

# For However Long

**Bryson Tiller**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bless up  
There's some bad bitches out there that I really wanna sex up  
They'll probably only let me fuck 'cause I'm next up  
Got me feeling like the nigga now, yessir  
Running through 'em, looking for a down bitch  
It's like looking for them hitters on SoundClick  
Hoping someone else ain't already killed it  
Wait up, for real, you exclusive I found it  
Baby, say it's true  
I don't wanna have to wait on you  
These are things I gotta say to you  
Make me feel irreplaceable, baby  
'Cause I can't call it  
You fuck with other niggas, I won't even bother  
Young poppa, tell 'em who taught you  
Let me put my stamp on it, let me crop all them other niggas  
Out the picture, I say fuck them other niggas  
Won't you say it with me?  
My homeboy left the crib to me, baby, you should stay with me  
For as long as I'm here, baby that's okay with me  
For as long you want, baby that's okay with me  
For as long you want, baby that's okay with meHow does it sound?  
Sound, fuck it girl  
Come spend the night with me  
Say whatever, just don't lie to me  
Stepping out, know I want you on the side of me  
Mama, you could come work, full-time with me  
Roll through in the Beamer, get inside  
'Til the wheels fall off, that's how long you can ride with me  
Yeah, that's word to Stephen Garrett  
Come ride with me  
Say it one more time for you

These are things I gotta say to you  
Make me feel irreplaceable

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