

Pour Me (Thinkin Bout U)

Elle Varner

(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin' 'bout you, oh)
Thinkin' 'bout you
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin' 'bout you, oh)
Drinkin' 'bout you
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin' 'bout you, oh)
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin')
Yeah

Starin' at the window at the rain fallin'
It's how it feels when you ain't callin'
Let's make a deal 'cause I ain't ballin'
Can we keep it real? 'Cause I hate stallin'
Time's tickin' ever slowly
You could be gettin' to know me
But I loved you as a homie
Now I'm cryin' and sayin' poor me, so

Pour me one more
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, been drinkin' 'bout you
All night, for sure
Won't you pour me one more?
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, been drinkin' 'bout you
Might even hit the dance floor
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin' 'bout you, oh)
Might even hit the dance floor
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin')

I bet you havin' fun with that girl now
You should be over here in my house
Kickin' your feet up on my couch
I could feed you what you need now
Sweet love, cook soul food
That's what I got up on the menu
Crazy how you could have been knew
What's the best thing for you
But, baby

Pour me one more
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, drinkin' 'bout you
All night, for sure
Pour me one more
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, been drinkin' 'bout you
Might even hit the dance floor

You a fly lil' baby

Should be my lil' baby
I arrive in your thighs
Put butterflies on your navel
And my eyes gettin' lazy
That's the high that you give me
I'm too faded to drive so my chin is your driver's seat
And I'm thinkin' 'bout you

All the things we could do with our time, yeah
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin' 'bout you, oh)
And I'm drinkin' 'bout you
Let me feast on my food, yeah, yeah, okay
(Thinkin' 'bout you, I been drinkin')
Pour me up then throw it back
Shot glass, then your lower back
Truth come when the bottle done
Throw a D'USSÉ like I'm Low and Kaz
Mmh, that's right
Love me right, I'ma love you back (All night)
Lil' mama tight but never low on cash
Co-workers don't even know I rap
Kind of liked that 'til you blew the spot
When I pulled up in a, "Girl, who? Bitch, that's you?" And you just laughed
I'm not a regular guy
You not a regular gal
I don't really know a damn thing
'Bout this love thing, but I'm tryna try
I'm not a regular guy, no
You not a regular gal
You don't really know the champ pain
So I champagne every time you wine
Yeah, oh no

I'm thinkin' 'bout you, and I'm drinkin' 'bout you
And I know that I can't drive, huh
Not tonight, not tonight, not tonight
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, drinkin' 'bout you
All night, for sure
Pour me one more
One more, one more, one more
I'm thinkin' 'bout you, been drinkin' 'bout you
Might even hit the dance floor