

# He Don't

Bryson Tiller

Yeah, he don't fucking love you  
Nah, he don't fucking love you  
You are just another bitch  
He'll probably let his other homie run to  
Why you let him lie to you girl?  
I bet your friends call you stupid  
You is way too beautiful  
Behind your back he call you a hoe  
That's cause he don't fucking love you

Try to trust me on this one  
Go and find someone different  
And don't ask for his permission  
He a dog, he tell you that in all of his songs  
And yeah, that's my boy but I can't let him do you wrong  
I be tellin' him to drop all of them other hoes  
But them thirsty bitches, you would rather fuck with those  
I agree when he say he can never trust a hoe  
But that's no excuse not to love you though  
I should mind my own damn business  
Cause I'm happy with my girl  
She brought the happy in my world  
Nigga's like you are the reason love's looking kinda tacky for these girls  
Are you happy this occurred?  
Boy, I never met a nigga so ungrateful  
Why you fuckin' with them devils when you got an angel?  
You say you care about her  
But do you know what you about to tear up out her?  
It's her heart, be smart dumb nigga

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He say gonna make me wish I never did it now  
He say he got a lot of dirt on me  
Tell my girl I actually love her  
That'll be worse for me  
And tell yourself that anything you do is never hurting me  
I'm dead, I'm already dead  
I didn't kill myself, I just went and killed this song instead  
The dogs been bred  
Thanks for the lessons brother  
Rule number 1  
Fuck these bitches go and get the money  
I love her smile  
Do you love it too?  
You wanna see that smile then tell her not to fuck with you  
Cause when it's said and done I'll be the one she tells her story to  
And when somebody else is in the picture she's ignoring you  
You know you done fucked up don't ya?

You know you done screwed up  
Went and told her she's the bomb  
And now she's feelin' like she's one step closer  
Now everything done blew up

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Mind yo fuckin' business  
Don't need no help with these bitches  
Nigga get the fuck off my set  
Gon' put up with this BS 'til I know that she got my back  
And fuck around and end up bending my back  
She'll like that  
See love is just a game, look at my stats  
But her and I've been hurtin' just reserve I got a ice pack  
What my heart 'posed to be you should try that  
Cause far as I could see you are right behind where I'm at  
Now first our relationship was plain, pilot  
Oh, but she'll still fly that, hijack  
And when I'm in her presence that is exactly how I act  
Like she's a gift to me  
And plus she likes the fact that I rap  
See I don't have to call her all the time  
Or even be around to let her know she's on my mind  
Just know that we got a bond that y'all don't find  
And I tell her she's the bomb cause she mine

Man I fuckin' love you  
But I won't put no one above you  
You should see the way I treat these other bitches if I ever let 'em come th  
rough  
Cause I know that you gon' ride for me girl  
You the one I'm in the coupe with  
You could shake if you wanna go  
Aye your dad said you gettin' old  
That this is what I think of you