

# Night Cap

Bryson Tiller

Hey, throw that ass like it's four ton  
In the gym two years, you a force now  
Yeah, these niggas switched on it, get a course now, oh  
Tell them, "Bitch, pipe down"  
And if you need a man, girl, you know you gon' hit up  
Don't you found love in a shitty club  
Oh, yeah, you don't get that shit mixed up  
Gettin' all your money and your paystubs  
Yeah, yeah, throw ass that back like  
You had to take it right back, right  
You ain't even fit, you tried it on last night  
If the head ain't right, uh, go back twice, yeah  
Shawty want you right, right, yeah  
If I [?] I got the pack right, yeah  
If she throw it back she worth a bag, right, yeah  
Hit it from the back, make her act right, yeah

Smokin' on my weed, baby, you fuckin' know  
All damn week, baby, yeah, it's for sure

Got it just like that, uh  
Shawty wanna fuck with me just like a night cap, uh  
I just got there and she on the flight back, uh  
I'ma get it right, get it right, get it, uh, get it

It's 2 A.M. and I'm turned up  
I had a view, should've capped at the first one  
Moonshine through the curtains  
Too fine, had to catch you in person  
Cut your ex off, he a snake, he a serpent  
Hit the gym early, I see you, girl, it's workin' (Fire)  
Yeah, it's mine and I'm certain  
Pen Griffey, bitch, you know you can't curve him (Oh)  
You come around and (Yeah) bring the heat up  
Yeah, you hot like fever  
I'm tryna kick it like soccer, like FIFA  
Smoke up my reeфа, bag was like a tree trunk  
I had to re-up, smokin' green pepper (Trilla)  
I'm tryna keep up, known to fuck the beat up  
Man, I'm too cold, man, this summer gon' freeze up

Smokin' on my weed, baby (Baby, yeah), you fuckin' know  
All damn week, baby, yeah, it's for sure

Got it just like that, uh  
Shawty wanna fuck with me just like a night cap, uh  
I just got there and she on the flight back, uh  
I'ma get it right, get it right, get it, uh, get it

They be like, "No cappin", I be coppin' from the dealership  
They cannot put a cap on it, my cap is fuckin' infinite  
Nike cap been finished, but Pen Griffey never finished  
I'ma pen another hit, my craftsmanship, they like my penmanship  
That's no cap like a banisher, no cap like [?]  
She thought we was tight, but girl, that was a long time ago  
Now bitches finer thought, I did shit with Rihanna, ho  
My cheddar look like Geronimo, that's all kind of O's

And you smell the weed smoke, two-seater dark tints so she could, ayy (Haha)  
So she could, ayy, Tiller, this Serenity, I'm goin' beast mode (God damn)