

# Room in Here

Anderson .Paak

Besides surfing, what do you think about? Love, for instance?  
I don't think about it, I make it

Baby there's room in here  
Just enough for two in here  
Ain't nobody but you and me in here  
Yeah, what can we do in here?  
What can we do? What can we do?

I want you by my lonesome, above this crowded space  
It's easier to hold some, when no one's in the way  
Well if no one's in the running for the part  
I'd love to pick a day  
To show you the main room (Whenever's a good time)  
I don't need a bouquet, I just need proper space  
Homie three blocks away, I got bottles for days  
I got tropical haze, go ahead and wave bye  
Let me help with your coat, grab a hold of my arm  
Tell them niggas to move, tell your sister you fine

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As crazy as it may seem, it's not too hard to read  
It's too many ifs and maybes, and not enough certainty  
Well if no one's putting numbers on the board  
I'd love to take a swing, might even graze you  
But I don't mean any harm, I'm just speaking my mind  
Take a look at that moon, 'bout as bright as your eyes  
We got plenty of space, go ahead and recline  
Take a puff of that, get a sip of this wine  
Yeah, feelin' good?

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What can we do? What can we do?

She had a bright smile, big white teeth, I mean  
Whiter than her white T, remind me of wifey  
Met her at the studio, sort of like a high buyer  
She told me she had game so we connected like the wifi  
She had this Asian swagger 'bout her, so I call her mai tai  
Started followin' her, she was the only thing on my timeline  
And there was this one picture, her in the swimsuit  
That made a nigga want to beat it up, and I intend to  
But I'mma have to put in work, baby girl then drink it all  
Face like Mona Lisa, I'm just tryna be the wall to hang on  
I ain't got no patience, I can't wait long  
She come and see me, but she don't stay long  
And that's the problem, she a good girl  
Maybe it's too much smoke in the room  
And she don't want that Mary Jane in her Vidal Sassoon

So I'mma take a minute, and walk her to her Uber  
Got a bullet in my heart, and she the shooter  
Ay, .Paak

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What can we do? What can we do?