

Senses

Elijah Blake

Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my senses
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my

Shorty got curves, her shorty got a man
Shorty came in here lonely
Shorty's tryna act like she don't wanna dance
Nigga gotta move in slowly

But every other song about turnin' up
While I'm just tryna chill with you in the cut
So you can recognize that I'm different
And you can stop actin' like you innocent (Yeah)
She said she really, really, really faded (Really faded, faded)
Don't take them pills, they'll just accelerate it (They'll accelerate it)
Come down for a minute, lay back in this position

Yeah, slow it down and ride it like a 6-4, yeah (Yeah)
Like them Chevys bouncin' on the hydros, yo (Yo)
Candy paint with them gold honey spokes, yeah (Yuh)
We coast in slow motion
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my senses (Senses, my senses)
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my senses (Senses, my senses)
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
Another nigga girl on my bedroom floor
It was all good 'til I hit the last stroke
But there I go again comin' to my

I knew better than to take it this far
You knew not to let down your guard
We knew better right from the start
We knew better right from the start
Whoa, but times are gettin' hard
All he gave was promises, and you gave up your heart
What happen when it starts to fall apart
Used to be the perfect bitch, you used to be a work of art

I don't give a fuck about turnin' up
No, I'm just tryna chill with you in the cut
So you can recognize that I'm different
And you can stop actin' like you innocent, yeah, yeah
If you really, really, really faded (Really faded, faded)
I hope yo homegirl ain't your designated (Ain't yo designated)
The way she drinkin', y'all just might not make it (Might not make it)
So let me get you to your destination (Yeah), yeah (Yeah)

Yeah, slow it down and ride it like a 6-4, yeah (Yeah)
Like them Chevys bouncin' on the hydros, yeah (Yeah)
Candy paint with them gold honey spokes, yeah
We coast in slow motion
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my senses
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
There I go again, comin' to my senses

Oh whoa whoa whoa whoa
Another man girl on my bedroom floor
It was all good 'til I hit the last stroke
But there I go again comin' to my

Senses (Senses, my senses)
My senses (Senses, my senses)
My senses (Senses, my senses)
My senses
There I go again comin' to my senses
There I go again comin' to my
There I go again comin' to my senses
There I go again comin' to my