

## Rebuke

Aminé

Giving up, I refuse  
That's the type of feeling I rebuke  
My bitch like your lips brand new  
And it's only 'cause we couldn't get through it

And there's fuck shit goin' on  
I'm sick, no, I'm not  
Can't eat, Ramadan  
Kiss that, better than  
Anybody that you'd ever meet  
I'm the type that you remember when you go to sleep  
The court Kourt needs Scott Disick divorcee  
My ordeals might owe fees  
Part ways like McCartney (True)  
Match made in heaven like Ja Rule, Ashanti  
But for us, it's rough  
I'm writing like this 'cause I want peace  
Excuses somethin' like "I need to find myself"  
Just admit that this ain't workin'  
No respect was dealt  
Can't even lie, it hurt me to see you with someone else (True)  
But I know movin' on is better than to sit and dwell

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