Don't wait too long
I don't wanna wait til the morning's gone
I don't wanna play that same love song
Over and over

Started out good ended up bad You're like a pop song all stuck up in my head Finally read the lyrics understood what they meant When I spent all my money in my god damn rent Now I'm tryna figure out if it was worth it Matter of fact I know the answer, it was no bitch Chilling on the island with my feet up on the beach But being raised on the beach couldn't prepare me for these bitches And these hand socks and how they try to sink their teeth in I'm just partly surfing trying not to hit the reef All they wanna see a brother do is sink But I'm a ride this shit til my shit don't stink I'm a sing my heart out sing til I can't breathe I'm a mean every note even if it's off key Please go ahead and leave I wouldn't wait for you so don't wait for me

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If I didn't rock with Sony Would you still wanna bone me How come in the full room I can still feel lonely My grandmama said watch out for them phonies And them motherfuckers say it's haters tryna be your homie And you see you on the top they want a little piece of it But they ain't getting nothing It's going to my nieces and my cousins I'm having babies by the dozens Pop 'em out the oven like an Egg McMuffin Always up to nothing But baby you're something Like it when you're bumping down the street in your pumpkin Wishing it was just you and me in the moment I'm thinking that it's summer You're sipping the Corona and I'm humming a song that you love And you tell me that you love it Just then we feel the buzz and our bodies start touching Even though I know how it ends I don't want to interrupt it

Don't wait too long
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I don't wanna play that same love song
Over and over

Over and over
Like a record that's broken
Over and over
Like you say that we're through
Over and over

Over and over I came back to you

Now that it's over Oh no

Watch me tell the story of my life, the mis-education of Kendrick Stressing Hennesy shots throw 'em back like it's vintage Wondering can I live where is the generosity Something's just gotta give, tryna stay positive

My motives to be a mogul, searching for a dollar without compromising my voc als

Really I'm just a noble kid from the westside of Compton My cousins were selling crack while we play Sonic You niggas is nonsense

I say that you full of shit

And neither or maybe the Heimlich manoeuvre just dork what you consume My shine is bright enough to make a dead flower bloom in a room full of curt ains

I'm for certain that I'm certainly popping the pistol verbally  $\mbox{And never will I get shot, your aim is all fucked up as if your sidekick dropped}$ 

I'm nice with a over and over again
You know who I do it for
Me, me

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