Dessa

Well I'm sure it's complicated
And I'm sure your story goes way back
But you're looking desperate lately
And now, is not the time, to look like that
I don't know if he did it
And I won't ask
There's a lot of good women
With a lot of bad backs
Your man said something heavy
It already looks bad
Careful what you carry on his behalf
And I know he's thinking of you too
Not the type to snitch and run but
But sometimes they say it's the plain truth
99 problems ughhhh

Well I don't don't need need to know
But there's a set of my keys left under your door
And if you need a place to sleep tonight
Well that's what family's for
I don't don't need need to know
But I'd put on my best fresh little black dress
And go get seen tonight
Work on that alibi of yours

I don't mean to be your mother

Got my own kids to raise

And I don't aim to blow your cover

It's your own hell to pay

But the word on the street is a page out of Blake

Your man made money

But he made mistakes

Now the revelation's coming looks to you for a break

You've always been cunning with those brave escapes but

Take a minute now

Think this through

Give it a second and a bird's eye view

Think of the moments you've got left to loose

Like how much time are you really, down to do?

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Now I've seen the way that you count your blessings Like hatch marks on the wall And I've seen you coming out of Sunday confession With a numbered list and all Now I don't bow my head for supper I never do kneel besides my bed But it looks like your afterlife is covered I hope on Earth you're careful kid

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