

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 reefa, 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)