

After Dark (feat. Static Major & Ty Dolla \$ign)

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 (after dark) 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
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, after dark
And when it's time to duck it, we can go 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 It's after 9 on 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 dedications
Phone lines are open for you to
send a love, your love note dedications
644-9393, call meComing up, we will head through your
storm with Troop, 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>