

Two Tens - Cordae Lyrics

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"Two Tens"

Yeah

Mm-hmm, yup

Yeah

Turn the beat up a little bit

Yeah, okay

Two friends, and they both tens, lookin' nice

Too bent, I should call it quits, but I'm not

No chances, we all dance in the light, uh

Tell me, what's the odds we can all get a bite?

Uh, okay, the last time we tried that, it didn't end well

Plus you never know the story that they friends tell

And off the brown liquor, nigga feel like Denzel

Out in Washington, in the D.C. with a chocolate bitch

Lil' freak bitch get geeked off erotic shit

So what you do? Shot the club up like Stojakovic

Uh, man, that's that other shit

Payin' child support through the government
Joint custody weekends, you can't touch the kid

Man, I love this bitch

We gon' travel and fill up the bucket list
Have 'bout ten kids on the ranch on some southern shit

You mean sucker shit

Slave to the pussy since you discovered it

Ten bands on Chanel purse, that's bad budgetin'

Plus you niggas always together, it's mad smotherin'

You simpin' over bitches, I never thought it would come to this

Why you always mad? I just wanna have fun with it

The Winter's ain't bad when you cruisin' in the Summer with-

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Yeah, uh

See, I'm not tryna be overbearin' or give you a lecture

I just want you to see this shit from a different perspective

See every ho is a dog, and every dog has it's day
You can't be lovin' on every mutt that be fallin' astray
My nigga, watch what you say
How you blockin' the wave?
You just talkin', nothing's comin' from a logical place
Man, I'm kickin' knowledge today
You gettin' brolic today
Why you payin' her son tuition?
'Cause I'm his father today

Okay

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