

I Ain't Tryin'

Chris Brown

(You good, T-Minus?)
When I try to walk away, it's like I ain't try
When I try to walk away, seems like I ain't try (Oh, na-na-na-na)
Seems like I ain't try (Ain't even try, oh man)
You made me do it a thousand times
Yeah, you done me (Oh)

Lovin' can hurt, but you patch up, baby (Oh-oh-oh-oh)
Call me walkie-talkie, patched up, baby (Oh-oh)
I wanna know is it flirtin' when you back up, baby?
(I wanna know is that when you back up?)
Oh, slimy down in 7 Up, baby (Oh, oh, oh)
If everything about you is a lie
Then I just wanna be disguised, oh
And if what they said was true and you was lyin'
Darlin', didn't I tell you that I'm in love with speakers now? (Whoa, whoa)
Stay away from no one, know I need privacy, yeah
Didn't your mama teach you way back in the day not to try and play hide and
seek? Yeah
Gettin' bread for the longest
Now niggas tell you how to make a mil' in a week, yeah (Oh-oh-oh)
Real rock stars, I can show you how to get higher than me, yeah (Oh)
Spent a half a mil', on God, oh, yeah, yeah (Oh-oh)
She's a diva, she got a head full of hair, eyes blend with the sea, yeah
I'll never talk bad about her, I'd rather pray with her on my knees, yeah
Upgrade her dental, on GP, it cost a bird
Watch her constantly tell me she don't need it (Baby, I'ma get it)

(Baby, it's just)
Baby, I love you
Baby, wanna find you
Maybe if I say this
Long hair, don't care

Fuckin' under covers
Crazy, know I'll burst
I'll cover you like covers
Versace that is, mind your biz
I keep some foreign shit in the bunk, bae (Oh-whoa-whoa)
I can kill 'em, but, ma, don't get out the truck, baby
And I tell you somethin' good
I had blood on me, but I didn't give up, baby (Oh-oh, oh-oh)
I can handle it by myself, don't interrupt, baby (Ooh)

New brights at night, I don't even drive, yeah
What a bad bitch gon' do for a new watch? Yeah-yeah
She can't feel my pain, ask me, "Do it hurt?" Yeah-yeah
Before you fuck me over, I'ma do it first
(Bitch, I'm ahead of the curve)
Why leave open my safe?
Break the links off my chest
Cryin', she complainin', yeah
You know it's gang shit, yeah
Know these all baby worth
Enemies and the fiends get served
Say grace, bow your head
Baby, I'm a god, amen

Baby, it's just
Baby, I love you (Oh)
Baby, wanna find you
Maybe if I say this (Say this, baby)
Long hair, don't care

Fuckin' under covers (Ooh)
Crazy, know I'll burst (Yeah)
I'll cover you like covers (Oh, you, whoa)
Versace that is, mind your biz
I keep some foreign shit in the bunk, bae (Yeah, yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah)
I can kill 'em, but, ma, don't get out the truck, baby (Yeah)
And I tell you somethin' good
I had blood on me, but I didn't give up, baby (Oh-oh, oh-oh)
I can handle it by myself, don't interrupt, baby (Ooh, oh)