same  
Cupid's the one to blame  
Say it, whatever you need  
I'm 'bout to shed some light, 'cause each and every night  
You gotta do it right (Right)  
Whatever you want

I'm 'bout to throw some game, they both one and the same  
Cupid's the one to blame, say it\*Phone rings\*  
\*Keys jingle\*  
Tory: Let 'em holla at you. Yo  
Nyce: Yo, what up?  
Tory: What's poppin'?  
Nyce: Yo, you still with Leah?  
Tory: Shit, nah, it's crazy. She just left out the car and shit  
Nyce: Did you hit?  
Tory: Nigga, of course I hit. Nigga, come now, man, it's me  
Nyce: Hahaha. Wazzup?  
Tory: Wazzup?  
Nyce: Wazzup?  
Tory: Wazzup? Hahahaha  
Nyce: Hahaha, nigga, stupid, bruh. Yo, all jokes asides,  
what the fuck did I call this nigga for again?  
Oh yeah,. You s—, you sure Leah and Jalissa ain't friends?  
Tory: Oh, for sure.  
They don't even fuck with each other like  
that. She was in the car talkin' 'bout it and shit  
Nyce: Yeah aight. Well, yo, look. 'Nigga,  
we was up in the barbershop the other day  
Tory: Uh-huh  
Nyce: Smokin' blunts, drinkin' liquor  
Tory: Yeah  
Nyce: Shootin' dice, talkin' shit  
Tory: Aight, my nigga, I get it.  
What up like? Like what you tryna tell me, bro? It's good  
Nyce: See my man was tellin' me, bro. Jalissa, she up to some shit  
Tory: What?  
Nyce: And the first thing gon' try to do is  
Nyce's girl: Nyce get off this damn phone!  
Nyce: Oh fuck  
Nyce's girl: I told you I had to use the phone,  
you up here bumpin' your gum, hang up this phone  
Nyce: Ayo, man, you know why I'm wildin' and shit.  
You know what I'm sayin', it's all good. I'ma holla at you later, bro  
Tory: Aight, my nigga

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