

New Orleans

The-Dream

Oh na na na na na na na na na na na
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How can I love this bitch?
And at the same time scream fuck this bitch
And at the same time while I fuck this bitch
And at the same time had enough of this bitch

How can I hold this bitch?
And at the same time I don't know this bitch
And at the same time I would cry over this bitch
And at the same time I would die over this bitch
Oh oh

On Thursday I'll leave you all alone
On Friday you showin' up in my songs
And Saturday we back on the phone
By Sunday welcome home

I think she put that that
New Orleans on me (got me feenin')
That that New Orleans on me (oh my baby)
I think she put that that
New Orleans on me (and I can't say shit)
That New Orleans on me (just sit back and take it)
You know that spaghetti feeling in your chest
Say I'll see you when I see you
But can't leave you 'cause I need ya
Girl that New Orleans on me (you got me feenin')
That New Orleans on me (oh my baby)
You know, you know

How can I curse this bitch?
And at the same time I lust over this bitch
At the same time while we fuss up in this bitch
And we don't match but we perfectly fit

How can I trust this bitch?
She's so mischievous
But isn't it obvious?
A nigga stuck like Chuck up in this bitch
But fo' real

On Thursday I'll leave you all alone
On Friday you showin' up in my songs
By Saturday we back on the phone
It's Sunday, welcome home

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You know, you know

I wanna let her go and I wanna tell her no
But I don't wanna be like that,
Don't wanna be so bad
Don't wanna make her mad
All I know, something's going wrong
Still a nigga try to hold on hold on hold on hold on
Still can't stay so long
First she fine, now she in my face
Got a nigga feelin' a way
Say she love me then that's where I've been
What the fuck you tryna say?
But, whenever I'm on the side
Like she got me high
'Til she pulled me down, me down, me down
You know what I'm talkin' bout

That that New Orleans on me (it got me feenin')
That that New Orleans on me (oh my baby)