

Spin Bout U-Drake & 21 Savage Lyrics

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“Spin Bout U”

You gotta motherfuckin' feel this shit, boy
(BanBwoi)

Woah

I got feelings for you

Hope you ain't lovin' the crew

How many bodies you got?

Pray it ain't more than a few

Know that you dealt with some lames

When you was young and in school

He had to pop your cherry

But I got it wet like a pool

She got a new G-Wag'

She wanna hit Highlight Room and show it off

Got a new body, girl, show it off

This a Brazilian, I know it's soft

Toned up and she got a six-pack

Look like she used to play volleyball

American Express, you can have it all

Code to the safe, you can have it all

Fuck your main page, what's your Finsta? I wanna know the real you

You started dancin' to pay your tuition, girl, I wanna know what you been
through

You want a boutique or you wanna sell hair, just let me know what you into
If you out in public, and he want your number, just tell him, "My nigga'll spin
you"

The way you make me feel these days
Somethin' gettin' dry for you, baby girl
Smoke a nigga top for you, baby girl
Burn somebody block for you
The way you make me feel these days
Comin' out my body for you, baby girl
Wipe him like he snotty for you, baby girl
Comin' out my body for you
Damn, just turned on the news and seen that men who never got pussy in
school
Are makin' laws about what women can do
I gotta protect ya, I'm a made man, tied in, all the way, baby
So I gotta respect ya
Niggas put hands on you in the past, insecure because your body is
pressure
Four words when I think about them is crusty, musty, dusty, rusty
Eight words when I think about us is fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me
Disrespect ya and I'll smack 'em
The texts that you send in captions
The videos we got ever leak, we goin' viral or goin' platinum
Don't worry 'bout your friend's story when I had her alone
She gon' try and put some extras on it, take you out of your zone
You know how it goes when they can't get a reservation up in Carbone
They gon' tell you it's a chill night, tell you how they'd rather stay home,
yeah
Jealous-ass hoes, yeah
And I know what I said 'bout bein' in Vogue
But just like that R&B group from the '90s
Girl, one call, I'll get you in Vogue
One call, you in runway shows
One call, I'm sittin' front row
One wrong call from your ex nigga sayin' dumb shit'll get him sent home
One call and my niggas ten toes
Down to go wherever I say go
Even if we gotta travel 'cross the globe

Down to take you to the end of the road, for real
The way you make me feel these days
Somethin' gettin' dry for you, baby girl
Smoke a nigga top for you, baby girl
Burn somebody block for you
The way you make me feel these days
Comin' out my body for you, baby girl
Wipe him like he snotty for you, baby girl
Comin' out my body for you
Want ya, I want-want ya
Oh, your lovin' so deep (feelin' so deep)
Want ya, I want-want ya
Give me your lovin' (feelin' so deep)

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