

## Second Call

Bryson Tiller

Yo  
Alright, bro  
Yeah, ha, yeah  
My bad, my bad, I'm fuckin' with it  
Easy  
You got better, you got better at rappin' for sure but, yo  
Thank you, thank you, what's up?  
What's up with that singin' shit, nigga? Wait, you been rappin'  
the whole tape so far, bro, it's Killer Instinct, man, we need  
some of them fuckin' vocals  
I'ma, I'ma get to it, bro, I just, it's the singin' shit be tak  
in' me a little longer  
Yeah, bro, don't be forgetting 'bout your R&B fans, bro, feed 'em  
Yeah, man, I feel it, but man, fuck-, man, I'm just doin' me ri  
ght now, man, chill out  
What you mean, chill out, nigga? I'm you in the future  
And you should probably listen to what the fuck I got to say  
I, I feel you, bro, but like my whole next album is just me sin  
gin', bro, I gotta-, I'm just kinda havin' fun right now  
Alright, so, give 'em a little bit of the singin' shit, you kno  
w what I'm sayin'?  
You ain't even really gotta do too much, just-, just a couple l  
ittle songs and then you know, we'll let you go, get back to yo  
ur album  
Alright... I'ma send you somethin'  
Ayy, look, look, man, I'm not hatin' on your rap shit, bro  
And I don't mean to lecture you  
But listen, man, look, when it's-  
You gotta remember of how you came-, hello?