

# Bosses and Workers (feat. Don Q and Trap Manny)

## A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Sex me, don't caress me  
I'm good, I don't wanna be your bestie  
She like, "Wet me like a jet-ski"  
Beat her to it, I'ma do it if she let me, yeah  
Get flee in a white tee  
Two hundred on my neck, it get icy, yeah  
You can't be my wifey, you're just like me  
Sex me, don't caress me  
I'm good, I don't wanna be your bestie  
She like, "Wet me like a jet-ski"  
Beat her to it, I'ma do it if she let me, uh  
Get flee in a white tee  
Two hundred on my neck, it get icy, uh  
You can't be my wifey, you're just like me You're just like me, you're just like me  
No you can't be my wifey  
Be my nothing, you're just like me  
Ooh, yeah  
No you can't be my bestie, you can't be my wifey  
You can't be my nothing, you're just like me  
Tourin' on the top of the world  
Blimp with your name on the top of the world  
Patek Philippe, you can spray it with the syrup  
Too true to the game to be fuckin' the clerk  
Pull off, kick rocks, you can hear the Masi' skrrt (Skrrt)  
I seen Rihanna and told her, "Make it work" (Work)  
A Boogie was taught to murk off vert (Brrt)  
Pablo, politics get left on shirts (Err)  
Test me, we'll be wrestling  
I be coming from the top, big boss thing  
Met an East lil' fine ting  
I be diggin' in her drawers while in Boston  
And I told her to call me 'cause  
I heard you was a stalker, I like stalking  
Batter up, shawty bossy  
Take a hit, you gon' end up in the nosebleed  
Sex me, don't caress me  
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 You can't be my wifey, you're just like me You're just like me  
 Doin' thotty things like it's okay  
 When you're talkin' to me  
 You say all the right things  
 But if you don't mean it then don't say it  
 Ooh, Gucci flip-flops with the right fragrance  
 Ooh, we can switch spots, I am not famous  
 But I got so much fuckin' money, I cannot fake it  
 And I got so much on my mind, I need a bae-cation  
 I got money on my mind  
 Wish I knew how to make it  
 She keep playin' with the dick  
 When she knew how to taste it  
 I got acres on my wrist  
 But your neck is amazin'  
 And I don't wanna do you dirty  
 You know you my baby  
 And I would tell you anything  
 'Cause I know you won't say shit  
 Half the niggas that I know is a thief or a gangster  
 Yeah, I grew up around the block  
 It get hot and they spray shit  
 I know I love you but don't stop  
 Me from gettin' this paper Sex me, don't caress me  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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