

# REPLAY

Luke Christopher

On the freeway  
My squad inside, my girl the DJ  
She say I'm the only nigga she play  
That's why I keep her on the replay  
She say that my shit, yeah, that my shit (Yeah)  
Keep your circle tight, you never slip, damn  
Ask me how I'm always making hits  
Nigga take a hint, keep this shit on replay  
She say that my shit, yeah, that my shit

Constantly turning up, then she turn me on  
Told her, "Do you think of me when you're all alone?  
Is there anything you need, can I give you that?"  
She said, "Just keep me in mind when you hear the track," bring it back  
I shouldn't say that shit, it's gonna get back to me  
It's four in the morning, I'm getting brain on the balcony  
Thinkin' 'bout niggas who doubted me, all of my idols that rival me  
Thinkin' 'bout you in the little jeans, thinkin' 'bout us in a limousine  
You take one for the team, I don't wanna pressure you though  
How you go home, and how your momma lecture you though  
Just wanna open the door at a hotel  
And see your clothes on the floor  
There's plenty of weed, you and him used to listen to me  
'Cause, oh girl, you're the DJ, for every record we make

You got me on the freeway  
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She loves it when I go in, loves it when I snap off  
Her and all her girlfriends have their little rap-offs  
She played it for her nigga, and now he's sweatin' his ass off  
I watched her take her clothes off, and I had to take my hat off  
She wanna have my baby, but these condoms made by NASA  
Wanted a Mercedes, but I bought that bitch a Jaguar  
Said she wanna kiss me, she wanna call me lately  
But I told her "Wait, you miss me? Don't call me, girl, just play me"  
She's like, "You shouldn't say that shit, it's gonna get back to you"  
It's four in the morning, I'm getting brain on the balcony  
She even got the mixtape, the theme song on the b-day  
'Cause, baby, you're the DJ in every record we make

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