Proof

Bryson Tiller

Hey, "I got this" it's what I like to call

You know what it's gon' take, stop playing with your boy
Stop acting like I never made changes for your sake (what?)
Flipping the script don't mean that she forte, yeah
We gotta fix this here baby, oh yeah (oh yeah, oh yeah)
Been through some shit this year
You been working tryna up your net worth, shawty
Doing the leg work, shawty
'Fore you leave, give me sex first shawty
I gotta get you wet first, shawty, nah nah

You gotta love me and baby we can call it a truce
You know I don't got shit to prove
This is something you always do
You know I only give my love to you
Ain't got a God damn thing to prove, nah nah nah
You got my heart, that's proof nah nah nah
How could you ever cut me loose? Nah nah nah
Here's your proof, nah nah nah

Damn, girl you better stop it
You told me tell them other girls to stop calling and I did
Always think I'm with another broad when you're not here
This the truth, why would I lie to you? What are you doing? Worried ' bout what I'm doing
Say you got the proof, it's in my music
I'm a poet baby, had to let you know it, baby, thought you knew it
I chopped down, screw it, I guess I got to slow it up for you this ti me
Always thinking 'bout you and I, don't ever question if I'm down for you or not
Girl you know I'm down for ya
Whenever shit got deep, I would of drowned for ya
Come be a queen, I got this crown for ya
I come all the way to Bridgetown for ya

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Hey, oh nah nah, bounce with it oh nah nah nah
I come out to Bridgetown with it, hey
Oh say my name, hey, oh, say my name

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