

I'm like a gun with no bullets
You could touch me, squeeze me, won't bust if you pull it
Take my number, you can have it
You could call me, text me, I'll look past it

If you don't know how to treat a woman
Close your eyes, ain't no point in looking
Over here with the weak shit
Get out of here with the weak shit
You won't get nowhere with that
I had your type before, no I don't want that back
Don't want that back
You talk fiction, I talk facts
Boy if you think I'ma fall more than once for that
You must be crazy, must be out of your mind, out of your mind
You must be drunk, you gotta be real high, real high
If you think I believe a word you say, word you say
You lookin' dumb, headed the wrong way, on a one way, baby

Only my way, my way, my way goes
Only my way, my way, my way goes
Only my way, my way, my way goes
Only my way, my way, my way goes

I'm like a blunt with no lighter
If we break up, don't roll up, 'cause we lost the fire
Once we lose it I can't fake it
If you need my love to live you probably won't make it

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As much as I try not to look back, I
I do sometimes wonder where we should've been
Where we could've been