

Conversations

Chris Miles

Conversation with chords, talk to me through keys
I've told you baby, I do, this love is exactly what I need
They say practice makes perfect, well, I can see you been practicing
I know our love is a piano, that Alto-Soprano, let's tell all our secrets
In a second we having some conversations
Play my station, use this music as a different language
Have some conversations, play my station
Use this music as a different language

We don't go the same fashion, all our interests are different
We from two separate dimensions, and yes it is weird because I like you a lot
I used to see you in the hallway and not say "What's up?"
What could this mean? I'm not completely sure
One day I walked behind you when your iPhone just hit the floor
I picked it up for you, even noticed that the back was cracking
Just in that moment I saw that you was bumping Acid Rap, and after that
I knew you was the one for me, excited for Oxymoron in 2014
She still bumping Channel Orange, every chorus we'd sing
Got me feeling like a lovebird with two new wings
She thought Yeezus was trash, but we debated that
We spent our nights together, always playing tracks
You heard I was a rapper, you were okay with that
You would tell me I'm talented, when I was feeling bad
How real is that?

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You only bump the old Slim Shady, when his voice stay nasally
Like Renegade with Jay-Z, babe, I like how you think
You ain't a hater though, you respect every artist, that's important
From Biggie and Pac all the way to Chief Keef
You bump Born Sinner, cause it's a Cole World
Usually I can't relay this music by chicks, they just don't know well
But you the exception, you just so musically sexy
I wanna show you my heart, with exactly every melody
You thought Kendrick deserved a Grammy
You liked The Heist but when he lost, shit, that made you angry
You're picture perfect in every way, you don't understand me
Call this a love song, but truly, this is just uncanny
Yeah, I was in your room the other day, time floats past
At that moment I noticed a little notepad
I opened to the first page, my jaw dropped like bombs do
It's full of lyrics, and girl, you write songs too
Let's have

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