

## Heart Attack

Jim Jones

I treat her body like the fast life  
and I'ma need my heart back  
I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up  
and you can have her if your cash right  
she party all over in the night in town  
I think I seen her last night  
in my Ferrari strolling with the windows down  
treat her body like the fast life  
Until she told me slow it down, but I'm just trynna speed it up

I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that

Now tell me have you seen her  
My lil ballerina a freak just like Athena  
With a body like a Trina, she a fucking head turner  
A thorough bread earner  
I told her let me hit it like Ike & Tina Turner  
And She only rock pumps and I ain't talking bout shotties  
Blood up on her shoes like she caught a fucking body  
She a bad bitch, couple thousand a bag bitch  
Love them fast whips, told her name it I crashed it

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that

I think I seen her on my last flight  
Going to another party out of town  
I met her in my past life  
Jodeci I'm feeling when she not around  
I hit her body like a crack pipe I think my high is coming down

But I'm just trynna speed it up  
I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up

I seen her on 34th  
I was riding by in the Porche  
I woulda gave her a compliment  
But I'm tied up on the phone shorty arguing  
Okay.. Okay I cheat, i cheat but she good  
She ain't ever ever gotta walk a block in the hood  
She just throw it in the bag with her little pretty ass  
Red wine in a glass end the night of with a gasp

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that