

Sierra Leone

Big Sean

She tell me she love me
I'm everything that she want
Top floor, only way that we go
Diamonds and gold, Sierra Leone, Leone
Hotel look like Sierra Leone, Leone
Chain, ring look like Sierra Leone, Leone
And she don't ever tell me I'm wrong, I'm wrong
Cause she don't want to leave Sierra Leone, Leone
Get to it, I be getting to it
Hella groovin', rooftop, better viewin'
Always hella coppin', no propellers, moving bank tellers
Movin', youngin', revenuin', mozzarella chewin', you know?
Lobster butter basted
I deserve every crumb tasted, road to riches one way and
Sunbathing, tongue tastin'
After that she wine tasting, Sean tastin'
You know? I gave her diamonds and gold
That's Sierra Leone, her friends like "Girl don't let go!"
So she ain't askin', she ain't whinin'
Complainin' or trippin', man I got her damn near strippin'
For the handbag livin', Saks Fifth'n, tag rippin'
No more tab splittin', cab gettin', who wants to go back to that livin'? Do yah?
So let's sex on the beach
Then the rest on the sheets for the rest of the week, 'til
What you know about wake up to fuckin' 'fore you even can stretch?
Yeah I'm on vacay and my dick still need a rest
I might get her on film, star and direct
Just might win an award if that shit hit the net
Oh, reclinin' in seats
Not liftin' a finger 'less I'm signin' receipts
Livin' life like I got a degree
Fuck it, I'm livin' life like I done got in the league
Look, my car look like it play for the Lakers
Credit card look like it play for the Raiders, I watch it play for the paper
Chandelier, marble floor on the feet
She said I'm a don, I gotta agree, I fuck her to sleep
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>