

It's sad the way you tore me down  
Now you want me back around  
I know, oh, baby, I know  
It's sad the way you make me feel  
Now you're sayin' what we had was real  
I know, oh, baby, I know

Said you were done and that you're never coming back  
Your friends and family convinced you we could never last  
Your father said I'll never make a living off the raps  
Now you have the nerve to come and pop up from the past  
Making money, now you wanna be the main ho  
Stupid pretty, got your home girl on the payroll  
It's confidential, I can't tell you what I pay her for  
Just let imagination take hold

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You and I, we were like suicide  
Always hurting each other because of the love and fuckin' up like some juveniles  
I chased you around like a loser, what the fuck am I doin' now?  
Stuck in this stupid town  
Makin' music, probably never gonna maneuver out  
Fuck it, though  
When you're so stuck and broke that you really got nothin' much to show for all that hustle  
Can't bust the floor, yeah, but who would know?  
No money and fame to prove it, the music must be untouchable  
Labels won't come near, I fear that it's just an uphill road  
It's a hard road to Heaven, gas-pedalin' the car  
'Til you're far from the devil, I got scars  
All the hardships I went through way too mental, someone call 911  
I've been starved from the start like a dog in the kennel  
Used to pull up to the venue, no one showed up to the show  
I went home, put a pistol to my dome  
Said fuck it, I don't know if I really wanna be here anymore  
What's the point of life if sadness is the only thing I know?

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