

Story and Her (Instrumental)

Black Milk

APGENIUS
Story And Her
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The good stuff
Girl let me step into your world we can do it
Good stuff
Yeah you know I'm always with it
I be over in a minute
You with it
Good stuff
You not trying to be alone
Nah I hit you on the phone
We can talk about
Good stuff
Tell me if you need it now
Yeah you know I come around
Put it down
Good stuff
Let me, let me
Girl let me step into your world we can do
Good stuff
Yeah
A lot of time gone by since the time of every guy [?] in junior high
Whatever since eleventh grade her body got colder
And she knew it
So she through it to this dickhead that was older
Already pursuing, screwing, niggas in they twenties
By the time we graduated she had already had plenty up in her
But i said i still would hit it if i ever had the chance
Ran into her years later clubbing with her friends over tequila
Surprised she remembered who i was
Rarely looked my way back in the day
As a scrub
But see that was the past
She's feeling my presence
Cuz she probably seeing cash
But i knew it
Brewing the small talk
For a minute

While i'm thinking to my self, like
Damn she looks different, different, but
Thinking if i wanna still live out that fantasy i had when i was younger
Putting her legs places, hands grabbing the rail
Talking about past dudes and how they put her through hell
Flicked her cigarette ash down on the ground
Said that we should even though she knew i wouldn't be around later, later
Good stuff
Good stuff
Good stuff
(nigga wake up) good stuff
Nigga wake up
(nigga wake up) good stuff
Nigga wake up Morning after
I didn't mean to spend the night
Let me get up, got a bad feeling, wait
Rooms still spinning
Barely remember last night fully
Wake up old girl laying next to me, remember her texting me right back
Like what up, where you at, where you at
Fast forward, meet me at the moe
Oh snap, got it bent flat, throw it back, throw it back
More drink, more drug, throw it back
Break for a minute, breathe, then we go back
Legs roll back, pssh, do that, pssh do that Let me wake her up
Give a little shove like wake up
Ai, baby girl wake up
Fuck, of shit, fuck
She ain't waking up
Body leaning
Oh shit she ain't breathing
Nah, ain't real is it
Empty bottle, no pills in it
On the nightstand (damn)
Baby girl wake up wake up
Fuck
Where my phone at

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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