

## Ghost Interlude

Bryson Tiller

I just give as much as money as I can as possible right  
You're just one of many, you have to understand that  
Once you get that in your head, then you understand  
Yo, okay, cool, I know how to treat this girl  
Bitches like this, bro, she don't even appreciate that shit  
You can give her flowers and she'll probably be, "Oh, yeah, nice"  
And then put 'em on the counter and let them die

Huh-huh, huh-huh  
Fuck it, let 'em die  
Shawty mine is never homie I said, "Fuck it, nevermind"  
I just ran into a homie, forgot she was hella fine  
Ask you for a fans only for a couple bands only  
Silly me to think that I could ever transform it  
Shawty she the sceptic kind, that's deception every time  
I know 'bout the way she textin' every time, she respond, yeah  
Red is red, she left me, made me feel the blues heavy  
Then she let me hit the dot, like the tulips already  
I shut up [?] way she blew it already, yeah  
She play mind games, I should've knew it already, yeah  
Foolish already, guess it's proof I'm not ready, yeah  
I just do the most, told her, "Meet me on the boat"  
And now she turned into a ghost  
Shawty good at playin' poltergeist when no one is her host