

I'm like a gun with no bullets  
You could touch me, squeeze me, won't bust if you pull it  
Take my number, you can have it  
You could call me, text me, I'll look past it

If you don't know how to treat a woman  
Close your eyes, ain't no point in looking  
Over here with the weak shit  
Get out of here with the weak shit  
You won't get nowhere with that  
I had your type before, no I don't want that back  
Don't want that back  
You talk fiction, I talk facts  
Boy if you think I'ma fall more than once for that  
You must be crazy, must be out of your mind, out of your mind  
You must be drunk, you gotta be real high, real high  
If you think I believe a word you say, word you say  
You lookin' dumb, headed the wrong way, on a one way, baby

Only my way, my way, my way goes  
Only my way, my way, my way goes  
Only my way, my way, my way goes  
Only my way, my way, my way goes

I'm like a blunt with no lighter  
If we break up, don't roll up, 'cause we lost the fire  
Once we lose it I can't fake it  
If you need my love to live you probably won't make it

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As much as I try not to look back, I  
I do sometimes wonder where we should've been  
Where we could've been