

Justine's Interlude

GoldLink

Feels good to be home
Yeah, yeah, uh

If I got you and my son and my God on my side
What's the point of anybody else ridin'?
It's so much stuck on my mental, it's so much you on my mind
It's so much money and pussy, yeah, you'd think I'm goin' blind
I think it's... funny how blogs talk
Funny how many shows I had went to where models walked
So many stories 'bout you and so-and-so who from Harlem
It ain't too many from Harlem, so take a guess
Takin' a jet so I can recollect
You say, "What's up with you, baby?," I always say, "What's next?"

I mean what is we in it for?
Revenge from your friends' circle like what did we enter for?
Tired of fancy dinners, I'm tired of diamond ballin'
I'm tired of hearin' 'bout if this nigga put hands on you
Tired of tryna smile through shit that's affectin' us
Then I get to overthinkin' if I'm here messin' up
Mac died and I couldn't talk, couldn't bear the thought
Two days before it, we was talkin' 'bout love and loss
Then he mentioned Ariana mama and newer songs
Never told a soul, but I knew he was dead all along
You do somethin' to me
I write all my songs about women I never keep
I hate when I have to lose 'em, I hate 'em when it's deep
You one of my six women that's in the east
I hate makin' promises that I never keep
So promise to never ever be too patient with me
Justine, promise me
Love and loyalty, that's over honesty (Uh)
The devil be talkin' but God controllin' me (Uh)
Roc Nation dinners that inquire 'bout Meek (Uh)
My God the realest (Uh), that's how we meet (Uh)

Yeah, uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah
Harlem Shake on these niggas, nah mean?
Bitch ass niggas