

Closed Curtains-CEO Trayle Lyrics

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"Closed Curtains"

48 hurt.
I put a broken inside of a Birkin.
Many my bitches.
No dead on each her.
She put a spell on the pussy Kirsty.
I could have fun with it.
Wasn't worth it mr.
Bad dog.
Come mr.
Perfect.
No not in the trackless desert.
I bet that boy he deserve it.
The back on the closing,
the curtains in the basement.
I getting no service.
Kind of basically she kind of curvy,
I'm scratching this shit to his hurting.
I'll perk it up,
Pop.
This bird is what I heard from that.
Little bitty birdie can't crap.
I'm swerving,

I took out my feelings and burning the bridge called First on a sandwich.

I ever you turn it from Israel,
but sometimes it's a green light.

Go he did.

So they find the contact,
his totally bad.

No,

Bro.

So is there to know and things don't ever speak faster?

Whoa, I said bad words or the kids gone growth.

I sit back hurt but I'm back.

He doe eyes are because it was called glow attending.

My cheek a fish,
my bowl of cereal,

Bitch.

Can't Smile boat,
better giant fee fi fo I'm back.

Kobe Bryant feed that to go.

I'm Monica cold.

Ain't L cold and they see money and it's all got soul.

Yeah,

motherfucker don't row my boat and keeping a chopper here.

All of the shows becoming very popular daddy.

Don't know C7,

C8 took a perfect before you broke all my,
because he heard me before you start trying that what you said to me,

Froze,

he s my day.

While you slipping me phone,
she started a ride to nerissa be cold.

My bitches,

the name of that mean,

is he calls?

He said,
I've seen me when I'm down the throat and wonderful trip and they all
gotta
go face.

She got to where she can still come on.
Associate like she ain't never caught everything.

I fucking want.
Honesty banging my do it stands in line and a swinging,
my do the costume,
a goth,
put her head in my lap,
I'm on TV,
little bitching on Jasmine,
Shake him cheat.
On your nigga.
He ain't gotta know.

I can make her my work with a burger that don't have a Birkin.
Benny my bitches know they don't you turn she put a spell on a pussy
Kirsty.

I could have fought it with it wasn't worth it mr.

Bad dog.
Come mr.
Perfect

No I'm not in the Trap has deserted.

I bet that a boy he deserve it.

The back on the closing,
the curtains in the basement.

I getting no service.

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
