

Jack Harlow, Lovin on me

I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby
Whip your lovin' on me, baby

I'm vanilla, baby, I'll choke you, but I ain't no killer baby (I don't like no whips and chains)
She twenty-eight, tellin' me I'm still a baby (Baby, you can't tie me down)
I get love from Detroit like Skilla Baby (But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby)
And the thing about your boy is (Whip your lovin' on me, baby)
I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down (But you can)
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby (That's right, that's right)
Whip your lovin' on me, baby

Young J-A-C-K, A-K-A Rico, like Suave
Young Enrique, speakin' of A-K-A, she's a alpha
But not around your boy, she get quiet around your boy, hold on (Shh)
Don't know what you heard or what you thought about your boy
But they lied about your boy, goin' dumb and it's some idiotic about your boy
She wearin' cheetah print, that's how bad she wan' be spotted 'round your boy

I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby
Whip your lovin' on me, baby

I'm vanilla, baby, I'll choke you, but I ain't no killer baby (I don't like no whips and chains)
She twenty-eight, tellin' me I'm still a baby (Baby, you can't tie me down)
I get love from Detroit like Skilla Baby (But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby)
And the thing about your boy is (Whip your lovin' on me, baby)
I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down (But you can)
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby (That's right, that's right)
Whip your lovin' on me, baby

Young M-I-S-S-I-O-N-A-R-Y
You sharp like barbed wire
She stole my heart, then she got archived
I keep it short with a bitch, Lord Farquaad
All the girls in the front row, ayy
All the girls in the barricade, ayy
All the girls that been waitin' all day, let your tongue hang out
Fuck everything, ayy
If you came with a man (Yeah, yeah)
Let go of his hand (Let go of this shit)
Everybody in the suite, kickin' up they feet
Stand up, bitch, dance

I don't like no whips and chains (I see you)
Baby, you can't tie me down (And all the guys in the back waitin' for the next track)
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby (Cut your boy a slack)
Whip your lovin' on me, baby (It's young Jack)

I'm vanilla, baby, I'll choke you, but I ain't no killer baby (I don't like no whips and chains)
She twenty-eight, tellin' me I'm still a baby (Baby, you can't tie me down)
I get love from Detroit like Skilla Baby (But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby)
And the thing about your boy is (Whip your lovin' on me, baby)
I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down (But you can)
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby (That's right, that's right)
Whip your lovin' on me, baby
I don't like no whips and chains
Baby, you can't tie me down
But you can whip your lovin' on me, baby

Whip your lovin' on me, baby