

Zone 6 Divorce

B.o.B

Hello
What you're doing? I need you to come get me
Like he did it again. He cheated again and like
I confronted him and everything and this time he put his hands on me
Like I should've listened to you like
You was right about everything
Him not being the one for me and everything
I really should've listened to you
You was right, man. Like. Hello?

So just let me know when you're on your way
Like I'll be outside waiting alright?
Hello? So, you gon' come get me?
Uh-uh
What?
I said, "Uh-uh."
You're serious, please?
Hmm
Ooh
Got to see

No, I'm not yours anymore
Yes, I'm sure
This is a Zone 6 Divorce
Meet me on flash shows
I be in a hooptie
I be bumping Gucci
Yeah, you used to love me
Now you wanna use me
And I'm not yours anymore
Yes, I'm sure
Yes, I'm sure

Yeah, girl, we can't be friends
That's a boyfriend without the dick
When we talk I uplift
You get off and argue with
All the niggas that don't want to settle, and be content
Then text me when you lonely for some real encouragement
Let's be honest
It starts off platonic till the gin mixed with tonic
Now your forehead on my stomach
We can't be friends
If you had a man, I wouldn't be your bro
I'd be another number you ignore inside your phone
And if she happy at home she ain't gonna roam
But if a nigga do her dirty, she DM and feeling flirty
Texting niggas at 3:30 at night
But can't come over 'cause she gotta put the kids to bed
Bitch it's 3:30 AM, but whatever
Whatever gets you through the day
Some get what they need from one nigga, if not, psht
If not, it's a tough pill to swallow
When your boo and your rider
Gotta go out of her way to get what you can't provide her
Is it up to you to remind her
That you the man of the house

She do shit that you ain't deciding?
So in denial, the trauma faced as a child
You grew up at mad at your momma but dated women just like her
You lose sleep at the sight of women twerking
Now you cussing bitches out in your diner
(No, I'm not yours)
You're so concerned what she do with her body
It's almost like you want a vagina

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Yes, I'm sure

Shit
Really I was never yours
Yeah I'm dropping gems but this is all December 4th
You said goodbye but spin the block
Like why you still texting for
Usually I produce myself, but this is Black Metaphor
You can't change who she prone to be
It ain't about where she's at
It's about where she wanna be
What's hers is hers, what's mine is hers
But if it's short lived, that's why she don't belong to me

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