

# Yung Bleu, Be Like That

When it's 3 in the morning  
I got a couple missed calls from you  
Just giving you a call back  
Sometimes it be like that

You call my phone 3 in the morning like I need you  
You call my phone when you want the sex, she say I miss you  
You lay your head right on my lap and let me kiss you  
It's been too long  
Sometimes it be like that, sometimes it be like that  
Sometimes it be like that, sometimes it be like that, yeah

Sometimes it be like  
Baby you ain't gotta be like that  
I got ya hands to ya feet like that, I ain't know you was a freak like that  
You calling me daddy, you calling me da da  
I know you a savage, I know you a savage

Young nigga got it from the mud  
Ever had dealings with a thug  
Take this dick and feel it in ya lungs  
From the back I beat it like a drum  
Maybe when the money get involved, that's when feelings get involved  
Hanging from the ceiling with no draws  
Baby I ain't picking up no calls

9-1-1  
Yeah  
I got you calling 9-1-1  
I got you calling 9-1-1  
You will never find another one, you will never find another one

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You lay your head right on my lap and let me kiss you  
It's been too long  
Sometimes it be like that, sometimes it be like that  
Sometimes it be like that, sometimes it be like that, yeah

You be getting nothing but hard dick  
Ride while you love to start shit  
Diving in ya water faucet, diving in ya water faucet  
You got that water, you got that water  
I'm going harder, I'm going harder, yeah

I like to look at it  
I throw a hook at it  
You know I'm good at it, you know I'm good at it  
Tell ya friends stop with the lies  
They just tryna conquer and divide  
Fuck you in the backseat of the ride  
Lift the top back when we slide  
Put ya hair down when we glide  
And I got my hands on ya thighs

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Speaking from my soul and my heart  
Room full of hoes on my charts  
Look at who I chose from the start  
Shut ya fuckin' mouth don't you start  
Say the bullshit for the birds  
I don't give a damn what you heard  
I don't give a damn what's the word  
Stop it for ya shit be on the curb  
You be trying to body ya emotions  
Keeping shit inside when you hurting  
After while it turn into a burden  
Now you crying all up on my shirt then  
You get in that water and I murk it  
Probably think I do this shit on purpose  
But tell the truth I know you don't deserve it  
Tell the truth I know that I ain't perfect  
Now you probably thinking is I'm worth it  
All the pain lies and the games  
Crying to ya eyes and ya brains  
Crying ta ya mind til ya change  
Just leave me the keys to the range  
Pray you never need me again  
Don't call when you move ten a chain  
You just bipolar you ducking me over  
My heart on a roller coaster  
We took pictures you ain't post em  
Sleeping with the doors open  
You thinking bout leaving ain't you  
You tired of me breathing ain't you  
Yeah  
Gone and shoot me  
Cause I can't live without you