

Maybe Next Time

Andra Day

Oh yeah, yeah

Mm, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Now I wish I could write you an album full of love songs

But I can't seem to get one 'cause this nigga keep doing wrong

Time and time again, I get to telling all my friends that

This one here is different, then you argue my point again

By making enemies of everyone and everything

With jealousies and infidelities, oh boo, you stressing me

You should be a shrink

'Cause your reverse psychology is prob the coldest in these streets

Shall I proceed? Yes, indeed

Mad because in songs about my past, I mention my ex

Don't worry, nigga, you next, and this one might be my best

You tried to pimp me, but I'm a pimp

See, SD is my pedigree, you aspartame, I'm sugar-free

I digress, and I press on to the next one

Blocking hellions talking all of that

Woo, woo, woo

Talking all that woo, woo, woo

Maybe next time

Will be the right time

Oh, oh, oh

Woo, woo, ooh, wee

Maybe next time

Talking all that woo, woo

Woo, woo, ooh, wee

Maybe next time

Woo, woo, ooh, wee

Next time, next time, next time

Maybe next time

Woo, woo, ooh, wee

Next time, next time, next time

Maybe next time

Talking all that woo, woo

Woo, woo, ooh, wee

Next time, next time, next time

Maybe next time