Camila Cabello, Chanel No.5

I got Chanel No.5
He'll never survive
It's a crime, it's a crime
He watch when I whine
I know, I know, it's a crime
I know what he likes, a cat eye, a black dress
It's just a reminder
I'm seeing desire arise in his eyes
So, lucky for them

Cute girl with a sick mind I know just how to play my cards right Wrist, wrist, spritz, spritz Make him come alive Chanel No.5

If I want him, he's all mine
I know just how to fuck with his mind
Wrist, wrist, spritz, spritz
Make him come alive
Chanel No.5

Fold for me like origami Magic and real like murakami Red chipped nails, I'm wabi sabi I'm the heartbreaker, nobody's got me, yet

Make you tongue tied like new shibari Subtle and complex like umami Up to me like omakase I'm a wild horse and nobody's got me, yet

Shouldn't trust it that I want you baby Cause I love you, love-you-not like daisies But this gloss I got is cute and tasty She's an extra, I'm your leading lady

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I'm a dog, Woof woof And my tooth is getting long Imma hog the mic, take a bite, peek-a-boo thong I just ugh, I just what, I'm just writing all my wrongs Now I'm high rise, sky high, like I'm king kong

I got violence like Tarantino Wearing all pink, all Valentino Sparkle in his mouth like Pellegrino I'm a real problem, he doesn't know it yet

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