

Lizzo, Paris

Time's up, I'm jumpin' in the side door
Beside you, disposition those whole mild
A child to a mountain makin' milestones
Gemstones ain't got nothin' on my shine yo
Abide though, the rules I make for potholes
Shut it, I done done it, son it, niggas
Jigga's favorite new artist he ain't heard of
Prince give me mad dubs
Tighter than Michael Jackson's glove, the left one
A-hee-hee, wanna fall in love with me-hee?
And she-hee jelly, you ain't ready for it
And when you ready, I'll get Freddy, we get Jason on it
You complacent homie, you a pencil, I'm erasin' homie
Better get big trick
And as I wrote that, my pen ran out of ink
Now look up irony and tell me what you really think

Have you ever been to Paris, at night?
Neither have I
Neither have I
Neither have I
Neither have I

Have you ever been to Paris, at night?
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Have you ever been to Paris? Me neither
And if you said you did then I pro'ly won't believe ya
Got a cousin named Litha, ya pro'ly never meet her
Cause they live in Detroit and that city be lethal
Can't buy liquor on a Sunday, what is you sayin'?
But beyond that man, a nigga can't explain
But beyond you, I could finally see the sand
Excuse me while I give myself a freakin' tan
Kill 'em all like I'm the freakin' Son of Sam
It's like I'm a Muslim and you a piece of ham, yuck
I would never touch ya
Rather, you will never touch me, good luck though
Runnin' and runnin' until I can't go
I clicked the picture that's in y'all's pocket
Part and polly up in lane, partly and polly out makin' particles
Sparkle, that glitter ain't gold, that glitter ain't gold at all
She lyin', you lyin', go flyin', the strike of the iron, that's hot
Step back from pitter pat, get that from the tit for tat
Rat-ta-ta-tatouille, right up when I find you
We sat back, recline, sit to we

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(Paris)
I'm in Paris nigga I'm in Paris

In the highway, eatin' crossaints and drinkin' tea bitch