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 allOh, 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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