Run Me Dry

Bryson Tiller

I think she love me, 'cause I got the check on me Wan' spend the day and flex on me Put a curse and hex on me Scratch out my name, put the X on me You should come check on me Talk dirty and caress on me Fuck it, might as well get undressed for me Love how you get that pussy wet for me Put a lot of stress on me You used to obsess for me Call the station and request for me You done went and got a big head on me

You're running me dry Oh girl, you're running me dry Cried my last tear drop Saw bad when I told her bring it here Drop down, pick it up up up Swing it around, I'ma go go go Drop that, down, I'ma pick it up up up Swing it around, I'ma go go go Oh, you tryna roll Let's go, let's go, yeah Oh, you're the reason I even Saw bad when I told her bring it here Drop down, pick it up up up Swing it around, I'ma go go go Drop that, down I'ma pick it up up up Swing it around, I'ma go go go

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy Used to break my neck for you Spend my paycheck on you Put my account in the red for you Damn near put myself in debt for you You made me obsessed for you Thought I had the same effect on you Couldn't see I was the best for you Now you gotta figure out what's next for you Now you feel regret, oh do you? Baby, I could care less for you Trust, I'm not even sweating you You ran me dry, better yet it's still you Out of respect for you I curved bitches on the internet for you I, lost all respect for you Baby, it's my turn to flex on you

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