Somethin Tells Me

Bryson Tiller

Yeah somethin' tells me We ain't gon' last baby We ain't gon' last baby We ain't gon' last baby We ain't gon' last baby

Yo' intuition has been tellin' you Things that you never knew (never knew) Rubbing shoulders with bitches I used to put on pedestals But still I keep it professional Laying in the bed and you acting like I can't even touch you I don't know why you do that Shower with the door open, why you do that? Drop the towel right in front of me, you cruel What's goin' on baby, talk to me baby Say it to me straight, did I make a mistake? And I can't concentrate while you're standing there naked Acting strange, yeah, yeah

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My intuition has been telling me Trust what you said to me You ain't never really felt love 'til you slept with me I'm busy, it's no wonder you upset with me You found a Magnum inside of my bag Don't know how to explain this That was in there way before we started dating This the only music I hate facing, oh Lay down baby I'mma take it slow Can't let this thing go to waste, oh no Before we crash, hit the brakes, oh no Call, then I got to your place, oh no Still getting voicemail, oh no Fuck it, leave a voicemail, oh no Hey, looks like we're at the end of the road

Yeah somethin' tells me We ain't gon' last baby We ain't gon' last baby (Somethin' tells me) We ain't gon' last baby Oh yeah, oh yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah (You know I feel like you know what I'm about to say) Oh yeah, oh yeah (You know what I'm about to say, huh) Oh yeah, oh yeah (Can we make it work, huh Can we make it work, huh Can we make it work Let's make it work Let's make it work, yeah) I know we can make it work Let's make it work We can make it work, come on