

No 808's - A Boogie Wit da Hoodie Lyrics

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"No 808's"

Let's fly together

Would you jump if they told you that we can't fly together?

Just know that you on my side, but that's just my perspective

Runnin' out of things to say whenever the calls collective

Ooh, what a mood, she pull up with no bra under

I buy her Jimmy Choo, she do that shit without her effort

M.I.A. with you and your friend out here in Club E11EVEN

In the spot we be too deep, we need just one more session

I don't need no 808s to go crazy

I don't wanna be the one that waste your time

You're the one that told me not to let the money change me

Baby, every other million, that shit crosses my mind

When you with me baby, you don't need any AC

VVS up your body, feels just like ice

You know what it is outside with my gang

We-, mm, look

And everything I do is for her

Everything I-, hm-mm

And you know you're my mood, but

Mood, what a mood

You put it locked up, but you still right back to Artist status

Thought I was sleepin' through, but no matter what we still countin' together

I love bein' rich, but I can miss when we was poor together

Remember runnin' up in Raleigh stealin' from stores together

I do cuttin' through traffic, and all these foreigners better

You needed a shoulder to cry on, so I bought this Chrome Heart sweater
(Chrome Heart sweater)

And I was fienin' for that pussy, I made a whole song to get it

And they all gon' want that bitch after they see Artist with her

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Baby, every other million, that shit crosses my mind

When you with me baby, you don't need any AC

VVS up your body, feels just like ice

You know what it is outside with my gang

We-, mm, look

And my heart's on fire

Why you tryna fight fire with fire?

You know I'm a big dawg around my land

Should I charge these niggas double just to ride the wave?

You love to ask me everythin', but am I okay

I never ask you nothin', 'cause you get it your way

And Valentines the worst ways

Even worser than my birthdays, Valentines the worst ways

Valentines the worst ways, I love you in the worst way

I love you in the worst way, like Valentines' the worst day

I still love you like your birthday

Candles blowin', blowin', all showin'

Left that nigga in the past, and now you glowin', glowin', glowin', glowin',
yeah

Told you "Grow up", now you growin', growin', growin', growin', ayy

I won't take responsibilities for your glow up, 'cause you did it on your own

And it's a plus to have a nigga like myself in your corner, but you did it on
your own

You did it on your own, girl, you young, sassy, and grown

Baby young, flashy, and grown, you did it on your own

Oh, yeah, yeah

Ayy, blow a tag, yeah, blog a bag, yeah, yeah-yeah

Blow a big bag up in Saks, when you mad, yeah

When you mad, yeah, oh-yeah, oh-yeah, yeah

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