

On the bus wanna know what's up
I'm drifting in and out, sippin' my styrofoam cup
I finally decided I should make the first cut
Starting with you, you only bring me bad luck
San Fran I ran, nigga, God damn
Love doesn't mean nothing if it doesn't have plans
The blind can see into eternity
If I describe to them what you mean to me
Back and forth, back and forth, what's worse?
Doing the same shit again is when you get your chest murked
As far as I'm concerned you only dig me more dirt
I mean my own grave, what the fuck am I saying?
I used to be smart when I did well in school
But now I feel lucky cause I'm handcuffed to you
I'm finally free, said the greyhound to duke
Until I find where I'm going, man at least I'm brand new
No, that's good?

Take a seat, sit down and relax
Boy, boy, boy
I'ma, I'mma put you on...
To some facts
Boy, boy, boy
Take a, take-a take-a seat
Sit down and relax
Boy, boy, boy
I'ma, I'mma put you, I'ma, I'mma put you on
Boy, boy, boy

Girls hate it when you don't respond
Girls hate it when you live with mom
Girls hate it when your phone don't quit
Girls hate it when you're on some shit
Girls hate a guy with attitude
Girls hate a guy who's always rude
Girls hate a guy they can't believe
Girls like boys that fuck with me
Girls don't call when you act lame
Girls don't call when you play games
Girls don't call back at 4 am
Cause booty-calls ain't cool with them
Girls don't like sports on the low
Girls pretend to laugh at jokes
Girls just want something they can feel
Tangible, shit becomes real

Take a seat, sit down and relax
Boy, boy, boy
I'ma, I'mma put you
I'ma, I'mma to some shit
Boy, boy, boy
Take a, take-a take-a
Take a, take a, take a seat
Boy, boy, boy
I'ma, I'mma put you
I'ma, I'mma put you on
Boy, boy, boy

Oh, I forgot I was supposed to talk