

# The Ways (feat. Sir)

Jay Rock

Wait, I understand the love, but I just wanted some freak shit. Like, I didn't want the... And the

fingers don't count  
Bitch, I know about you  
Hanging with LaQuita brought the hoe up out you  
And now you acting like you don't know about it  
Look I ain't really tripping, want some more about you  
Now wait a minute  
Bitch, I know about you  
Why you snitching when nobody know about it  
That's the wrong way to try to go about it  
They go take your ass out with no deposit  
Now pay attention  
And that's the way  
Pussy on my hotline, that's the way  
Plans on my trap phone that's the way  
Numbers in my paper bag, that's the way  
She gon' pop bottles, that's fo sho  
When we roll up, she roll up, that's fo sho  
She love ridin' high, sittin' low, that's fo sho  
Don't matter where we go  
Fo sho I know you heard about me  
Walk mellow talk mellow, plus I'm quiet as fuck  
My exterior composed, but inside I'm a nut  
And after drinks and a blunt, I'm redesigning your strut  
Got you rewinding and take, wiling and smiling and such  
Keep your vagina in touch, dialing my line in a cut  
This hydrophonic and got you hot with the bottles and bubs  
On top of that, this dick and dollars done got you in love  
Now wait a minute  
That's the way  
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Plans on my trap phone, that's the way  
Numbers in my paper bag, that's the way  
She gon' pop bottles, that's fo sho  
When we roll up, she roll up, that's fo sho  
She love ridin' high, sittin' low, that's fo sho  
Don't matter where we go  
Fo sho Big money, all hunnids  
How you want it, we can run it  
Ten boppers, they swing  
Drop it low, do your thang, do your thang  
Big money, all hunnids  
How you want it, we can run it  
Ten boppers, they swing  
Drop it low, do your thang, do your thang  
That's the way

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