

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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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 that's 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 over I'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 loss Oh 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 hard Ay, 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>