

All I Ask

Cordae

... and broke your home
Ooh-ah, ooh
Crack rock, crack rock

Ooh, would you agree?
Would you agree?

Uh, I think about you all the time, just too afraid to say it
And wonder if you would be mine if a nigga make it
But would you love me for the real or are you plotting faking
Tryna make a quick buck, count a thousand faces
What if a nigga go broke, will you still like me?
If I ain't have a million dollars would you feel feisty?
It's real likely you'd leave me fast for someone richer
A ball player, a rapper, maybe another nigga
It's something with you that keep me drawing, a loving picture
You're picture perfect and all the extra shit is worth it
I make some verses for the grind, I got a bigger purpose
I promise that it's all coming with expensive purses
Exquisite purchase, anything that your heart desire
I try not to ever argue 'cause you spark a fire
Within my heart you shoot a dart, girls the smartest liars
You say you love it when I switch it to my sharp attire
And so I [?] I buy her Michael Kors
I say "Girl, anything that you like is yours
And all your words strike [?] sword"
She said "I never would talk if you drive a Ford"

But baby, baby
Give me the time of day
Never know I might climb your way
That's all I ask of you
That's all I ask of you
And baby
Give me the time of day
Never know I might climb your way
That's all I ask of you
That's all I ask of you

Yeah, at the lunch table tryna sit still in school
You walked passed and god damn, I spilled my food
Talking to you in the class, real chill and cool
Conversation real amazing, girl you thrill my mood
I can't wait to even see you in my next class
And if I ever got your number will you text back?
I'm not rich but time, I can invest that
And you just wanna be friends, I'll take a step back
She start to tell me that my attitude is unattractive
And that designer and material just doesn't matter
This whole fling is crazy, it's got us running backwards
And we ain't going nowhere climbing a hundred ladders
But I promise you I'm better than that other man
But the way you got me in is a troubled stance
If you saw me counting rubber bands
But I'm not, in fact a nigga struggling
I gotta need for money and I hate to ask
Ask me to scoop you, girl, you gotta pay for gas

Tell you a couple jokes for the sake to laugh
But we going nowhere and that's just facing facts

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