

7:00

Bryson Tiller

Okay, word then (word then)
He ain't workin', I pull up urgently in person (huh)
Kiss through the phone first, how the tone work
I was hurt then, only pickin' up the phone for the homework
They was mad when they said that it won't work
Mad 'cause the drop-top crashed, it's a loaner
Breakfast in the morning, Larenz, Love Jones
I told her, "Seven o'clock when you last came over"
Two a.M. Now, and I know you ain't sober
Sleepin' alone and your man can't hold ya
But baby, I can, tell your man, "Game over"
Shows ain't over, the plans ain't over
Gon' and sit back, watch a young man take over
I'm gon' ask, "Is you comin' over?"
Movin' too fast, we could take things slower (slower)

Oh, na-na
But if you knew better, girl
From the way it looks, you got it under control
Let me know (let me know, yeah)
Be honest

I don't know if they fuck with you like I do
(I don't know if they fuck with you like) Yeah
Like I do, tell 'em all now, tell 'em all now
You don't need no substitute, I got you
(You don't need no substitute, nah)
I got you, tell them all now, tell 'em all now

Who is that? You been soul searching
Who been zaddy? He seems so nervous
As he should, I been so determined
And I'm, show's over, close the curtains and I'm
No, no, he ain't knowin' it's real
Pardon me, I had to interfere
(Yeah, it's seven o'clock on the dot in the drop-top)
(And the cock blocks, not on my watch, ah-ah)
(Heard me) Ah-ah
(Heard me) wanna do somthin'

West coast drive way (freaky), hit the highway
Shawty pick the time, place, you know I'm on my way
Girl, I'm here for you, ain't no question
I'm revisin', it's time that I teach him a lesson
You know the name B-R, why not give me a S-O-N?
He don't get it was shit, baby, that's on him
The crown lay low still when it's set on him
Don't mind if I come take that from him
And you call me as soon as you left from him
Now I know why you give no respect to him
This is all for the rep, baby I won't let nobody, let nobody know

Know, know, kno-know, know, know
I know you think it's all the same song
But it's not the same song
They wrote to you (yeah)
Yeah, yeah (alright, alright, I see you, I'll just be honest)

I don't know if they fuck with you like I do
(I don't know if they fuck with you like) Yeah
Like I do, tell 'em all now, tell 'em all now
You don't need no substitute, I got you
(You don't need no substitute, nah)
I got you, tell them all now, tell 'em all now

Who is that? You been soul searching
Who been zaddy? He seems so nervous
As he should, I been so determined
And I'm, show's over, close the curtains and I'm
No, no, he ain't knowin' it's real
Pardon me, I had to interfere
(Yeah, it's seven o'clock on the dot in the drop-top)
(And the cock blocks, not on my watch, ah-ah)
(Heard me) Ah-ah
(Heard me, heard me)