

## Came Right Back

Brent Faiyaz

Pick up the phone, and I'ma slide  
I'd never wanna be this guy  
You still talk about me a lot

I ain't never home, I like to ride  
We used to have to stand outside  
Now you hate the fact that I'm hot

And you say you don't miss me, then you  
Miss me. Miss me with all that  
I know you lying like shit  
Tried to cut my baby loose and she came  
Right back

I been selling out shows  
Fucking hell, I been on a roll  
Boutta cop a Rover for the snow  
'Cause when I come 'round, niggas better  
Know

(Damn)

Stressed out  
What's even worse is this is how I get my  
Checks now  
We all guilty, I know niggas who ain't getting out  
Why do I feel cursed if I'm so blessed now? (Why?)

And you say you don't miss me, then you  
Miss me. Miss me with all that  
I know you lying like shit  
Tried to cut my baby loose and she came  
Right back  
And you say you don't miss me, then you  
Miss me. Miss me with all that  
I know you lying like shit  
Tried to cut my baby loose and she came  
Right back

I know you lying like shit