

# Mutual Butterflies

Ryan Trey

Wassup ladies and gentlemen  
This your host DJ Sentra  
How y'all doing on this fine summer evening  
The time is now 7:50 and it's 76 degrees with a cool summer breeze  
You're listening to hot 82.4 and this smooth track I'm 'bout to play reminds  
me of my first girlfriend  
Haha...  
Hate that bitch  
But anyways (yeah) here's Ryan Trey (yeah) Mutual Butterflies

I give you parts of my heart I've never seen before  
I let you paint my black and white feelings to pink and gold  
Lil girl I let you drive my car  
I let you see my room  
I let you drink my juice, nobody drinks my juice  
I let you get too comfortable (yeah)  
You wasting my time  
I know I shoulda hit you with that duck and roll (yeah)  
And now my niggas like I told you so (yeah)  
But then my momma told me real eyes realize, baby  
Realize this girl for you  
You the only one trippin, she gave her soul to you  
I guess she right, I mean she cool, I mean she tight  
I mean if we speaking on facts I guess she's something that I like  
Or maybe date  
Or maybe wife  
Oh I'm trippin'  
Did I admit that I'm slippin' for a girl like you?  
I guess I could try to  
The only problem is you make me nervous  
But then you told me that I make you nervous too

I guess that's mutual  
Butterflies  
(Yeah)  
(Yeah)  
That's just the way it goes  
You're what I'm waiting on  
I'm just so used to hurtin'  
This love just makes me nervous  
But it's just mutual  
Butterflies  
(Yeah)  
(Yeah)

Aye  
These love things are mutual, when they somewhat beautiful  
Guess my heart could get used to you, feel you when you arrive  
You ain't even touch the porch yet  
I come to you when I'm upset  
With you I can forget that I'm hurtin'  
And when I'm low you pull me from the bottom  
I know I get lost but I ain't really searchin' when I know you got it (yeah)  
Where have you been? I shoulda heard about it  
Damn, I love it  
Cause see when I'm with you, I feel a nigga lose his problems  
Things you teach me, make me reconsider college

Too many colors used to make a nigga nauseous  
Red, blue feelings make a nigga look like Compton  
Bruce Lee kick it, just call off of work if you with it  
Babe, I've never had a you before  
And you a present and a future goal  
Cause I gave you my soul, you gave one back  
Who woulda known that this was

Mutual butterflies  
(Yeah)  
(Huh)  
You know who this for, (right)