

Anytime

Sean Garrett

Seen you last night
At the club, for the first time
In about a year, damn, girl I
The look on your face
Didn't say that
Things were going the way
That you planned
When I saw you for the last time
When I saw you for the last time

Know sometimes you wish that you was with me (Ah)
If we had a baby, what it would be (Ah)
Is your bank account, empty (Ah)
You can call me babe, anytime

Ain't gone lie (Ain't gone lie)
You ran up and your sexy
You start talking (talking)
Saying shit ain't straight with him
You bring it up (saying)
You miss the way it used to be
Ain't gone lie, but I moved on so far from here
You asking me (honestly)
I ain't got no answer
Is it true?
That I'm blamed for that
I ain't got no answer
If I told you
All my set backs
All the shit I went through
I just spared my momma
Two months after I caught you
Hey, You heard I got that check
Hey, and I ain't trying to look back
I hope that maybe you chose
To take a damn good care
I ain't wish you no better
But that ain't none of my business, no

Hook
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I know that you wish that you had a young nigga like me
I know that you sad
I know you praying the Lord for a nigga like me
You missing the shopping sprees
You missing the diamonds all in your rings
I pull up in Jags and Rovers and Bentleys
I know that you miss the front seat

Your bitches, they asking about me
Wanna know what a young nigga do
Cause the see my girl in that red dress,
And they say that could be you, in it
Everytime they see Quavo, they say that boy pursue
(Like a real) Just look at yourself in the mirror
I know you wish I was there
That Porshe, Panamera, you know that car was your favorite
My momma she told me you crazy
I know you hate that I made it
So many chains, look like slavery
I hope I make you go crazy
Throw a hundred dollars for your step-baby
You can have that old ass Mercedes

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God damn, back then
Your momma, she wasn't fucking with me
Taking a trip out the city, go quick on that Brittney
She thicker than Jiffy
The Louis, the Gucci, the Prada, the Fendi
Versace, and Givenchy
Know lil' mamma gone miss me
I was the Santa on Christmas
She talking about having my baby
But told me stop whipping them babies
I told her you crazy
When you see me pulling up in that drop top
I made it
She calling my phone, she come in my home
Knock on that booty, I'm gone
Met a bitch, said her name Nia Long
Smoking that good, ching chong
Came a long way, neighborhood star
And I'm on the top of Worldstar
Back then , nigga, looking at a star
Now a nigga shine with the stars
Red bottom got blood on the floor
Metta World Peace, got that elbow
She won't stop calling my phone
She hear me everyday on the radio

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