

# 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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