

Met this pretty woman in the Summer from Qatar  
Late night at Gjelina, she was eatin' at the bar  
Said she was a teacher, seven months left on her Visa  
But she used to be a singer, she was meant to be a star  
Asked me how I feel about the music I done dropped  
Some of it was cool, some of it was hot  
Deeper conversations under surface level thoughts  
Asked if she can get a ride to her spot, I said "I gotcha"  
Pull up on La Brea, where them niggas shootin' choppers  
Can barely hear the ambulances over helicopters  
She invited me up for a drink  
I don't indulge, but the moments with her make me feel, so what  
's the rush?  
Started talkin' 'bout the future and the ever-present past  
Awkward silences and laughs got me feelin' like we on the path  
to somethin'  
Right before this woman stole my heart, I see a shadow by the door  
and hear a knock  
Eyes bloodshot like she had seen a ghost or somethin'  
I don't know what's what, reach in my pocket, get to clutchin'  
She like "Hold up, I'm comin'", if it get tricky, then I'm buss  
in'  
She said "Baby, meet my little cousin', Justin"  
Damn

"Nice to meet you"  
"Nice to meet you too"  
Women lie a lot, put that on the dead homies  
Women lie a lot, on God  
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