

Deja Vu

Post Malone

'Cause I can't take it no more
No you ain't like them bitches
Tell them hoes adios
And you can drop your panties
Leave them shits at the door
Dior falls on the floor
I swear we been here before I'm tryna see you from my own perspective
You all in my section tryna come to my session
We runnin' a pressure, you know that we flexin'
We bought all the bottles, we came with the models
Girl this a confession, I'm not like your exes
I came in from Texas, and now that we textin'
You can fly in whenever, now you undressin'
Panties on the dresser, your hair gettin' messed up
The feelin' we catchin', my love is a blessin'
Made love in that Lexus, made love in that Lexus
I know you remember Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby it ain't nothing new, no
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby this ain't nothing new, no Oh you actin' reckless
I told you that I need affection
So let me point you in the right direction
It's so important that you get the message
Yeah, I gotta say, gotta say somethin' to you, you, you
I'm on a roll, I'm gonna roll out in that new, new, new
If you wanna do what I wanna do
Well uhm-uhm-uhm
Well I guess that it's just deja vu Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby it ain't nothing new, no
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby this ain't nothing new, no Tell me if you want it baby

'Cause I know I can drive you crazy
I just wanted you to know now
Oh-oh, oh-ohhh
Show up in that new Mercedes
You already know I'm faded
Girl I've been thinkin' 'bout you lately
Oh-oh, oh-ohhh Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby it ain't nothing new, no
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause you want me and I want you
Tell me is that deja vu?
'Cause baby this ain't nothing new, no 'Cause I can't take it no more
No you ain't like them bitches
Tell them hoes adios
And you can drop your panties
Leave them shits at the door
Dior falls on the floor
I swear we been here before

Songwriters

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