

Like Me More

Skizzy Mars

I thought I heard you say you like me more
Than all them other niggas in New York
This game of love is such a fuckin' sport
And you top a league, I'm somewhere back court
I thought I

[?], Daft Punk in your speakers
Now you listening to bleachers
I'm still on my Meek Mill
Dev Hynes on your Beats Pill
Can't comprehend how we feel
Can't comprehend you females
Bartender, refill
With you I'm always missing free throws
I guess I crossed the line
The waitress topped me off
How you still on my mind?
We did alright for days and now it's back to drama
You got clothes at my house
You even know my mama
The half life of love is forever
And they say that we look good together
I treat you well, don't need no credit
He treat you well, I treat you better

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I thought I

You still look the same
But when you talk, I can tell you've changed
Now you take a cab every time it rains in New York
But I can't let you fade
You take a drag then you walk away
But I thought that I heard you say you like me more