

Curbside

Kid Quill

Ayy I couldn't tell you bout a book of love
Busy tryna write the book of me
Good days, bad days, bittersweet that's poetry
Normally I don't wear these, but right now if they do crease
It's all good, I've been dying for a good time, like yes please
I couldn't hear you inside the party, I wanna know what you said, ayy
I wanna know what's on your mind, what's going on in your head
I ain't saying that it's all love, but you can call me up if you need a friend
Know that old saying back when nothing good happens after 3 am
Man shit let's prove 'em wrong, ayyy

My cinderella don't wear heels just Jordan 1's
Spend the whole night as a third wheel, was a lonely one
We ain't gotta stay here, a lil fresh air never killed no one
Ayy from the curbside to a lifetime, my only one
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Feel like every cop in this city is working, so we can just be free
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Throw a wedding on a sidewalk, hell nah
Throw that shit up in the street, ayy
We can tell the kids that we met at work
Tell your friends that's yo' shirt, but whatchu know about the Pacers
And it's long enough that it can be a skirt
No skeletons, no dirt, just all love
No stepsister, no glass slipper
But she do keep her feelings balled up, that's real

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Ayy

Is it love at first sight, if it's after midnight, is it love?
Is it? If it's after midnight, is it love? Is it?