

# 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  
Ooh, goo, cookies, cream