Parallels (feat. Ab)

Black Milk

Hey you, I...
Want you, I...
Won't you, I...
Give this thing a try?
Won't you, I...
Won't you, I...
Won't you, I...
Give a try?

Yea, so, um
You got the look flaunted
So bad I got to write a hook on it
Too bad, I should have wrote a book on it
One taste, nine niggas hooked on it
Other chicks shook on it
Bad girls get X-ed out
First one is done, considered my ex now
Second one is none, couldn't keep the stress down
Third one's a charm, so let's bounce, bounce
Better flow, yea that's what we headed fo'
Panties on the flo', put you on the pedestal
We both young, the night's younger
So let's not waste time hung up on life's slumbers
But get back in the bed and get under nice covers
Ignoring them phone calls when your cell phone's buzzing
You keep coming/cumming, but get a wine toast
And yea I got to look when you lay and your thighs close, and uh

It's like, I keep it raw, we should keep it honest
From slow raps, relax, to lower back massages
Hard to achieve, hard to believe
Time's hard when you wear your heart on your sleeve, but
Emotions get involved, sex, had her sending text emoticons
Open arms, yea, to a Detroit player
They probably throwing cash like Detroit players -- Detroit's mayor, cha
Baby girl, it's me and you up in the air, two up in the air
Dro smoke blew up in the air, so
What we do up in the bed don't compare, yea
I hope we stay timeless, down for a long time

You took your time[?], but
Just be prepared whenever they see I'm with you
They get those 21 questions, whenever the spotlight hits you
I'm on

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/