

Don't Let the Door Hit Ya

Christopher

[Christopher:]

When I see you now, I crack a smile
Oh girl, you don't even see the bigger picture
Still acting like a child wilding out
Oh girl, and that's the reason why I ain't with ya

Now you want me but can't get it back
All on me, you can't get it back
Trust me, ain't no getting back with you
Now you looking like, had a heart attack
Tryna get it right, that's too bad
You should find your way to the exit

Don't let the door hit ya
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
On the way out, oh
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
Don't let the door hit ya
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
On the way out, oh
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya

I see from miles away, you're so afraid of who you are
That's why you act like you're the victim
You love to play the game, what a shame
But you lost, now you gotta look yourself in the mirror

Now you want me but can't get it back
All on me, you can't get it back
Trust me, ain't no getting back with you
Now you looking like, had a heart attack
Tryna get it right, that's too bad
You should find your way to the exit

[Christopher (Brandon Beal):]

Don't let the door hit ya
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
On the way out, oh
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
Don't let the door hit ya
(Yeah, you already know)
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
On the way out, oh
(Don't let it hit ya baby, haha)
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya

[Brandon Beal:]

Don't let the door hit ya where the Lord split ya
Don't let your new man think that he the nigga
Cause everybody know I'm the nigga
And the pockets only getting bigger
Quit acting like you're independent
You about as lonely as a single digit
Who you think you fooling? You think you kidding?
Acting like your pussy worth a million, nope
I be on to the next bitch
You was just another chick off the checklist

Matter of fact, you ain't even make my ex-list
Shit, all you made was an exit
Basquiat, can you get the picture?
Of how I ain't fucking with ya
Let me say it just a little clearer, nigga

[Christopher:]

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Don't let it, don't let it hit ya
On the way out, oh
Don't let it, don't let it hit ya

Let's go
Woo, Chris
B. Beal
Don't let the door hit ya
Where the Lord split ya
I ain't fuckin' with ya
And you know this
Woo, we on top of the world