

BYE

Jaden Smith

Laying down in my bed
At 4am we get up

Let's take a drive, feel alive
Let's just be together

You got those eyes like the sky
Pretty butterfly
Got the Sunset on my mind
Your body so divine
So just call me when it's late
Send a text I'm coming straight to you
Cuz you been MIA
Girl you flaked on like a date or two

I know you're sick of falling in love
But girl that need to be us
Out on the beach having fun
The weekend just ain't enough
For you this maybe speaking in tongues
Well, I know who we be on
All she told me was bye-ye-ye-ye

Missed calls on your phone
You'll probably never see it
Heard you got a new man
Wouldn't wanna be him

Even though I give you all my love
All my love, all my love, all my love
All my love, all my love, all my love

I'm feeling Santa Barbara strong
She got her face in a phone
She got places to go
Well at least let me take you home
There's some tequila in here
I'm not tasting it though
And I'm just letting you know
Hollywood is not full of diamonds
So, hold on to someone good when you find them
Don't stop fires, thunder and lightning
Don't you just wanna run away

I know you're sick of falling in love
But girl that need to be us
On the beach having fun
The weekend just ain't enough
For you this maybe speaking in tongues
Well, I know who we be on
All she told me was bye-ye-ye-ye
bye-ye-ye-ye
bye-ye-ye-ye
bye-ye-ye-ye
bye-ye-ye-ye

All my love, all my love, all my love, all my love

All my love, all my love, all my love, all my love

Ever since the sixth grade
I been getting shit
Cuz a nigga love how you talk risky
A couple lessons how to learn quickly
On how you spit written so sickly in sixth grade
Gym class they don't never pick me
But that shit is long in infinity
Who knew we put on in the city
We been a wave
Hate how it rains now
New York in May
Strawberry wave I got a
She got a Range
Strawberry she got a
I'm in a daze now
Too many days
(Too many times I walk this road)
I got a strawberry haze
Coyotes chasing me
(Strawberry, I got a)
Got nothing to say to you, girl
(I got a, strawberry)
You got me test up
(Sometimes you text me)

Ever since back stage
Flower to the wrong girl, nigga I was that crazy
Never thought we'd never ever turn 18
My mistakes made me
We had a bad day
Trey turned an island to an ashtray
I was leaving paintings in your mom's house
I sure would like to think that we would be happy, fuck
I sent a text to you, that was last week
Ludicrous straight to Westlake
Put they lights up, they won't catch me
Baby, I tried
Off of movies and boat rides
You say you had your own life
So now I'm just saying
(Strawberry)
(Strawberry wave)
I shoulda
I coulda
She got a break now
I need a
Strawberry wave
And won't you text me
Get fucking engaged
You got six whips in the gate
Know you just lying to his face

(Bye bye bye bye bye bye...)