

# For However Long

[Bryson Tiller](#)

Bless up

There's some bad bitches out there that I really wanna sex up  
They'll probably only let me fuck cause I'm next up

Got me feeling like the nigga now, yessir  
Running through 'em, looking for a down bitch  
It's like looking for them hitters on SoundClick  
Hoping someone else ain't already killed it  
Wait up, for real, you exclusive? I found it

Baby, say it's true

I don't wanna have to wait on you  
These are things I gotta say to you  
Make me feel irreplaceable, baby

Cause I can't call it

You fuck with other niggas, I won't even bother  
Young poppa, tell 'em who taught you  
Let me put my stamp on it, let me crop all them other niggas  
Out the picture, I say fuck them other niggas  
Won't you say it with me?

My homeboy left the crib to me, baby, you should stay with me

For as long as I'm here, baby that's okay with me  
For as long you want, baby that's okay with me  
For as long you want, baby that's okay with me  
How does it sound? Sound? Fuck it girl

Come spend the night with me

Say whatever, just don't lie to me

Stepping out, know I want you on the side of me  
Mama, you could come work, full-time with me

Roll through in the Beamer, get inside

'Til the wheels fall off, that's how long you can ride with me

Yeah, that's word to Stephen Garrett

Come ride with me

Say it one more time for you

These are things I gotta say to you

Make me feel irreplaceable

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>