

Make It Last

Nines

I know this ain't something that you're used to baby
But I'm just trying to make a future now
I just want to make this last
Why are you always talking 'bout my past?
I'm getting money over this side
Run the city over this side
Flying birds, I could never switch sides
And I think she loves a nigga for it

I left some more keys with my nigga
And took away you could wear bikinis in the winter
Soon stop flying birds invest in some land
Seen bitches texting me lying next to their man
That's why it's hard for me to commit
Rather stay on point and have half a key on the strip
Acting like I just want to sell
O's on my phone
But who the fuck wants to be alone when they're grown?
She miss you, kay
But she ain't on a holiday
I'm chasing this money so one day she'll probably stray
All her friends hating on the kid, they say I'm no good
But guaranteed most of them would fuck me if them hoes could
Damn we're just as stubborn as each other
Can't hit her, but I'd beat down her cousins and her brother
If I weren't a birdman and I only flipped an ounce
Would you put up with my shit or be quick to bounce?

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Should've known you where that chick from the start
Fuck an Instagram like, I'd really give you my heart
Should've been with you instead of entertaining all these freaks
So only you and music can take me off the streets
I don't know about them other niggas, but we fly
You can have whatever you like, like T.I
I'm busy flying in but one day I'll marry a girl
Buy you karats and pearls
We could travel the world
But she's always getting mad and look
Of course she wants the lotion on the phone
But I've gotta call you back I've got another shot
I tried school her but this chick's stub'
But she looks Super Bad like McLov'
I'm smokin' flavours thinkin' fuck her, we go through phases
When we ain't spoke in ages
I check her social pages
If it's Italians and Harrods, guaranteed I wore it
It's why she love a nigga for it

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