

Word Up

Futuristic

I came home for the holidays
I ain't seen you in a minute
I've been in the city working, handling my business
I ain't talked to you since the day that you was tripping
I look at your pictures, you've been making bad decisions, hanging with a bunch of bitches who have all these bad intentions
The only thing they wanna do is get drunk and fuck some niggas
Is that what you really want
Tell me is that what you really want
Yo I ain't stressing it's a blessing
How we left it, you pathetic
All the memories we had but you was so quick to forget em
All them words you never meant 'em
All the texts that you were sending
Got me grinning when I get 'em

When I walk in you say what up
I say where you been, you say turned up
I'm like word up
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Yo, I came home for my Birthday
Why you at my party in the first place
You be acting like this is the first grade
I remember you had never got to first base, seemed like every nigga get a triple on the first date
Now you so thirsty, you would go do anything to hurt me
Now I know you never deserved me
Something wasn't working, can't believe I thought
It was a sure thing
I'm just doing me, I'm not searching
Everything is perfect, I hope that you get that
All the shit you talking oh my God you need a tic-tac
Who are all these new girls baby where your friends at
All the fighting tell me girl why would I ever miss that

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Now you wanna chill, I be like chill
You ain't been real since the day you was trippin
Pictures with these new niggas like you really new niggas
Thinkin' like which one of them has just hitting
Oh, ask him how a young nigga taste
He can have the left overs on that plate
Caught in my feelings I really can't deal with
This new you, I knew you was one that pretendin'
I, who are you and what have you done
With the girl once knew
Hanging out late nights to the morning
Thinking who are you coming home with

Used to be home all day
Now you posting picture like you Beyonce
Who you trying to fool
You know, that I know, that you know, that I know you