Overtime

Bryson Tiller

I've been working on it, putting in overtime Putting in overtime, putting in over-I've been putting in work, you know I've been Working overtime, working overtime Working over

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Working over

Sitting in a whip on the strip, get to stripping
My windows is tinted, let's go
My backseat ain't empty, we just left the Fendi

We getting it all over the clothes

This is why I need the Phantom, this is why I need the Phantom And you know business getting handled

Wonder where you at, I just might hold you for ransom

No thats something your nigga can't fathom

Aw man, he just bought a Balmain

He thought that would keep her 'round

But he thought wrong, nothing at all

That's what she got on

And she will get up and leave him for me, I know
I mean how could he not know? Cause see I've been working for it, putting in overtime
Putting in overtime, putting in over-

I've been putting in work, you know I've been

Working overtime, working overtime

Working overI've been working OT

Tryna show you what it's like just to know me

And ever since that day you approached me

I been thinking 'bout you and you only

And we just like to fuck, that and nothing else

Fuck falling in love, that's for someone else

I break the bank for you, 'til no money left

Now I done caught feelings worth more than millions

And I feel it, you hurting and I'm healing

Girl that nigga ain't worth it, I know you hear me

I know we said we wouldn't let it get this far

Now I want it for myself, that's his lossOh he mad huh? Is he pissed off?

Too bad, nigga should've been on his job

You know I deserve it, I've been working this hardAy, is- is you, is you, with it? Yeah (Been working this hard)

Po' it up, sip it up, getting lit as fuck
We been fucking, on the couch, on the bed
Baby [?] on my line, hol' up - there it go
Damn, no baby
I'm kinda looking for her - for you
For you to be my bride, and the mother of my child
Oh yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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