Without You (feat. Rapsody)

Anderson .Paak

Yeah
With all the kissin', the touchin', the bitin', the tuckin'
You know you know I love what you do
And all the spittin', the cursin', the fightin' and fussin'
You know I'm only fuckin' with you
If I could, I'd take you everywhere
But you know I can't do nothin' with you
And I never looked as good as I do, and it's the truth
No bullshit I'm nothin' without youAnd I should take this heart and pawn it at the auction
I don't need it, I'mma slay this bitch and take ya shoppin'
Cause what good is any heart if it can break in pieces?
I would rather have no feelings, than cryin' and sobbin'
When I met you, I was broke as a rope on a faucet
I had dreams that I would blow like a nintendo cartridge
I was hungry, I was dirty, I needed a shower
Since you found me, you clothed me, you packed me a sack lunch
Pop a zit, when I get older, get a girl like your momma
But I'm twenty years old and runnin' out of options
How I'm supposed to trust ya?
Ain't you one of them ones tryin' to run up, pose for the perfect picture, load and post it?
Question: is you with me or not?
I'm from the city where they wear bikini's in the water drought
But I'm used to having cyclones, in and out of my life
So it's no biggie if you need time to figure it outWith all the kissin', the touchin', the bitin', the tuckin'
You know you know I love what you do
And all the spittin', the cursin', the fightin' and fussin'
You know I'm only fuckin' with you
If I could, I'd take you everywhere
But you know I can't do nothin' with you
And I never looked as good as I do, and it's the truth
No bullshit I'm nothin' without youYou know you wrong, shit you out of pocket
Remember you was couch surfin', you ain't have a casa
And mi casa, I would buy you shoes from out the locker
And even though I heard around the town from all the gossip
Between they legs, and slidin' limousines in garages
Heard your mama cheated on ya daddy, you just like her
Come-a-come around, remember what happened to tiger
Game over, dead wrong, biggie wallace
I was the one you counted one before you stacked your wallets

Talkin' 'bout me, motherfucker you the one with problems
Haha, you played yourself for a photo, but you ain't know though
I only took from niggas trying to slide up in the DM
And show them I was happy with the nigga I was seein'
But you fucked up stupid, so I guess I'll go and see 'em
And you contemplate how to get me back like Liam
No fuckin' or not, I'll be gone by the pm

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