

Drunk Dialing...LODT

Summer Walker

It's 3:34 and I don't need no more
You can call it what you want, but I'ma call it dumb
Too much liquor known to make you call a nigga
And I done had too much
Which is givin' me excuses to make me think I want you when I don't and I know this
Know that you would argue, always do me wrong, oh
But it made me wanna call you like I'm on one and I want some
And I need you to come over (Oh no, ah)
Too much Patrón'll have you callin' his phone or
Have you wantin' some more, have you wantin' some more
Too much Patrón'll have you callin' his phone or
Have you wantin' some more
Oh, damn
Boy, you know I, I, I love you
Oh, with everything you do, eh-eh
And I just can't quite understand it
But love makes sense of you (Yeah, eh)
'Cause I love you, but I know I wouldn't wanna wait
For your heart to finally see me through
And I'd love for you, do-do-do
Yeah, said I

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