

Lizzo, Batches & Cookies (feat. Sophia Eris)

I got my batches and cookies, I got my batches and cookies
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Got my batches and cookies, I got my batches and cookies
I got my batches and cookies, I got my what?

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Remember that gooey gooey you took and said "ooh wee, ooh wee"
I need two or two-eee of these, for my baby boo-ee ooo-ee
Talking like boobies, you got a nice pair like some boobies
And you high off that doobie doobie with your Mystery Machine (Scooby)
Feeling bad? Well you should be, BP don't make nothing cheapie
Hanging with them creepy creepies, I sitting in back with PPs
Lookin' holy holy while looking through them holy holies
Holy guacamole, you got that gooey now you a phony

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Outside of the club
And I'm drip-drip-dripping sugar sweet
Cinnamon on skin with the hooligans
Y'all came to rock, and we came to ah!
Put a sting in her lips, for the eye
Go on, take a sip, got milk in her thighs
.... on sunny day from green tube and my high prices for the
Dream-dream, not cause I mean it means a thing to take from me
Unless it's just some DMT that's all up in my energy
Yup yup, go on place that bet
If you wanna come test in the mama's nest
With a bullet vest and curious chest
Got the ammo on the brain but I hide the best
Hey, I'm pumped up call me dough cooking
Gooey salty soul tookin', batches in a row lookin'
Magic as all hell, we livin', never ever will we give in
To a wack beat fuck with Lazerbeak in these mad streets
Get it, go there and we give it, haters will forbid it
They fall into the minutes because of imagination
Now the ones who in the nation, we the ones who need escapin'
Then we find some new ovens and we made it

Six-pence and land on the richer
Cut a niggah up and hung him like Jack the Ripper
Undo your zipper, get on your knees
And get ready for the industry in a nutshell (get it?)
Them goods don't get got if it's the only thing you got
Better keep them in that hot black pot
The only thing colder than the local, tell another winter
Thrift store shopping, look like Anna Wintour
You ain't gotta ask about it cause I been hurr
Ridin' in them chariots like we in Ben Hur
Yah sure, ya know, yah sure, ya know, yah sure, ya know...
Rappin' and rappin' and I been steadily stackin'
I put these niggas in napkins and tuck 'em down for a nap

And apologies to the Capitol because I don't pay my capital
And if you happen to hear this then just pretend that you didn't at all, stall

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Ooh, goo, cookies, cream
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