

Don't

Bryson Tiller

Don't
Don't play with her don't be dishonest
Aye still not understanding this logic
Aye, I'm back and I'm better
I want you bad as ever
Don't let me just let up
I want to give you better
Baby it's whatever
Somebody gotta step up
Girl I'm that somebody
So I'm Next up Be damned if I let him catch up
It's easy to see that you're fed up
I am on a whole 'nother level
Girl he only fucked you over cause you let him
Fuck em girl I guess he didn't know any better
Girl that man didn't show any effort
Do all I can just to show you you're special
Certain it's your love that holds me together Lately you say he been killing the vibe
Gotta be sick of this guy
Pull up, Skurt
Get in the ride
Left hand is steering the other is gripping your thigh
Light up a spliff and get high
Shawty you deserve what you been missing
Looking at you I'm thinking he must be tripping
Play this song for him tell him just listen Don't
Girl, said he keeps on playing games and his loving ain't the same
I don't know what to say-ay but
What a shame
If you were mine you would not get the same
If you were mine you would top everything
Suicide in the drop switching lanes
And that thang so fire baby no propane
Got good pussy girl can I be framed
To keep it 100 girl I ain't no saint
But he the only reason that I'm feeling this way
Giving you the world baby when you get space
Pen game get me laid, baby that's penetrate
Oh baby Don't H-Town got a nigga so throwed
Po' up we can party some mo'
Yeah got this drink in my cup
Got a young nigga feeling so throwed

Spit fire and the world so cold
Young money got a nigga feeling old
Spit fire and the world so cold
H-Town got me feeling so throwed
H-Town got me feeling so throwd
H-Town got me feeling so throwed
Spit fire and the world so cold
H-Town got me feeling so throwed
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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