

Boca Raton

Bas & A\$AP Ferg

[Chorus: Bas]

I'm out in Boca Raton
I'm sipping Roca Patron
I got this chick on the phone
Talking 'bout life and how I just ain't for her, I been inclined to agree
'Cause all I been doin' is me
Now I can't be your one baby girl, nah
But I play the two or the three now [Verse 1: Bas]
Give her the dick and I'm gone
I'm like a ticking time bomb
I'm on the road, grind time for the dough it's my time
She cheer me on pom poms
She good for the soul, she good for the mind
She help me get found, TomTom
She help me eat clean, balsamic
She might end up meeting my mama
Let's take it back like western time zones
Used to call you up to share my milestones
Now you hear my voice and sound annoyed
Might as well be talking to the dial tone
I been living dreams it ain't what it seems
Splitting at the seam when it
Splitting at the seam when it come to you

[Chorus: Bas]

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But I play the two or the three now [Verse 2: A\$AP Ferg]
I flew out to Boca Raton (yeah)
Had to meet my nigga Bas (uuh)
He took a break from the road (yeah)
Decided to party with Cozz
Had to get away from the cold (right)
The Winter was killing my vibe
Just got off the phone with J. Cole
Told him that I'm with the guys (woo, woo, woo)
Look in my eye, I'm seeing life through Versace (aye)
Dippin' in Mazi, 'bout to eat Hibachi
Now with the pass the Curvoisi, -er

Sippin' 'til I'm sloppy (aye)
Fuck her 'til she knock knees
I put a hurting on her nani (yeah)
Anaconda through her body
Got her screaming Godly
Dale boom dale (uh)
She a work of art like a Salvador Dali (aye, aye)
It's like a Prada robbery
Nothing but designer, we can go shopping
You want the Zonda or 'Rari?
We could get both so you know this shit poppin'
Feeling like Tommy
In Belly when Keisha and him got it popping (aye, aye)
Put her head in my Tommy
Boca Raton I ain't leavin' this party
[Bridge: A\$AP Ferg & Bas]
I can't help the way you think when I'm not with you
I'm not with the way you think when I'm not with you
Baby we know just what we got
Only we know just what we got
I can't help the way you think when I'm not with you
I'm not with the way you think when I'm not with you
Baby we know just what we got
Only we know just what we got [Chorus: Bas]
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Now I can't be your one baby girl, nah
But I play the two or the three now [Outro: Bas]
Fiends

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

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