

Stay Blessed

Bryson Tiller

Listen up
Oh baby

Note to self, stay true to self (True, true, true, true)
Shorty, I could use the help (True, true, true, true)
And you know what to do to help
Going in circles trying not to lose myself

No, check up
How can I check up?
Tell you I messed up
We could go somewhere nice
Get pretty and get dressed up
I always said I should keep you fed and now you're fed up
Always said if I ain't happy give you heads up
I would rather give you back down, long stroke, legs up
Known for giving you the best love
No I wouldn't give you nothing less, nothing less, love

Used to look at me and tell me, "Don't stress, love"
That's why I need you whenever I'm stressed, love
Cut me off, tell me stay blessed, love
Hey, stay blessed

Changes, right now I'm going through changes
We upgraded to a crib that's spacious
But this house is not a home without you, baby
Ain't shed a tear, you just left on me
Chuck the deuce, told me, "Stay blessed homie"
In due time, I'll regret
Especially when I remember you was reppin' when they slept on me (hey)
It's been too long
I gotta know
What must I do to
Get me back right beside you?
Whenever you decide to
Alright
Say it's what I get for lying to you
I can talk to you whenever
Say whatever, yeah
You was my best friend
It's what I get for lying to you

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Cut me off, tell me stay blessed, love
Hey, stay blessed

Roll up the carpets, close up the curtains
Guess the show is over, I still love you, that's for certain
Self righteous but I'm dead wrong, that's for certain
If you're tryna make me crazy, baby, it's working
Hey, baby, it's working
Dealing with clown niggas, know your life a circus
I'm still around, I bet he called you when he heard this
He's scared you might take me back, I got him nervous
Tell him, baby, should he be nervous?

And not because I buy you those expensive purses
But because the love you got for me is permanent
He threw me up under the bus, he say I'm undeserving
Don't give him no encouragement
I had to soak in some things, I needed nourishment
Look at me now, see a nigga really flourishing
I wouldn't trade my old life for my current one
Hey, no I wouldn't trade it
Finna do it for a Huracan
Why trade a good woman for an immature one?
Or a gold digger for an entrepreneur
What I'm saying, mama, you the one
Ain't no second time, I fooled you once
Be true to you, that's something I don't do enough
Cut me off, shawty, I thought you was bluffing
Got me blowing up your line
What's up with you? What's Up?

Note to self, stay true to self
Shorty, I could use the help
And you know what to do to help
Going in circles trying not to lose myself, no