

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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