

Sweet November

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Jesus called me collect last night
It took all of me not to answer
Daddy warned me the perils of play
Hard to deal God its his standard
Flying high and fearless baby
I've kissed death a thousand times before

Remember me for who I was not who I am
I'll pray you never understand this
Sweet, sweet, sweet sweet November

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Heard you fucking with Tommy again
Remember where that landed you last time
That nigga don't really love you girl
He just beds you every night it's his past-time
Blind eye and the feel is dark and
You two might just do it raw tonight
Heaven help if he leave you girl
I bet you bought two new thongs this time

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