

Creeping (feat. Rich the Kid)

Lil Skies

Blame on me, no shame on you
No shame on you, blame on me no
Aye aye Blame on me, no, shame on you (on you)
No, you can't hide the truth
I'ma slide right through your roof (your roof)
Might pop a pill or two
Let them hate, we chuck the deuce (the deuce)
Fuck that, we gettin' loose
Pussy sweeter than some juice (some juice)
I slurp it like it's soup Ayy, she a naughty type on the weekend
But tonight she gon' let me start to creep in
Baby goin' offense, I'm playin' defense
You on top, I swear that's the perfect sequence, ooh
Why you like to lie, shawty, you know you impressed
See you fuckin' with me now 'cause I bossed up and I flex
All they like to do is talk when they knew that I was next
I just come up with these hits and lay low, collect my checks
She fuck with solid niggas (aye)
She don't be fuckin' with broke boys, I ran it up, that was my choice
She call me up when she need pipe, my girl ain't playin' with no toys
Watch my back, niggas lurkin', my girl look better in person
And she still picture perfect, dip and dash when we swervin'
Oh me, oh my (oh my)
Put my hand on your thighs (your thighs)
If I come through tonight (tonight)
I'll make you touch the sky (the sky)
Don't need to wink my eye (my eye)
No, I'm not even playin' (I'm not playin')
You know just what I'm sayin' (what I'm sayin')
Got you and all you cravings
Blame on me, no, shame on you (on you)
No, you can't hide the truth
I'ma slide right through your roof (your roof)
Might pop a pill or two
Let them hate, we chuck the deuce (the deuce)
Fuck that, we gettin' loose
Pussy sweeter than some juice (some juice)
I slurp it like it's soup Ayy, she a naughty type on the weekend
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Baby goin' offense, I'm playin' defense
You on top, I swear that's the perfect sequence, ooh Hold my wrist up out the coupe, two bitches
switch-a-roo

That pussy good, I'm blamin' you, you drippin', shame on you
She got real water (water), head real smarter (head)
They into bitches from Florida, you probably can't afford her
Bentley truck might park the coupe, I'm livin' comfortable
Talk money then I'm stuck with you, now I'm in love with you
Plug pull up in the UFO, no small talk, I'm the CEO
My bitches is bad, they do the most
She way too foreign, straight off the boat
I put her on top, she leakin', she leakin'
Touch you a freak on the weekend, the weekend
Blame on me, no shame on you, girl you can't hide the truth
I might get a 'Rari coupe, but just to flex on you Blame on me, no, shame on you (on you)
No, you can't hide the truth
I'ma slide right through your roof (your roof)
Might pop a pill or two
Let them hate, we chuck the deuce (the deuce)
Fuck that, we gettin' loose
Pussy sweeter than some juice (some juice)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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