

# Still

SABA

Still missin' my lady, still smokin' like crazy  
Still can't believe this is all real  
Still spendin' per diem  
Still lovin' these hoes, I still don't really need them  
I'm still, our life is like a film, set in a different realm  
I'm still tryna decide how I feel  
I'm still rough as a rider, I'm still right here beside you  
I'm still tryna find a beat to-

She say "I gotta be still, yeah, I gotta be still"  
Bare a cross right 'cause when life goin' right then they might wanna re-deal  
I say "I wanna be here", but I got moves to make  
There's so many people workin' for me nowadays  
That I don't even know who I pay, okay  
I'm still right here beside you, gettin' sick of the costume  
What's the real world?  
When you with me, you take off your cool  
Admittedly, yeah, I do too  
I know I'm more illusive, but her grip never get looser  
And that's why I don't wan' lose her  
Ridin' 'round two-ninety, windows down  
I get reminded to slow down  
I get a message, we up now  
She without [?]  
I try to be profound, but you would get lost for me  
I had to leave and put it on hold until you across for me again

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High (High-high-high), high (High)  
High (Just as still)  
High (High-high-high), high (High)  
High (Just as still)  
High (High-high-high), high (High)  
High  
Uh-uh-uh, mm-mm

I hope you still got, hope you still got  
And you still got my hoodie  
Still have my car, still have my wallet  
Still in that pocket, hope you don't call it  
Pullin' my card, still where your momma live  
Right off Parker road it's-  
Still be callin' to me, she love me still  
Got a bond still, so what's fuckin' real?  
Discussion still, if there's somethin' still  
Love a women still, got my gun inside of the function  
Still-I am Shakespeare, no eraser, I wrote this verse in stone  
Sculped the horoscope, I'm morse code, still tapped in with your hoe (With y

our hoe)  
Smino touch the soul (Soul)  
I change actually when I'm in the booth  
I eat it like baba ghanoush  
Right by the lanes and right by the goose  
I'm really just still into you

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My mother's house, the glue that kept the family together  
There's nothin' like y'all  
People moved out of the city and the compact got vacated  
We were always loved more than...  
Half an hour from the house [?]