

Yo, shouts to young lang

When I see your name in my notifications
It seems like my problems just go on vacation
There is no conversation that can top our messages
On weekday nights when the speech seems effortless
So cold don't hold to the recklessness
I'll fold when my hand
Ain't better then my ex's is
And right now I got a royal flush
While she stunnin' 7-2 on that foil bluff
Cause, it ain't nothing then you talking to me
I'm a name on a screen with a awkward physique
But you
Make my inbox pop with mystique
Every word that you speak it's like a lock or recherche
Shit's deep
Dripping off a stencil from within
Your simplicity is vivid through a pencil or a pen
They can make CD's for woman
This is something that I'm interested in
But I'd do it if you'd listin to them, ya feel?

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When my phone screen lights up
I think it looks like a stary night
Reminds me of long car rides
And days spent with hardly light
Looks like a shining star reflecting off a open pond
But when I see that name appear
The metaphors just go beyond
Transcending any wrong I'd have ever seen before
With no either or's
Just a fleeting score
That plays in the background of movies and previews
And it also kinda plays
When I see you
So, yeah