

Jnr Choi, TO THE MOON (Gunna Remix)

Sit by myself
Talking to the moon

Teh, ha, pull up the ting, gon' turn up
Teh, ha, yeah, yeah (Tryna get to you)
Teh, ha, ha, pull up the ting, gon' turn up
Teh, ha, yeah, yeah (Tryna get to you), teh, teh, teh
Pull up the ting, gon' turn up
(Brr, bo-bo-bo, bo-bo-bo, bo-bo-bo; tryna get to you)
Yeah, yeah, pull up the ting, gon' turn up
(Doo-doo-doo-doo) Yeah (Tryna get to you)

Uh-huh, slatt, pull up, the P's gon' turn up
Smoke out the P, Biscotti weed, I burn up
Real flesh on me, I bought her the brand new Rover
I get in that jeans, wet water like Pepsi-Cola
Ah-ah, I got an old cougar
Fine brown, give me that brown sugar
Thom Browne, drip in your town, hold up
Gunna got now, we make the world turn up
Pull up the ting, gon' turn up
Cashmere turtle, yeah, I finna her girdle
My baby a flirter, I let her get away with murder
Just like the front burner, I ain't got no scrubs in my circle

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(Doo-doo-doo-doo) Yeah (Tryna get to you)

Huh, fly to France and we can spend time in the Louvre
Magical time with you
Jump in the coupe, then take a flight back to [?]
Part of the side on my boots
I got baddies on mind, been in love since I dropped moods
I fuck my bitches in twos
I got plan on my line
How the fuck can I lose? If I won't come out my shoes
Jacket Moncler, in my town I'm pushin' that P
I'm out, send forty for the fee
Might just cop a bando by the sea
I spend another month in LA
Just a fucked a French bitch from the bay
And from Senegal, je ne parles pas le Français, yeah-yey

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