All my friends tell me I should move on I'm lying in the ocean singing ya song Haaaa haaaa That's how you sing it That's how you sing it All my friends tell me I should move on I'm lying in the ocean singing ya song Haaaa haaaa That's how you sing it That's how you sing it She expected my heart to stop So I text her go kick rocks Breathing whithout you so it's not You got nexted and she took your spot Made me an option now a choice is what I feel I got I only come around once baby like the chicken pox Hop off my cock Your new man soft and got no gwop Thank God that I wore a sock No prenup needed Hop you rot Dope you not You got me pissed Provoked a bitch Cry a river And swim over it Get over it 'Cause I'm over it I got sober quick I might choke a bitch You make me sick... Baby sit Superman Ain't saving shit Became a trip Go cut you're wrist Go break ya hip I don't give a shit! Last thing you would do is hurt me But its still on the fuckin' list You're so ignorant You need a fix I never feed a bitch They might key ya whip... Huh? You so conceited such a liar don't believe Got me heated shoulda cheated all those movies Ima leak em playing games but this ain't reese's You treated my heart like ya sneakers Cause you creased it I really hope You read this You sick bitch

All my friends tell me I should move on I'm lying in the ocean singing ya song Haaaa haaaa

That's how you sing it That's how you sing it

'Cause we we're close friends Got our crush relationship We had our trust But now we barely friends Cause you messed it up And you know what's up I don't give a fuck Sippin and I'm floatig like a rich man With no emotions Dead these hoes no roses Get ya paper and stay focused But I miss you though That's the issue hoe! And your family so good I can't let you go... But I coulda do it cause now everything is ruined Stunting hard up in my cool whip my heart ain't the thing to fool with You tried to play me told your friends that I was crazy Now I'm on hot 97 and got no choice to play me They be like "there he go" Heard you on the radio gettin' dough Pockets looking like you stuffed two piccolos Paper over sex See you later to my ex Pussy get it when I'm stressed Angry women worse than feds bruh...

All my friends tell me I should move on I'm lying in the ocean singing ya song Haaaa haaaa
That's how you sing it
That's how you sing it

I'm having sex with the radio on I'm fucking her to your song
Now ima sing along
Now ima sing along
That's how you sing it

I'm having sex with the radio on I'm fucking her to your song
Now ima sing along
Now ima sing along
That's how you sing it

All my friends tell me I should move on I'm lying in the ocean singing ya song Haaaa haaaa
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