

The One Time In Houston

Wale

George: Nobody wants to be with someone who loves them

Jerry: No, people hate that

George: You want to be with somebody that doesn't like you

Jerry: Ideally

George: I am never saying 'I love you' again unless they say it first Nigga gotta tell you...
In the most endearing manner... that these jaws is for everybody H-town, with J. zooted

I'm with J. Harden, I'm coolin'

And the way the broads are choosing us

I think I'm 'bout to move out Houston

Nigga, got that black bottle on me

Black-black bottle on me

Half the Bs in my suitcase

On the brown, I'll probably OD

Cause I'm in H-town and I'm crawlin'

My favorite bitch at Dream be stripping around 2

She love to say "I fuck with you, thank you for coming through"

She gon' get you in your feelings, then get you out of your loot

Oh, she don't love you She don't

She don't

She don't

She don't love you no more Jerry: Are you confident in the "I love you" return?

George: Fifty-fifty

Jerry: Cause if you don't get that return, that's a pretty big matzoh ball hanging out there

George: Aw, I've just got to say it once, everybody else gets to say it, why can't I say it?

Elaine: What, you never said it?

George: Once, to a dog

H-town, what they do, yeah

I'm with J. Harden, I'm coolin'

And the way the broads are choosing us

I think I'm 'bout to move out Houston

Nigga, got that Black Bottle on me

Black-black bottle on me

All the Bs that I brought in here

Is on the ground, I know we'll OD cause

I'm out H-town, just coolin' My favorite bitch is ready, said "what did you try and do?"

I told her "it's whatever," she told me "whatever" too

She told me it's a problem, what's the problem?

"the loot"

Yeah, she don't love you She knows that I've been rolling up like a motherfucker

I've been pouring up like a motherfucker

Well, I've been creeping out like a motherfucker, sleeping out like a motherfucker

Friends tell me I'm a motherfucker, they know

I've been rolling up like a motherfucker
They know that I've been creeping out like a motherfucker, sleeping out like a motherfucker
Friends tell me I'm a motherfucker, yeah you know, you know That body bang, need a body bag
Syrup in bottles, be balancing my anxiety, hey
I ain't sipping to fit in with niggas
I go to Texas for women, and no Timbaland weather
Mademoiselle, every nigga fetish for reals
Stay till the morning, my shit be snoring off with that pill
What a role model I be
I bet I lost respect when you saw me sweating off MD-
MA, blame it on the batch, girl, it's OK
Pop one to relax, see, this rap shit is so fake
Women so fake, all these niggas so fake
So who am I to ask 'bout ass, titties or whole names?
Now she giving government and her number away
(She don't) Hey
Meaning she wanna do things not for public display
(She don't) Hey
I'm off a high and I'm losing my mind, in a daze, yeah
(She don't) Uh
So won't you tell me you love me while I'm stuck on this wave?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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