

Cordae, Two Tens (ft. Anderson Paak)

Yeah, mhm, yup
Yeah, turn the beat up a little bit
Yeah, okay

[Chorus: Anderson .Paak & Cordae]

Two friends and they both tens, lookin' nice, uh
Too bent, I should call it quits but I'm not, uh
No chances, we all dance in the light, uh
Tell me, what's the odds we can all get a bite? Uh (Uh, okay)

The last time we tried that, it didn't end well
Plus you never know the story that they friends tell
And off the brown liquor, nigga feel like Denzel
Out in Washington, in the D.C. with a chocolate bitch
Lil' freak bitch get geeked off erotic shit
So what you do? Shot the club up like Stojakovic
Uh, man, that's that other shit
Payin' child support through the government
Joint custody weekends, you can't touch the kid
Man, I love this bitch, we gon' travel and fill up the bucket list
Have 'bout ten kids on the ranch on some southern shit
You mean sucker shit, slave to the pussy since you discovered it
Ten bands on Chanel purse, that's bad budgetin'
Plus you niggas always together, it's mad smotherin'
You simpin' over bitches, I never thought it would come to this
Why you always mad? I just wanna have fun with it
The winters ain't bad when you cruisin' in the summer with

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See I'm not tryna be overbearin' or give you a lecture
I just want you to see this shit from a different perspective
See every hoe is a dog, and every dog has its day
You can be lovin' on every mutt that be fallin' astray
My nigga, watch what you say, how you blockin' the way?
You just talkin', nothing's comin' from a logical place
Man, I'm kickin' knowledge today, you gettin' brolic today
Why you payin' her son tuition? 'Cause I'm his father today
Huh, okay

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