

Run Me Dry

Bryson Tiller

I think she love me, 'cause I got the check on me
Wan' spend the day and flex on me
Put a curse and hex on me
Scratch out my name, put the X on me
You should come check on me
Talk dirty and caress on me
Fuck it, might as well get undressed for me
Love how you get that pussy wet for me
Put a lot of stress on me
You used to obsess for me
Call the station and request for me
You done went and got a big head on me

You're running me dry
Oh girl, you're running me dry
Cried my last tear drop
Saw bad when I told her bring it here
Drop down, pick it up up up
Swing it around, I'ma go go go
Drop that, down, I'ma pick it up up up
Swing it around, I'ma go go go
Oh, you tryna roll
Let's go, let's go, yeah
Oh, you're the reason I even
Saw bad when I told her bring it here
Drop down, pick it up up up
Swing it around, I'ma go go go
Drop that, down I'ma pick it up up up
Swing it around, I'ma go go go

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Used to break my neck for you
Spend my paycheck on you
Put my account in the red for you
Damn near put myself in debt for you
You made me obsessed for you
Thought I had the same effect on you
Couldn't see I was the best for you
Now you gotta figure out what's next for you
Now you feel regret, oh do you?
Baby, I could care less for you
Trust, I'm not even sweating you
You ran me dry, better yet it's still you
Out of respect for you
I curved bitches on the internet for you
I, lost all respect for you
Baby, it's my turn to flex on you

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