

My Type (feat. Alex Simmons)

Kortnee Simmons

[Spoken: Pop]

I do everything I can for him
He don't come home like he 'spose to
Boy he must be out of his mind
Don't pay no bills around this house
Imma give him another minute, and that's it
Tsk, what's wrong with this watch
A minute don't take this long [Verse 1: Kortnee]
Close my eyes, uh, I think of you
I see your smile, baby what's new?
Been a while, feels like a dream;
But if you come a little closer, it'll be a fantasy
What are you doing dancing all alone?
Got your face all in your phone
Are you wishing you were home?
Just give me your hand and let me take you for a ride
Spend a little time, I bet you I can change your mind
Too nice of a night for you to feel so lonely
Don't gotta act, you know I know you want me
And I want you too

[Chorus]

You look so good (you look so good)
Baby you're my type of hype
Can I make you feel all right, yeah;
And you look so fly (you look so fly)
I don't need the rest of your life
Maybe just the rest of your night, yeah You look so good (you look so good)
Baby you're my type of hype
Can I make you feel all right, yeah;
And you look so fly (you look so fly)
I don't need the rest of your life
Maybe just the rest of your night, yeah

[Verse 2: Alex]

You say you always busy, girl
Just let me take you with me
We gon' go out, have some shots
Then take you home and give you shots
Have you breathing like, huh
Baby you ain't gotta go home
Cause I just wanna get you all alone
You can stay until the mornin'
Baby we ain't doin' nothing wrong

You must've never listened to my song
I can get you in the zone
All them nights we spend on the phone
Girl I ain't even tryna lead you on
I'm just tryna say we're grown
Baby I can read up on your tone
It's saying we can do this on the low
Skrrt pull up then we gone
Hop up in my ride with the roof off
You can be my rodeo and I'm the truth whoa
I don't care who you with, girl, I'm your new boss
Tell your man don't mess around and get his tooth loss
I'm the realest nigga that I know
Florida champ, I'm the man, shout out Pahokee hoes
I'm the truth, never lied, ain't no Pinocchio
We can kick it in the hood or go to Tokyo
Girl, I promise I ain't spitting no written
This a freestyle, I won't tell you no different
Niggas be hatin', they all in our business
I swear when we get home, we Netflix and Chillin', cause[Chorus]
You look so good (you look so good)
Baby you're my type of hype
Can I make you feel all right, yeah;
And you look so fly (you look so fly)
I don't need the rest of your life
Maybe just the rest of your night, yeah You look so good (you look so good)
Baby you're my type of hype
Can I make you feel all right;
And you look so fly (you look so fly)
I don't need the rest of your life
Maybe just the rest of your night, yeah[Spoken: Pop]
Aye, he gotta come home some time
Aii believe that, yeah
Imma be waitin' on his monkey ass

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