

Just Another Interlude

Bryson Tiller

(Even though you're all alone
All alone when I am gone
I just wanna keep you warm
I'm coming back, I'm coming back)
(How I wanna touch) Look at her
(I'm so far away, I'm so, all I wanna)
(How I wanna touch) Look at lil mama, man look at her
(I'm so far away, I'm so, all I wanna) that ain't my

That ain't my, that ain't my girl, that's my nigga
Catch me out on Ocean Drive wit' her
Aye, catch me in the whip ridin' wit' her
Hey, sippin' somethin', bumpin' BIG "Hypnotize" wit' her
Pray you get that job in Tampa
That's only 4 hours away
Take a car, take a plane
Baby, whichever is faster
Uh, whichever one isn't a hassle
Aw damn yeah, uh
Never knew no I never knew
That, you'd be a freak and a friend too, yeah
You into everything I'm into, ho
I got some end that I can lend you, ho
A piece of mind, baby come and get a piece of mine, chea
Say you gotta work from 3 to 9, oh
I'll get you home by a decent time
Wait, fuck yo' bed you can sleep in mine, yeah
Let's make it happen girl I need some time
Speakin' of time, who stopped it?
That's the feelin' that I get when we lock lips
I got the weed at the crib, and the liquor too
I fuck your soul out, releasin' your spiritual
I'll be yo' muse, bring your easel and pencils, too
Here you go, you tryna' tease wit' them pictures
You can ride on me, just like you ride the elliptical
She said, "I'm tryna' keep it tight for my nigga"
Girl unlike your last nigga', all I need is mental
You know I'll work you out, get you right wit' your physical

Oh it's just another interlude
Askin' all them questions
Girl you know I don't do interviews
It's pitiful that when I'm wit' them other bitches I pretend it's you

Oh, you work at Kohl's, you in Dental school
Wifey now, you foldin' clothes, cookin' dinner too
Young Tiller, girl I'm known as Pen Griffey too
It's only right that I swing by and hit it too
First base, second base, third base
I'm tryna' get you in your birthday (suit)
I know these other nigga's thirsty
But please never entertain 'em cause' that would hurt me

You feel me, yeah
I know you feel me, oh
I know you feel me, yeah yeah yeah
Woah, woah, huh

Girl I know you feel me, yeah yeah yeah
So much to look forward to baby
Let's not rush into it, nah
Let's not rush into it
When we get to it, we can give it all that we got

Ahhhh, too lit for this shit right now
Too busy for this shit right now
Hey, don't wanna talk about this shit right now
I'mma wait and let you simmer down
You wasn't wit' it, but you wit' it now
Don't tell him that you fuckin' wit' Tiller
Nah please don't
You're still on your way