

The Fargo Splash (feat. Ludacris)

Tory Lanez

They want it now and fast, grabbin' and smackin' ass
You gotta make it last
What? Fuck?me
Oh,?oh, oh
Say it,?make love to me
Oh, oh, oh
Say?itHow these bitches hatin' on you but it don't offend you?
You my number one, just know that you got no contenders
You keep that pussy so clean when I be goin' in
I'd spend my life in your box, don't need no codefendant
Go act like these niggas off, like they had no existence
They can't go the distance
I'm 0 for 0 for instance
Fuck the gym, let me pull up and get that stroke of fitness
She a five-star shawty, still down to go for Denny's
Down to go for Wendy's
McDonald's chicken fries, thick as thighs
Seen it in her eyes, shawty know I know I seen it
Netflix and chill, and we could go to dinner
My schedule busy, but for you, girl, I'll make no agenda
You got no contenders
You kept it hot for me all in my cold Decembers
No pretendin'
Don't be trippin' on these niggas that you lovin' on
You gon' fuck 'em, treat 'em like you don't remember
Ooh, I need that hotness 'til the day you gone
That's from January to December
Whatever you want
More than happy to provide it
Or like beside it
Whatever you want (Yeah)
Oh, shawty, don't you deny it
It feel like we flyin'
Whatever you want (You want, you want)
You know I can provide it
Pullin' up to Tory after Mr. Jones (Oh)
Only thing I care about is who gon' get you home
My cigar full of this weed so I can switch the tone
Please don't go to my house drunk, is anybody home?
Words slurrin' and my vision blown
Different zone
Room spinnin', I don't know

Unzip my pants and get to blowin', you so nasty
Don't know what's up with me
You stayed up tonight to fuck with me
Mmm, lucky me
Gucci panties hit that pussy on some double G's
Fifty pairs of those'll only cost a couple G's, yeah
Just give me something to work with
Something with purpose
First time that we fucked, girl you was nervous
Moanin' 'fore I even started touchin' the surface
Whatever you want
Whatever you want, ha
Whatever you wanna be
Act right, shitShe want it now and fast
Grabbin' and smackin' ass, make it last
Beat me to the finish, wave the checker flag
Toe tag, left the pussy on a death bed
Been milkin' the game since I was breastfed
Long enough to know that women with lisps give the best head
But not with braces
Your pussy talking's the only conversation, yap, yap
Grab her hair, pull her track back
Got somethin' to prove
Not from Houston but I got somethin' to screw at all times
You said it's all mine
All dimes, y'all fuck with nickels
I be in them guts, pokin' them sides until it tickles
Squeeze the Charmin on the soft ass
No, I don't pay 'em to come, I pay 'em to go, ho
No credit, all cash (Ching)
He slidin' up and use a worthful transaction
And just hop up off my dick with no attachments
Usin' prophylactics (Ha)
Safe to say the song is whatever you want
But it's limited to this penis and a blunt
Holla at me, Luda!Whatever you want (You want)
More than happy to provide it
Or like beside it
Whatever you want (Yeah)
Oh, shawty, don't you deny it
It feel like we flyin'
Whatever you want (Ooh, it's whatever you want)
You know I can provide it (I can provide it)
Ooh yeah, yeahI'm 'bout to throw some game, they both one and the same
Cupid's the one to blame
Say it, whatever you need
I'm 'bout to shed some light, 'cause each and every night
You gotta do it right (Right)
Whatever you want

I'm 'bout to throw some game, they both one and the same
Cupid's the one to blame, say it*Phone rings*
Keys jingle
Tory: Let 'em holla at you. Yo
Nyce: Yo, what up?
Tory: What's poppin'?
Nyce: Yo, you still with Leah?
Tory: Shit, nah, it's crazy. She just left out the car and shit
Nyce: Did you hit?
Tory: Nigga, of course I hit. Nigga, come now, man, it's me
Nyce: Hahaha. Wazzup?
Tory: Wazzup?
Nyce: Wazzup?
Tory: Wazzup? Hahahaa
Nyce: Hahaha, nigga, stupid, bruh. Yo, all jokes asides,
what the fuck did I call this nigga for again?
Oh yeah,. You s—, you sure Leah and Jalissa ain't friends?
Tory: Oh, for sure.
They don't even fuck with each other like
that. She was in the car talkin' 'bout it and shit
Nyce: Yeah aight. Well, yo, look. 'Nigga,
we was up in the barbershop the other day
Tory: Uh-huh
Nyce: Smokin' blunts, drinkin' liquor
Tory: Yeah
Nyce: Shootin' dice, talkin' shit
Tory: Aight, my nigga, I get it.
What up like? Like what you tryna tell me, bro? It's good
Nyce: See my man was tellin' me, bro. Jalissa, she up to some shit
Tory: What?
Nyce: And the first thing gon' try to do is
Nyce's girl: Nyce get off this damn phone!
Nyce: Oh fuck
Nyce's girl: I told you I had to use the phone,
you up here bumpin' your gum, hang up this phone
Nyce: Ayo, man, you know why I'm wildin' and shit.
You know what I'm sayin', it's all good. I'ma holla at you later, bro
Tory: Aight, my nigga

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>