

Don't You Have A Man

Drake

Don't you have a man? (Don't you got a man?)
Why are you trying to be my girl?
I can't believe it
Don't you have a man? (Don't you GOT a man?)
It's allllll-right with me, my girl
We can do anything

Why you over there lookin at me?
Why your man stand-in right beside ya?
The temporary happiness he might provide ya
but you know and I know, that nobody gon do ya like me
Tryna say you like a goalie in line of sight
I know that I feel a bit slowly, I'm kinda like,
"I'on't really wanna hit this girl"
and so she want this chef stick like Napoleon Dynamite
Well, I'ma give it to you, honeybunches
You feel it all under ya ribs like some tummy crunches
All my other girls all up on that subtle shit
They don't wanna cut it, they wanna wrap it and cuddle with
Consequences keep weighin me down
So whenever she thinks I'm serious, I'm playin around
It gets deeper and cold-ER, the funny thing is
I'm writin this in my head and she asleep on my shoulder like...

Look...we had a lil' thing, a wintertime fling
You some (Getback) for your man mistreat thing
But that was then, you know some hush-hush
I ain't never really see a future in us
Plus your man still there, let's be fair
You'll do the same things to me
My feelings never did go past, some late night smash
I'on't wanna take the place of he!
Late night's 85 South on my way to the crib
and somebody got a song for me
I already know what you about, cause I been the other man
and you NOT gonna trap me witch a silly lil plan
It's my bad, shoulda chose a wo-man
but I'm in the mix with this lil' girl playin
I'm sayin, you need to do what you do
I'm NOT tryna take it any further with you, C'MON

Uh...uh...I met her at the bar sippin on Patron
And now it's been three years off and on
Cause the same page, we are rarely off and on
Cause when I'm in, she out, and when she in, I'm gone (c'mon)
We lost contact like ? shalom
But regained it while she was buildin her house a home
wit this new cat, sayin that he doin her right
It just proves that, she don't know what to do wit her life
Cause if so, she wouldn't have to change her strategy
And wouldn't need me to recharge her batteries
One minute she mad at me, next minute it's all good
and I'm in her body like Grey's Anatomy
I don't understand why God sent me to you
And I cain't try to justify that foul shit we do (uh)

All I know is that each time I'm stickin you
I think to myself, "Damn, if only her nigga knew", what?
[chuckles] yeah..

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