

I hope you believe that I good intentions
I wanna believe in love without conditions
But it's always such a competition
Between the 3 of us and no one ever knows who's winning
Fiddling with her bra in the mirror
She said my dear I'm just tire like a spare
In a age where the gentlemen are rare, Jidenna
You're not the type of man that woman wanna share
Look at me, you can't even look at me
You ain't wanna touch me, you ain't even wanna cook for me
We so accustomed to the bickering and judgery
We end up fuckin to put an end to all the fuckery (mad)
When you break up in polyamory
You don't just lose one lover you lose a family
Your base camp throw shade on you like a canopy
If love is patient it's a patient with insanity, but
Who pities a man with two wives
Under one roof I was living two lives
I don't believe love's bleak before it's better
Fuck bitter sweet shit is sweet before it's bitter

Forget what you told
This is how it goes
Sweet bitter
Sweet bitter

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Princesses and Queens find Kings to go hand in hand
But you make Kings and made me the brand I am
You made me face the boy in the man I am
That shadow work you can't avoid like a mammogram (true)
Brave woman, Sage woman, Chief adviser
Although I was older always knew that you was wiser
Your auntie was the type to make a drink before church
Somehow you made the Ivy Leagues straight out of Leimert
You were the first, to introduce me to the poly life
Liberated like we on the PCH on Harley bikes
We had that orgy on the beach way out in Bali life
And that barbecue right in the middle of safari life (oh no)
Young and naive; it's fun 'till it bleeds
Brought our homegirl in like there would be some ease
I ain't listen when you said she was too vanilla
You had to draw the line when the sweet became the bitter

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