

Do Not Disturb

Vory

Ayy (Ayy)
Ayy (Ayy)
Say
You
Sure
Ayy

Take a trip and put your phone on "Do Not Disturb"
Puttin' in O.T., but you keep workin' my nerves
Not tryna go back and forth 'bout who hurt who first
You ain't gotta question it, oh, baby, it's yours

How I'm under thirty? I made thirty, thirty times
How you do me dirty and play victim blows my mind
I was scarred from issues, you said it would heal in time
Tried to hide your past up in the dark, but caught my body to the light
Ayy, you ain't livin' right (Ayy)
I know if I brought it up tonight, we in for one hell of a night (Ayy)
Tryna do you right, ayy, tryna do you right
I know if I text a friend, then bring a friend, I'll leave with one tonight
You should call that nigga that you love so bad and sleep with him tonight
Two wrongs don't make a right (Yeah)
You should text your friends in that group chat and say, "He finally made it
"

My friends told me leave you in the past, can't lie, I contemplated
Always hang on my side doin' such and such, I'm concentrated
Even 'fore the name, before the fame, couldn't rock with nothin' basic
She in one hell of a run if I lace up these ASICS (Ayy)
She don't like my life, I tell her "Leave it, face it" (Yeah)
And way 'fore I knew Meek, I had a dream and chased it, hey (Yeah-yeah-yeah)

Switch my ex out for my next (For my next)
Switched out the Bentley for the 'Vette (For the 'Vette)
Exchanged my life for my respect (Uh)
I been through Hell and been neglected
I been in the both a couple hours, I'm restless
If she come by the room, she get devoured, I'm breathless (Yeah)
Just yesterday, I got head from her friend (From her friend)
Tried to cut her off, but it ain't go as planned
I say, "Don't talk to me, come out them panties"
I say, "Don't talk to me, go pop a Xanny"
That's my bro, let's keep it in the family
Yeah, let's go
Never let 'em pull my card, they gon' come out the hip for me
I see he in designer, lil' bro gon' knock off his drip for me
I told her put her phone on DND, don't give no lip to me
And I know they gon' hate, don't give no company to misery

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Get money, fuck bitches
Get money, fuck bitches (Yeah)
I'm like 'Pac, I got a wife and a mistress, woah

When she talk 'bout other rappers, it be gettin' on my nerves
Ain't worried 'bout her heart, I'm just in love with her curves
I'm stayin' one week out, I don't know who else to serve
Got a brand new Maybach built so long, it look like a hearse
I think they here to stay, these demons live in my mind
Need a case for all my watches and I still ain't on time
Love the feelin' when I'm goin' and I know that she mine
And I'm barely thirty, but I made a mil' thirty times (Yeah)
And I know I ain't livin' right
Feelin' dead inside, I count up dead guys and they give me life
And I see 'em goin' left, but I'm with my brother, wrong or right
And my panoramic ceilin' let me see the stars at night (Ooh-ooh, yeah)

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