

Honey

Jayme Dee

Honey, I got a few words to say.
It's kinda funny, in a pathetic way.
Yeah I don't even think you could fit through the door, with a head that big,
Surprised it, don't hit the floor.
If I had a dime for every time you looked in the mirror, I'd be a billionaire.

And boy don't think that your breakin' my heart,
I can see right through you, your heinous smile, and you think you are -with your so called silence- so fly.

And you're tellin' all your boys that I'm not over you,
And I'd come back in a heartbeat if you asked me to but
It's quite the contrary I'm Fine

Baby, can't you understand. I'm finally free from its misery,
I ain't in the palm of your hand,
And now you're acting like a fool,
GQ won't get you far. Don't flatter yourself, the only tears I cry are tears of joy
I made my choice.
Keep running your mouth, I've tuned you out.

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