

How do the good girls go bad?  
Do we blame the ex-nigga or the dad?  
Or do we blame the next nigga? Like an ass  
Saying everythin you like for a night  
Then he hit it, out of sight  
Or do we blame the girl that don't know how to listen?  
The one that got hurt, lied, and says she forgives him  
Then he work his ass off to see that she don't trust him  
And he becomes an ex because he sees that she don't love him  
Ain't no love without trust and we know that, that's fact  
Nobody wants a hundred texts asking "Where you at?"  
You working and you cooking up cause that's gon' get us rich  
Hits a switch and turn a good women to a bitter bitch  
There were nights I wanted to die and nobody called  
I forgot that love hurts every time you fall  
One day if you even think about this shit at all  
Fuck a fourth bar it don't even matter  
You shattered my soul, I admit it it's cold  
Even though we get older, feeling never gets old  
I guess that's just a letter to you I wrote it in bold  
You'll probably never hear this shit but I gotta let go  
I hope you know I love you  
No matter how far I am, I'm always thinkin' of you  
Shit, how we get this far apart? I guess I'll never know  
'Cause you got too much pride to let emotion ever show  
One day you'll let it go  
'Til then I don't wanna be the one that watch you self-destruct  
And I'd be lying if I say that I don't give a fuck  
So I just pray for you, yup, even when it hurts  
Still at 5: 30 am before you go to work  
That kinda love stupid, that kinda love  
Now-take-care-of-you-after-rap kinda love  
"My-girl-calling-bro-I'll-hit-you-back" kinda love  
Not the bullshit the guys you're thinking 'bout remind you of  
Remember that  
I hope you'll always remember that  
You took this shit for granted you can't get it back  
I'm a pull up in that black and you can't get it back  
Yeah, like that

Thinking 'bout waking up to scrambled eggs and turkey bacon grease  
Kirk Franklin on full-blast, my granny making me  
Clear the table, take the trash out, them was her basic needs  
And basically, I was glad to fufill 'em  
I guess it's just a letter to you, I'm missing your soul  
Missing you wanting a sip of brew so I got sent to the store  
Family trips and barbecue chicken or we go fishing  
But if the cash was up we on them late casino missions  
I'm on the craps, you was on the slots  
I got hit for my cash, you give me another knot, real nigga  
Your heart had nothing but love in it  
I miss your birthday cards with them two doves in it  
Miss you telling me not to let my anger take me over  
Or to never quit rapping cause one day I'll take it over  
Want you to know I finally got John on payroll  
And Lee Lee had to move again but she okay though  
And me and wifey straight, she whipping up alfredo

It his us all pretty hard but we taking the day slow  
We gon't be straight though  
Just writing this letter got all of my thoughts clouded  
But these beats and this mic is my only outlet  
School closed from the Cabazon Outlets, so nostalgic  
You said I'm a king and don't doubt it  
I'm a make you the proudest