

# Bingo

## Jacob Sartorius

Man, tell me who's this pretty young thing  
Popping up all over the gram  
I could see we got a couple same friends  
And we from the same city  
My, oh, my, now you just my type  
With them lips like Kylie, so fine  
E'rry post, gon' give it that like  
'Til she notice me I just wanna know you real bad (Bad)  
Can I pick you up, meet your dad? (Dad)  
I just gotta make you mine  
Get inside your timeline  
She's so proper, a head-knocker  
What it do, after school  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow  
B-I-N-G-O, bingo, bingo  
Put my picture on your locker  
Tell your girls, I'll tell my crew  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow  
B-I-N-G-O, bingo, bingo Man, now I'm creeping up in her DM  
And I hope she ain't got a boyfriend  
'Cause, girl, I really want a chance  
To get to know you better  
And, I, know if you give me the greenlight  
Everything's gon' be alright  
Like two stars way up in the sky  
We're so fly-y-y  
I just wanna know you real bad (Bad)  
Can I pick you up, meet your dad? (Dad)  
I just gotta make you mine  
Get inside your timeline  
(Let me get it) She's so proper, a head-knocker  
What it do, after school  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow  
B-I-N-G-O, bingo, bingo  
Put my picture on your locker  
Tell your girls, I'll tell my crew  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow  
B-I-N-G-O, bingo, bingo (I just wanna know you real bad) Bad  
(Can I pick you up, meet your dad?) Dad (Ey, ey. Bro, I can't do this. This is too lit)  
(Haha, B-I-N-G-O) She's so proper, a head-knocker  
What it do, after school (Yeah)  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow

B-I-N-G-O, bingo, bingo  
Put my picture on your locker  
Tell your girls, I'll tell my crew  
I just hit the lotto, she hit the follow  
B-I-N-G-O

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>