

# Slow Down

Lil Tjay

For me  
Baby, you ain't got no good for me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
That boy Cash

Slow down  
Try to get to know me, maybe put your phone down  
Once we build a bond, I could give you four rounds  
Like slow down (Slow down)  
Baby, slow down (Slow down)  
Like slow down (Slow down)

Yeah, you pulled up on me like you know me, I was by my doley  
Asked me for a picture, checked my Rollie and said "Okey dokey"  
That fan love, I decide to give my fan a hug  
She said she gon' post it when I really get my bands up  
Name Miranda, with the body of a dancer  
She was smoking hot, but not the type to give you cancer  
Besides that, her shit fat with a six pack  
Yeah, she threw it at me 'fore we even got to chit chat  
Like ooh, girl, you might as well forget that  
Said she got a man, I'm thinking he could have his bitch back  
Future looking bright, and I ain't even bout to risk that  
Shorty, you a dime, so fine, learn to take your time  
Going in so fast, is potential going in the trash  
I ain't even act, that shit make me wanna do the dash  
I need a bitch to hold the grip when shit get lit  
The type that I ain't got to worry when she kiss me on my lips

Like  
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Like slow down (Slow down)  
Baby, slow down (Slow down)  
Like slow down (Slow down)

Yeah, I mean its crazy 'cause I never tried to play you  
You ain't never fall through, I was only tryna save you  
And this 1942 got me stuck up in my ways  
Had dreams and nightmares like we back up in the days  
Figured you would hold it down, I was bound to beat the case  
Bitch, you tryna sneak diss, I should punch you in your face  
Made me call another bitch and tell her put you in your place  
'Member everything was fine, 'member everything was great  
And I peeped it in your eyes, you resembling a snake  
How you link another nigga 'cause he said he got a eighth  
You ain't wanna keep it real, you ain't figure it was safe  
I just rap about my pain 'cause I know others could relate  
But fuck it, nah, bitch, you staying on this subject  
You fucking with a brokey, his pockets is on a budget  
I got my money up and I'm popping these bitches love it  
I got my money up and I'm popping these bitches love it

Slow down  
Try to get to know me, maybe put your phone down  
Once we build a bond, I could give you four rounds

Like slow down  
Baby, slow down (Slow down, slow down)  
Slow down (Slow down)

Slow down  
Like slow down, baby, slow down  
Slow down, slow down  
Slow down, slow down  
I know you ain't good for me, no good for me (I know)  
I know you ain't good for me, no good for me (I know)  
I know you no good for me, no good for me (I know)  
I know you ain't good for me, no good for me  
Yeah

You pulled up on me like you know me, I was on my doley  
Asked me for a picture, checked my Rollie and said "Okey dokey"  
That fan love, I decide to give my fan hug  
When I really get my bands up  
Name Miranda  
Lil Tjay