But

You had me, You lost me And now you want me back You fucked around and played around And now your feeling sad Uh, uh How should I start it off You must have thought me soft Like it was all good to move on and cross me off We never shared secrets We wasn't fucking raw Helped you when you were down and now you got the fucking gawl We used to be so tight We was each others life You was my husband and no doubt I was your fucking wife Did anything you ever asked of Eve You turned out to be a devil nigga I couldn't believe Sneaking numbers out my phone Calling bitches on the cell What the hell! Clunky bitches one on the scale I'm like a dime over line You can't calculate my status And you fucking with these bitches like my ass wasn't the fattest Like I didn't dress the baddest Any time we surface Must have been insecure Niggas made you nervous And I guess it was your purpose to lock me in But you fucked up Your lucks out But then again Used to let shit slide Caught a couple lies I chilled for real, I mean I called a couple guys Knew when you was fucking up, I saw it in your eyes Then I guess it was my fault cause I put up the disguise In public we was happy In home we'd be scrapping Later we'd be naked, joking, smoking and laughing Making up to Break up I thought that shit was love But it wasn't and I learned the hard was soaking in suds Crying all depressed Not again You'll never catch me Wishing on a star for some nigga to come bless me I tried to save it All you ever did was stress me Pushing all me buttons Why the fuck must you stress me Nigga get a life Go on and find a wife Get the fuck out my face 'fore I go and find a knife And you still calling my phone trying to act polite Asking me for favors now you know that shit ain't right

Uh-oh

You see me coming don't you

Look at you running wont you

Oh you gonna sit there and see me like I want to approach you

Now it's payback

I'm talking way back

To bitches calling hanging up

You ain't no way to save that

To unanswered questions

To home in the a.m.

To you out clubbing

Forcing me to stay in

Remember - O.K. then

It's over - no playing

I said it before

I'm about to do it - fuck what you saying

To late for apologies

Go puff on a pile of weed

Think about this good bitch that's leaving and don't follow me

Moving on

Shut you down

Now you wanna regret

You could fuck all day - But it would never feel like my sex

Played yourself

Tried to show I cared

You ain't cared

When I needed you the most nigga you wasn't there

And the game is the same

Comes around goes around

Now hate me forever while the chorus goes around

Look ma everybody makes mistakes aight