

# Central Cee, Doja

How can I be homophobic? My bitch is gay  
Hit man in the top, try see a man topless, even the stick is gay  
Huggin' my bruddas and say that I love them but I don't swing that way  
The mandem celebrate Eid, the trap still runnin' on Christmas day  
Somebody tell Doja Cat that I'm tryna indulge in that  
In my grey tracksuit, see the bulge in that  
See the motion clap when you're throwin' it back (when you're throwin' it back)  
These females plannin' on doin' me wrong  
So I'm grabbin' a 'dom out the Trojan pack  
Post the location after we're gone  
Can't slip and let them know where we're at  
I don't know about you but I value my life (but I value my life)  
'Cause imagine I die (die)  
And I ain't made a hundred M's yet  
There's so much things I ain't done yet  
Like fuckin' a flight attendant, huh  
I don't party but I heard Cardi there  
So fuck it, I might attend it  
Gotta kick back sometimes and wonder  
How life woulda been if I never did take them risks  
And would have I prospered?  
Floatin' and I won't go under  
Been outta town for a month  
Absence made the love grow fonder  
Uk rap or UK drill  
Gotta mention my name if you talk 'bout the genre (alright)  
Ho-ho-how can I be homophobic? (My bitch is gay)  
Hit man in the top, try see a man topless, even the stick is gay  
Huggin' my bruddas and say that I love them but I don't swing that way (way)  
The mandem celebrate Eid, the trap still runnin' on Christmas day  
How-h-how can I be homophobic? My bitch is gay  
Hit man in the top, try see a man topless, even the stick is gay  
Huggin' my bruddas and say that I love them but I don't swing that way (way)  
The mandem celebrate Eid, the trap still runnin' on Christmas day