

# Private Landing - Don Toliver Lyrics

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## "Private Landing"

I'm feelin' stuck (Feelin' stuck)

I'm off a bean (Yeah), like, what the fuck? (What the fuck?)

I'm in the tree (Tree), she holler up (Holler up)

What you need? (What you need?) Got it up (Ooh-oo)

I don't know why these hoes can't stand me

I guess I'm too demanding

Wanna hit the double Coke, the candy (Candy)

I'm so high, no landing (Landing)

Keepin' that Glock, grip steady (Steady)

Rockin' this shit, confetti (Confetti)

They all let it go on the telly (Telly)

They all wanna rub my belly

I got my dawgs out, I'm poppin' at the Ritz (At the—)

I got 'em comin' in, shit look like a blitz (Look like a—)

She wanna check me up, she wanna check my fit (Check my—)

I pull up, the Maybach jumpin', shorty better check my hits

I don't know why these hoes can't stand me

I guess I'm too demanding

Private landing, I guess I keep my candy

She a super soaker when the beaches sandy

I got her in the O, call, better call me Randy

Diamonds and Margiela, AP canary yellow

Yeah, she deserve a Patek, 'cause she one of the members (For sure)

When it come, it's adorable, money not a problem (Hmm)

Turned me to a killer, I just smashed a model (Yeah)

Tiffany come blue, her pussy good and pink (Pink)

Chicago in the wintertime, I'm orderin' minks (The mink)

Sellin' out arenas, I just murked the streets (The streets)

Coppin' a brand new castle in the Middle East (Woo, yeah)

My bitch sit Indian style when we sit down and eat (Woo)

I could do this shit, one take, but my style ain't free (Woo, Pluto)

I don't take hoes on no date, 'less they got pretty feet (I swear)

Quarter million on her head, quarter million on her head (Ah, yeah)

She mop it down the best, I can't feel my leg (My leg, I swear)

I done sniped off your ho' for a crumb of bread (Ho)

Got racks goin' out the roof, they bustin' through the ceilin' (Racks)

My new bitch, she the truth, show me a couple million (Freebandz)

All on your body, like I'm—  
I'm feelin' stuck (Feelin' stuck)  
I'm off a bean (Yeah), like, what the fuck? (What the fuck?)  
I'm in the tree (Tree), she holler up (Holler up)  
What you need? (What you need?) Got it up (Ooh-ooh, yeah)

Mm, keep goin', mm (Oh-yeah)  
Keep goin', keep goin' (Mm-hmm)

Keep goin', keep goin'

Mm, keep goin', keep goin'

Mm, keep goin', keep goin'

Mm, go, go

Mm, keep goin', keep goin'

Mm, go

I guess I'm spinnin', double cup, I'm leanin'

(So good, so good, taste it, talk to me)

Guess I'm spinnin', double cup, I'm leanin'

Need you to lean in (Yeah)

She wanna come this way, uh (Come on)

Heat it up, microwave (Heat it up)

Heat it up, mic—, what, what?

She wanna ride my wave

She wanna come this way (She wanna—)

She wanna—, uh (She wanna—), she wanna—

She wanna—, notice how you're feelin' tonight (Ah, yeah-yeah, so tight,  
baby, sure, tonight)

Oh, it's how you're feelin' tonight

I guess I'm too demanding, I guess I'll keep my candy  
(I tried to tell you, but you know the demons guiding)

Just touched down in Miami (In Miami)

I guess I'll keep my candy, I guess I'm too demanding

She wanna ride my wave, she wanna rock my chain

Heat it up, microwave, come on, I'll share my plate (Come on)

She wanna ride my wave, she wanna rock my chain

Heat it up, microwave, come here, and share my plate

I'm feelin' stuck (Feelin' stuck)

I'm off a bean (Yeah), like, what the fuck? (What the fuck?)

I'm in the tree (Tree), she holler up (Holler up)

What you need? (What you need?) Got it up (Yeah)

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