

Do you still scroll through them texts messages  
This Henny got me thinking bout the things that you said  
It was real  
For real  
Up for three weeks  
Feeling half past dead  
Sitting here reflecting  
On what's in my head  
And how I feel  
For real

I'm running low so don't play with my time  
I'm searching but it's nothing left to find  
Send out a call but no one's on the line  
So if you want it please make up your mind  
Please make up your mind

I don't wanna lose myself loving you, loving you  
I don't wanna lose myself loving you, loving you

You know everything cause I put it in my songs  
If I tell you that I'm working, I ain't out doing you wrong  
I got too much on my plate to add some shit that I don't need  
I ain't asking you for space just some room to fucking breathe  
But I can't stress myself by tryna prove my fucking love  
I stand up, say "I had enough"  
She stand up "boy you think you tough"  
Take my phone, search what you want  
"Who's this bitch?" "Girl that's my mom"  
"Who's this woman?" "Girl that's my aunt"  
I could be a lame nigga, that's what you want  
See you want me to be a pretty liar so bad  
But I can't fuck with karma cause she always comes back  
So call me every name you can find in the book  
But don't try to discredit every chance that I took

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I don't wanna lose myself loving you, loving you

I don't wanna lose myself, I don't wanna lose myself  
I don't wanna lose myself, y-y-self  
I don't wanna lose myself, I don't wanna lose myself  
I don't wanna lose myself, I don't wanna lose myself  
I don't wanna lose myself, I don't wanna lose myself  
I don't wanna lose myself, I don't wanna lose myself