

Grave

Summer Walker

One more nigga come around these parts
Talkin' that shit
Put it on my grave, nigga
I'ma throw a fit, hey
One more nigga come around these parts
Talkin' that shit
Put it on my grave, nigga
I'ma throw a fit

Put it on my grave
Hey
Hey
If you want it, baby
Put it on my grave
Hey
Yeah
Alright now

What do you get
With a body without the soul?
Just a fussy friend, imprinted
Just another name on the role
You don't lay your head nowhere
'Cause you ain't no rolling stone
That might work for other kids
But not for me, so don't call my phone

Put it on your grave
Hey
Hey
If you want it, babe
Put it on my grave
Hey
Here, here, yeah
Hey

Oh
Oh
Thinkin' it's a joke
Oh
Thinkin' it's a joke, ooh
Oh
Thinkin' it's a joke now
It ain't no joke
I'm about to explode

Ooh
Hey, hey
Come on
Come on, come on, come on, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah
Yeah