

Quarter Past 3

Fredo

Yo

I notice how you got your eyes on me (Me)
Only 'cause I had my eyes on you (You)
So what you tryna do?
Now, I won't lie to you, my heart's been fucked with
Baby, that's the reason you say that I can't be trusted (I can)
You been placin' the blame, I just take it again
'Cause all I gave you was paper and pain
All we do is stop and start, like we're takin' a train (Train)
But we carry on goin', does that make us the same? (Same)
Them-, them times I had just bought a half key
Pu-pu-, put it down and went to KFC, a quarter past three
That's when I saw you there, walkin' past me
Had to stop you there
Been waitin' a while, I could watch and stare
I got guns, but when it comes to love, I'm not prepared
I know you told yourself not to care (Not to care)
But you was in your bedroom figurin' out what to wear
No matter what you wear, you always make them stop and stare
So

Tell me what you need, baby girl, it's on me
I'm just tryna set you free
We been talkin' since two, girl, what you tryna do?
Hope you come and satisfy me
And I already know you got your eyes on me
Don't be shy with me, I, I wish you come and vibe with me
Would you be my time and peace?
Is you really all I need?
Yeah-yeah

When-when they ask for you number on the side of the street
Tell them guys, that you're glidin' with me (Glidin' with me)
And when your mum ask how you got that ice in your sleep
Tell mummy, 'cause you're ridin' with me (Ridin' with me)
I'm on the strip with the bros, and you askin' me shit
Like "Which pic should I post?"
Girl, I don't know, 'cause you look sexy in both
You sexy in most, but when you wrote me down in prison
I swear that was your sexiest post
Now I ain't goin' back to jail, 'cause that was part of the process
When your mind's tryna leave me, your heart's gonna protest
And nah, I ain't tryna answer the phone, 'cause you wanna argue and moan
But here, what, leave it after the tone
You say I love these hoes, but I don't even think I know what love involves
Every girl I meet in my life just comes and goes
Niggas lovin' hoe, but I ain't one of those, I rather be right alone
It's hard to walk on road with that arch and that bumper
Every brother tryna ask for your number
Tellin' them you got a man, tellin' them you not on 'Gram (Liar)
You say I'm hopeless, but I'm tellin' you I got a plan

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And when your mum ask how you got that ice in your sleep
Tell mummy, 'cause you're ridin' with me (Ridin' with me)
And when your friends ask, how you gonna drive if you drink
Tell your friends that you're ridin' the beat with me
When you hop on the plane and fly far away
Tell all your friends you're hidin' with me (Hidin' with me)
Tell me what you need, baby girl, it's on me
I'm just tryna set you free