

Let's Be Friends

Chris Miles

Baby I'm not your type
But you so fine
Got me tryna say "Hey there"
"Okay then...don't reply"
Baby, what's on your mind?
Tell me lies because baby I'm a stranger
And you're a stranger, let's be friends
It's like
It's like
It's like
It's like
The definition of happy can be limitless
My definition would be in the land of simple shit
Running through the city, mom said be a tad diligent
Tryna act like I'm mad innocent, I'm with the shits
I wanna be older just so I could wish the opposite
Mind feeling like a bank robber with five hostages
I just want somebody to vibe and talk honest with
Nah, nah, forget it
And I don't understand why I can't just smile
What you sad for bruh? You Chris Miles
Supermarket walking down the wrong aisle
See some random girl, kinda caught my eye so I was like...
Baby I'm not your type
But you so fine
Got me tryna say "Hey there"
"Okay then...don't reply"
Baby, what's on your mind?
Tell me lies because baby I'm a stranger
And you're a stranger, let's be friends
It's like
It's like
It's like
It's like
Hi, I'm not no genius
But I think I'll lie for you, know everyone is meaningless
They stopping short like, Jeter, the ones that get to see the kid
Cause they know there ain't no way they could be defeating him
Say my name from C to M, can't wait 'til I see the end
They said this ain't possible, but yeah, we got a secret plan
Yeah, in the studio, in the basement
To the few shows 'round the nation
Made a few foes but it's cool though
They hating like, since a youngin' I wanted to be a veteran
Even though they said I ain't ready, thanks Missy Elliot
You are an inspiration but I got a story, I'm telling this

See some girl in my mansions, you said I helped her forget some shit, so...Baby I'm not your type

But you so fine

Got me tryna say "Hey there"

"Okay then...don't reply"

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

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