

Don't  
Bryson Tiller

**F#** **Bm**

Don t

**Em**

Don t play with her don t be dishonest

**F#m**

Still not understanding this logic

**Bm**

**Em**

Aye, I m back and I m better

I want you bad as ever

**F#m**

Don t let me just let up

**Bm**

I want to give you better

**Em**

Baby it s whatever

**Em**

Somebody gotta step up

**F#**

Girl I m that somebody I m Next up

**Bm**

Be damned if I let him catch up

**Em**

It s easy to see that you re fed up

I am on a whole nother level

Girl he only fucked you over cause you let him

**F#m**

Fuck em girl I guess he didn t know any better

**Bm**

Girl that man didn t show any effort

**Em**

Do all I can just to show you you re special

Certain it s your love that holds me together

**F#m**

Lately you say he been killin the vibe

**Bm**

Gotta be sick of this guy

**Em**

Pull up, Skurt

**Em**

Get in the ride

**Em**

Left hand is steering the other is gripping your thigh

**F#m**

Light up a spliff and get high

**Bm**

Shawty you deserve what you been missing

**Em**

Looking at you I m thinking he must be tripping

**F#**

Play this song for him tell him just listen

[Refrão]

**Bm Em**

Don t

(Play this song for him...)

**Bm Em**

Don t

[Segunda Parte]

**F# Bm Em**

Girl, said he keeps on playing games and his loving ain t the same

**F#**

I don t know what to say-ay but

**F#**

What a shame

**Bm**

If you were mine you would not get the same

**Em**

If you were mine you would top everything

Suicide in the drop switching lanes

**F#**

And that thang so fire baby no propane

**Bm**

Got good pussy girl can I be framed

**Em**

To keep it 100 girl I ain t no saint

**Em**

But he the only reason that I m feeling this way

**F#**

Giving you the world baby when you get space

**Bm**

Pen game get me laid, baby that s penetrate

**Em**

Oh baby

[Refrão]

**F# Bm Em**

Don t (Ey)

**F#**

H-Town got a nigga so throwed

**Em**

Po up we can party some mo

**Em**

Yeah got this drink in my cup

**Em**

Got a young nigga feeling so throwed

**F#**

Spit fire and the world so cold

**Em**

Young money got a nigga feeling old

**Em**

Spit fire and the world so cold

**Em**

H-Town got me feeling so throwed

**F#**

H-Town got me feeling so throwed

**Bm**

Raw paint in the sip can it fold

**Em**

H-Town got me feeling so throwed

**Em**

Spit fire and the world so cold

**F#**

H-Town got a nigga so throwed

**Bm Em**

Don t