

# Nightstand

**K. Michelle**

I got it gridlocked, 2 Pac  
Three shots, let it sink in  
Hot ride outside  
Four door, chauffeur driven, yeah  
I've got more to lose than you  
Ooh hmm  
Three o'clock in the morning  
Y'all be on that other shit, but I ain't on it  
Tryina give me your advice, but I don't want it  
I've got things to do  
Phone ring, I call 'em later  
Just dissed this nigga for my vibrator  
Hope you ain't in trouble 'cause I can't save you  
No, no no no no oh  
Put it on my nightstand, baby  
Can you keep it right there baby?  
Got it on my nightstand, baby  
Excuse me, these won't just save me  
Baby, please excuse my behavior  
But can I get back the fucks that I gave you?  
Tryna mellow out, I need to blaze up  
Can't wait to get my back to  
my nightstand  
Got a nigga right here, on my left  
I've done rolled him to death  
Guess I have to please myself  
Hey yeah yeah  
Tell me why I can't feel it no more?  
Most of y'all niggas can't afford  
Sleeping in my bed  
Oh, ooh  
That new 'Rrari, Bugatti you rapping about, boo  
Boy it's level you're lying ain't none of it true  
Just being honest I promise the jewelry that you gave me  
I never even wear it and I like Drake better than you  
All my boss bitches know  
So, put it on my nightstand, baby  
Can you keep it right there baby?  
Got it on my nightstand, baby  
Excuse me, these potions won't just save me  
Baby, please excuse my behavior  
But can I get back the fucks that I gave you?  
Tryna mellow out, I need to blaze up  
Can't wait to get my back to my nightstand  
So, put it on my nightstand, baby  
Can you keep it right there baby?

Got it on my nightstand, baby  
Excuse me, these potions won't just save me  
Baby, please excuse my behavior  
But can I get back the fucks that I gave you?  
Tryna mellow out, I need to blaze up  
Can't wait to get my back to my nightstandUh  
Wished these niggas know me better  
Tryina tell me who I had in my bed  
Poppin' percasetes by the tube  
He ain't talking money, keep it moving  
Every time I come around  
It's a, it's a another lie  
On the cover, are they friends?  
Or just fucking? You know something gonna come from it  
These petty bitches lie they don't know bout me  
You can be a play about it  
And tell it to my face, what you say about me?  
I can't spend another day on it oh  
Save it for the ShaderoomOh  
Put it on my nightstand, baby ay yeah oohPut it on my nightstand  
Put it on my nightstand, baby  
Put it on my nightstand  
Put it on my nightstand, baby

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