

Stalker Interlude

Nines

Yo?
Hello?
Ayo?
Yeah, where've you been?
Yo, calm down, man
I've called your phone fifteen times, you haven't picked up
What's going on? Where are you?
I was at the studio, man
Everyday at the studio? What about me?
What do you mean? I've got a career I've gotta think about
What about me? I've been waiting for you at my house, you're supposed to be coming here
Yeah, when I leave studio
No, it's not leaving studio, I've been waiting for time
You're not picking up your phone, it's going to voicemail, what is the problem?
Yeah, you know the reception in the studio ain't proper
The reception? The reception, yeah?
I swear down, I'm gonna shout you, man, I gotta go, you know?
Whatever
I swear down I'll shout
Whatever, do you know what? Don't call me
Don't call me again
You're buggin' but say nothin', man

I got this rich chick always tryna split the bill
I told her that I got this but just chill
She started gettin' attached, I told her "Please, take it slow
I'll see you soon, gotta go overseas for a show"
(Shout you when I come back)
I wish I never met that dumb hoe
Nearly choked when I saw her in the front row (No way)
Me and my young ting always end up back together (Bad bitch)
But I hope she knows this time, it's a wrap forever
Tryna stay focused, stack this winter
Thought it was all love but she hacked my Insta (Fuckin' bitch)
My gold diggin' bitch want a Birkin
She a ten on the 'gram but a six in person (Sold me a dream)
I ain't picked up in like a week
Next thing, she posted a picture of me in my sleep (Ah)
Worst part is the caption said "Say cheese"
So you know I'm in trouble when my bae sees
I met this church chick, good aura
Said she don't rappers or no footballers
It's cool cah, baby, I just fly birds
Tell 'em I buy O occasionally while I rhyme words
She made me drop out all my chicks
First warning signs when she popped up on the strip, uh
Then I told her that I ain't about
Saw her on my camera outside my yard, stakin' out
What the fuck, man?
That's why I'm done with these groupie bitches, man
Every fuckin' time, blud
I just need to chill now, man
Chill out with a good chick

I don't really give a fuck

Know you got a lotta girls follow you about
It don't mean a thing 'cause I ain't here to stress you out
You can call me when you come around, oh
When we get high, we can stay a little bit longer
I'm not really 'bout all of the other shit
Call me when you need to get away from it