

Equal

Chrisette Michele

[Rick Ross:]

You know I love you, girl?
I apologize.
It's been too long

[Chrisette Michele:]

Yeah, I know it you don't mean it when you act a mess
Yeah, that's your ego filling up your big chest
Just rub me, wrong me and walk away, some flowers later
Pop bottles later,
I still can't hate you
But I act like you know I'm fliest, you make no mistakes
I don't ride with you, you be pushing it, baby, pump them breaks

I'm equal, I'm half of you
That ego don't look good on you

I normally don't talk like this, I'll let you leave
You usually walk beside me, not in front of me
I got bigger problems, independent in my nature

Pop bottles later,
I still can't hate you
But I act like you know I'm fliest, you make no mistakes
I don't ride with you, you be pushing it, baby, pump them breaks
I'm equal, I'm half of you
That ego don't look good on you

[Rick Ross:]

I've been in love with you for six years, since Aston Martin Music
Drizzy came behind you on that smooth shit
So iconic with the wordplay,
It's ironic I'm in first place
I'm still the plug, champagne, making love
On a beach waking up, all your friends say it's luck
I just really think it's us, and we're never breaking up
Oh, that D-boy's a phenom,
Cold game but his seats warm
Let it shine 'til the lease gone
I took shorty shopping each month
So I taught her how to move, no forever 21
No
Denim jeans and Balmain, racing Lamborghini she always came back in fourth place
Now we're back on this love twist
Fat Boy always fall in love quick

[Chrisette Michele (Rick Ross):]

I'm your equal, I'm your equal, I'm your equal
(it's been too long)
No more ego, no more ego, no more ego
(I apologize)
I'm your equal, I'm your equal, I'm your equal
No more ego, no more ego, no more ego

I'm equal, I'm half of you
That ego don't look good on you