

ArrDee, Fruitella

(James about that cheque, boy)
(It's Tekky)
Ayy, ayy, she likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella
Tell me what you want, I get the mood setup, ayy, huh

Me, I was tryna make a change (Change)
And now I'm seein' change through my wave (Ha)
While you see me gettin' waved everyday
'Cause that's the game I gotta play, oh
Now they see my face on the pages, they rate him
But where was they in days when I would struggle for the pay? (Nowhere)
It's fake and it's bait (True)
Still, I can't complain
'Cause I came from a place where you have to maintain
Shawty wanna see me show face, okay, I won't stay, no way
I ain't wifing you, dumpling
Why? Cause I'm a young king
Sees me on young king, now she thinks I bun things
It's true though (It's true, bae)
But I ain't tryna give her clues, bro
I love a little baddie and I've fucked a couple loose hoes
She don't like white boys, I slipped into the loophole
She's askin' when I'm gonna stop it, had to tell her, "Who knows?" (Who knows?)
'Cah you froze (Haha)
Yeah, the pressure made your shit flop
These other rappers pissed off 'cah the kid's shit hot

Ayy, so tell me, who's better?
She likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella (Fruitella)
I won't lie to you, darlin', 'cause I'm a truth teller
Too clever, tell me what you want, I get the mood setup
Uh, ayy, so tell me, who's better? (Who's better?)
She likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella (Fruitella)
I won't lie to you, darlin', 'cause I'm a truth teller
Too clever, tell me what you want, I get the mood setup (Set the mood)

I get the mood patterned
You see in me some plain clothes, I never been to Hatton
She said I'm sick at rapping (Ah)
I told her, "Come to the booth and let me show you how a star works"
Now she thinks I'm sweet like some Starbust (Mwah)
This shit ain't always sweet, the pain, it rah hurts
Always on my feet though, you'll always see me charge turn (Woi)
So let me turn up
I'm jiggy, so I get away with murder (Haha)
She like me 'cause I got a name she heard of
Uh, ayy, call me the booth sheller
Freezin' up the room, I make a tune, you needed two sweaters
Never had a handout, grind so I can do better
Tell the pages chill with their DMs, seen a few beggin' (Bare beggin' it)
She wanna suck it 'cause I'm sweet like some Smarties (Hmm)
I'm hardly a husband, the hardest in the party (The hardest)
See me with my chargie (Yeah)
Fillin' up my glassy (HUh)
Glancing at shawty, I heard her say, "That's ArrDee!" (Hey, hey, hey)

Ayy, so tell me, who's better? (Who's better?)
She likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella (Fruitella)
I won't lie to you, darlin', 'cause I'm a truth teller
Too clever, tell me what you want, I get the mood setup (I set the mood)
Uh, ayy, so tell me, who's better? (Who's better?)
She likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella (Fruitella)
I won't lie to you, darlin', 'cause I'm a truth teller
Too clever, tell me what you want, I get the mood setup (Set the mood)

Ayy, so tell me, who's better?
She likes a sweet boy and I can be a Fruitella
I won't lie to you, darlin', 'cause I'm a truth teller
Too clever, tell me what you want, I get the mood setup
Ha, ha, mood setup
Sweet boy, sweet boy, Fruitella, ha, ha
ArrDee, ha, ArrDee, ha, ha, ha