

Do You There (feat. Marc E. Bassy)

Skizzy Mars

Rolling down these desert hills
Rolling up these dollar bills
All the drinks that we've been drinking strong as fuck, girl
I'm not gon' lie, I just wanna fuck, girl
And the waitress is taking too long
Let's hit your spot, mine's too far
Pop another stick, I'm getting bolder
Moncler on, the city's getting colder
You don't need no makeup girl, you're natural
Her friend pissing me off, she just asked for blow
Bitch I gave you some, why you back for more?
She a fiend, nineteen, with a past to show
Tryna take you to the W after show
And play you all my new shit, we could really do shit
Got the Uber on the way, she don't even have to know
Got a French dimepiece, yeah we international
If you want it in L.A, I can do you there
If you want it in the Bay, I can do you there
Everywhere that you be, girl
Everywhere that you stay
Role play, reality, we stay acting up
If you want it in NY, I can do you there
If you want it in the Chi, I can do you there
Everywhere that you be, girl
Everywhere that you stay
Role play, reality, we stay acting up
You holdin' down that sex appeal
This foreplay's to show you how I feel
Giuseppe's on your feet, no you're not playin'
Don't need to run around, girl I'm not chasin'
Girl if you're lonely, I'll be there by your side
Can't stay long, different city every night
But you show me something good after a long day
Got Rosé, we got Dom P, no Andre
Drinking all this Absinthe, it's like I'm here but my body's absent
You're the type to have your cake and eat it
You said he had a record, let me beat it
Your man's a flop, you need you a replacement
I'm that type to just get back to basics
Look at what I'll give you, won't you take it?
In a penthouse, they in the basement
We throw cigarettes off my terrace for entertainment
She know why she came, yo, there's no explaining
Always text her hours later with no explanation

Baby, I'm a busy man, I was prolly faded
I got this girl in Florida
I smash her friend whenever I get bored of her
And I got this girl out in the Bay
I don't know how many bars she takes
And shout out my girl Eileen
ed the drugs in Seattle, I wish I was smashing
And word to Laura, live I'm from Atlanta
I know you told your friends, but I still forgive ya
I'm tryna fuck a million girls, tryna fucking change the world
You a lady in the streets, red lipstick and pearls
Don't kiss me in public, bitch I barely know you
But get you in the room, I'mma fuck you like I know you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>