

Young Money

"Partie Deux"

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It's 3 a.m. and I'm out on the road
It's at least thirty minutes 'til I get you home
And the same damn songs play all night long
And I wish this awkward silence didn't feel so wrong

I just want to tell you
That I had myself a really great time
But a quick little peek from the passenger seat
Tells me you don't want to be here
Anymore

Another lonely night at the hotel bar
I got some B52's and some lit cigars
I don't have the money for an international call
But I don't really feel that you wanna talk at all

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