

Got it bad, I gotta go
I'm tryna make it out the South, I think she know
She got me all up in her sights, I gotta go
She told me, "Baby boy, you mine and mine alone"
I gotta, I gotta

Passin' notes in honors lit
She heard about my latest split
Told me, "Come on"
Feelin' on me in the truck
She said she really tryna fuck
But not til prom
Now the date getting closer
Full metal jacket for my soldier
Like Saigon
My nigga said she was crazy
I said she wasn't
I was wrong
So wrong, yeah

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I'm tryna make it out the South, I think she know
She got me all up in her sights, I gotta go
She told me, "Baby boy, you mine and mine alone"
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Lines got blurred
I swore that we could make it work
I really tried (Tried, tried, tried)
Now she callin' on my phone
Asking me if I was home
I had to lie (Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie)
That's when I heard a crash
Broken window, broken glass
And then she replied, yeah
"Boy, don't you know that I'm crazy
There ain't nowhere that you can hide"
Can't hide, no

You can't hide, no
You can't hide, no, no, no
You can't hide, no
You can't hide, no
You can't hide, no, no, no

Got it bad, I gotta go
I'm tryna make it out the South, I know she know
She got me all up in her sights, I gotta go
I think this bitch might be outside, I gotta go
I gotta, I gotta

(Ladies and gentlemen)
(It seems we are now crossing a zone of turbulence)
(Please remain alert and keep your headphones fastened)
(Thank you)

Summer day

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