

# No Longer Friends

Bryson Tiller

Hi, aight, whatever, you doing too much  
You doing too much  
AyyLet's go back to the time  
When your nigga used to trip  
'Bout the time we spent  
Girl, when we were just friends  
It was friendly on my end  
Even though I look forward to seeing you again like, uh  
When am I seeing you again?  
Ayy, when are we speaking again?  
Shit, you look good with that ink on your skin  
Hood, but you far from the streets you was in, oh yeah  
No he don't like it, call me up  
He don't like it  
This was the perfect timing  
Love you, I'm sorry and I can't, yeah  
Talk about you like a queen making  
As if you even never even mattered  
And you a bad bitch, you keep getting better  
This ain't the side nigga anthem  
I been straight forward, he's going backwoods  
Relax, yo, just chill  
I love you, I'm with you  
I ain't with this nigga  
You don't think I.  
My best friend, he's my brother  
My brother  
I don't think he's your brother  
That's your blood?  
Aight  
Fuck him, that's what it is  
That's my brother  
No, no, daddy can fuck  
You fuck him  
You was on the verge of losing it  
You was acting like you ain't want shit to do with her  
I cut out the bullshit and kept it true with her  
That's why the sexual tension is high when I'm in rooms with her  
She really the shit, I don't be juicing her  
I'm the shit too, that's why I'm in tune with her  
I feel like I'm sun on ya  
I feel like you grew on me

Have I grown on you?  
Done fronting like I don't want you  
You treat me like I don't know you  
Back and forth between me and all your niggas  
It's busy tonight—that figures  
Tonight just stay [?]  
Still I answer your call when he doesn't answer at all  
But I want that too, that's all  
I need the same in return, that's all Oh, that's all I want  
All I want, all I want  
That's all I want, all I want  
All I want (just a, just a little time)

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