

# FORGETFUL THINGS

Dro Kenji

Yeah, lettin' the pain go (Census, what you cookin')  
No-no, no (Perfect!)

I be chasing the money, so I can't lay here with you, baby  
Spent a twenty in Saks Fifth on some rings and a raincoat  
I ain't never mean to break your heart  
And I be livin' in her mind 'cause she ain't lettin' the pain g  
o

But she ain't never been afraid of the lil' petty things that a  
lways scare me  
I can never fly too fast, got a racecar, coupe, foreigns, and a  
rear V  
I can tell that she feelin' the way my diamonds be twinkling  
I smoke a lot, so pardon me and my memory  
But I don't care 'cause you be tellin' me forgetful things  
That I would never ever care about

She don't gotta remind me  
I'm focused on this money, I don't care about her whereabouts  
A thot gon' be a thot anyways  
And I'ma keep on thumin' through this knot either way  
My ex keep blowin' my phone, oh  
Can't really hear shit over this money counter, this bitch keep  
flowin'  
Can't really feel shit, I'm numb to the core

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