

Somethin Tells Me

Bryson Tiller

Yeah somethin' tells me
We ain't gon' last baby
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We ain't gon' last baby
We ain't gon' last babyYo' intuition has been tellin' you
Things that you never knew (never knew)
Rubbing shoulders with bitches I used to put on pedestals
But still I keep it professional
Laying in the bed and you acting like I can't even touch you
I don't know why you do that
Shower with the door open, why you do that?
Drop the towel right in front of me, you cruel
What's goin' on baby, talk to me baby
Say it to me straight, did I make a mistake?
And I can't concentrate while you're standing there naked
Acting strange, yeah, yeah, yeahYeah somethin' tells me
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We ain't gon' last babyMy intuition has been telling me
Trust what you said to me
You ain't never really felt love 'til you slept with me
I'm busy, it's no wonder you upset with me
You found a Magnum inside of my bag
Don't know how to explain this
That was in there way before we started dating
This the only music I hate facing, oh
Lay down baby I'mma take it slow
Can't let this thing go to waste, oh no
Before we crash, hit the brakes, oh no
Call, then I got to your place, oh no
Still getting voicemail, oh no
Fuck it, leave a voicemail, oh no
Hey, looks like we at the end of the roadYeah somethin' tells me

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We ain't gon' last baby
We ain't gon' last baby Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You know I feel like you know what I'm about to say
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You know just what I'm about to say, huh
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Can we make it work, huh
Can we make it work
Let's make it work
Let's make it work, yeah
I know we can make it work
Let's make it work
We can make it work, come on

Songwriters

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