

Something Wrong

Don Toliver

I been waiting on you to make the call
Last time that we talked, we didn't get to talk
We forget our feelings off the alcohol
We fuck like nothing's wrong
We stay on a high, we always meant to fall
Siamese with your body, we inseparable
We forget our feelings off the alcohol
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Don't let that spill
Double cup, Styrofoam grip, that shit for real
If I split it up with you, you promise to hold your end of the deal?
I gotta beat it up you pop that shit like a perky thirty pill
We in H town, that means you gotta ride that shit like a whip
You know my daddy was a pimp
So you leaving my place with a limp
Arch, arch, arch that back, make it bend
Hit, hitting that shit, leave a dent
Sex all in the air, leaving scents
Put in work, like you tryna pay rent
You said the last was the last time, this the fifth time, when I've seen you since

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