

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 me
How 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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