

Gravity

Bryson Tiller

Ha, yeah
Yeah

I'm feelin' like
They got sick and tired of me, bein' that nigga, right
I'm feelin' like
She ain't really tired of me, she still came to spend the night
Yeah, she know the difference between me and all these niggas, right
Love to hear Tiller sing, but when she hurt/heard Tiller, right
Everything Tiller say
She said, "Damn, why you trippin' off, all these niggas anyway
All these niggas in the way?"
Call me when these niggas get their pants back
We can begin rap or we can pretend that
He never said that, he get his head back
He get his life spared, I'm tellin' these niggas I'm somethin' like n
ightmare, I'm
All in his conscious, you better watch this
Rappin' like I'm in the '96, nigga, I promise
Cut off the nonsense, or
I'm comin' with my diss, I'm comin' with hot breeze
That's when I rap for your main, send me your side bitch
Yeah, on some fly shit
I like to shine the crown before I close my eyelids
I'm around (Yeah)
If niggas want the smoke then I'm in, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah
They don't want smoke with me, nah, ah
I tried to tell 'em that will never end well
They can tell I had enough (Yeah), I had enough (Yeah)

Can't convince me that I am not the coldest
Matter fact, transcended that
Bitch, I feel frozen, I feel timeless
I feel like Boston, fuck bein' modest
From bein' honest
I hit niggas with silence and I'm still the hardest
Word to Pootie Tang, how this [?]
Need a Gucci bag to hold this garments (Yeah, yeah)
Fuck with you, just [?] won't regard it, bitch

Things get crazy, can't be lazy
Fuck you, pay me
If you got a problem with the shit that I'm sayin'
Just say my fuckin' name