

Why you tryna flex
Like that bitch who texts your phone is not your ex
Got me thinking I should move onto the next one
'Cause you don't understand that you done fucked up

Nigga, you really lucked up
I won't say it no more
Why you gotta cap
Like she don't want you back?
I've heard this all before
I don't wanna hear the lies, oh no, so

Stop saying that's your bro (it's a lie)
Why would be calling (this time of night)
You don't gotta hide (what's in your phone)
I'm not gonna fight for you

Don't play me (don't), this ain't 2K
I don't do games, oh you too lame
Don't play me, this ain't 2K
I don't do games, oh you too lame
I don't do games (no), boy you too lame (yeah)
Don't try to play me like this is 2K
Don't play me (don't), this ain't 2K (don't)
I don't do games (don't), oh you too lame, yeah

I don't trust you and you know that it's your fault
Don't try to make it up, it's a lost cause
You be on that dumb shit
And you think that I don't notice
If you can't even look me in my eyes and tell the truth
I don't even recognize who I'm talking to
But everything is brand new baby, oh-whoa

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