

# After Dark

Drake

Haha, haha  
Yeah, ayy  
(After dark)

In a whip so low, no one's gotta know  
Knocking at your door, I don't gotta work anymore  
You can put your phone out here girl, you need two hands  
You can't get enough, girl, you know I set it up for after dark

Late night, like left eye  
I'm creepin', assuming the worst 'cause I haven't heard from you all weekend  
Your silence is driving me up the wall, up the wall  
I cannot tell if you're ducking calls or missing calls 'cause  
You've been so patient  
I drink on the job and smoke on the job  
So I don't know how serious you take it  
Can't offer much more, you've heard it before  
That narrative for me isn't changing  
I wanna make you a priority  
I wanna let you know there's more to me  
I wanna have your faith restored in me  
I'll be on my way

[Drake & Ty Dolla \$ign:]

In a whip so low, no one's gotta know (no one's gotta know)  
Knocking at your door, I don't gotta work anymore (I don't gotta work no more)  
You can put your phone out here girl, you need two hands (ooh, yeah)  
You can't get enough, girl, you know I set it up for after dark

[Ty Dolla \$ign:]

Late night, me and you, got you wet like the pool  
Then I'm tryna dive in, put some time in, yeah  
Get the vibe right, get your mind right, it's gon' be a long night (ooh yeah)  
Put your feet in this water, don't wanna get your hair wet  
We've hooked up a couple times, we ain't took it there yet  
You broke up with your man and ain't been with nobody else  
You like, "Fuck these niggas," rather keep it to yourself  
He did you wrong, he left you down bad  
Now you can't trust nobody  
You said, "Do anything, but just don't lie to me"  
I said I ride for you, girl, you said you ride for me  
Umm, pulled up to the shorty, we got drugs  
And when it's time to duck it, we can go

[Drake & Ty Dolla \$ign:]

In a whip so low, no one's gotta know (no one's gotta know)  
Knocking at your door, I don't gotta work anymore (I don't gotta work no more)  
You can put your phone out here girl, you need two hands (ooh, yeah)  
You can't get enough, girl, you know I set it up for after dark

93.7, WBLK at the Quiet Storm

Taking you right there with Hall & Oates

Moving you through the storm in what is now 19 minutes after 10 o'clock

Thank you for your phone calls as we get you closer to your requests and ded

ications

Phone lines are open for you to send a love, your love note dedications  
644-9393, call me

Coming up, we will head through your storm with Troupe Fantasia, Chaka Khan  
My Funny Valentine, Jill Scott

Giving you whatever and more, the selected music of Mr Luther Van Dross

As we kick off your first hour of your most selective, most seductive, most  
relaxing four hours of the 93-7

It's Al Wood and you are safe, soft, and warm

In the loving embrace of my storm on BLK