You gon' need somebody else to buy you what you want Prada for your problems
Warm your heart with Louboutin
I do think you love me
You in love with St Laurent
My love ain't never got you what you want

You gon' need somebody else to buy you what you need Sometimes I like to spoil you more than I got to breathe Baby girl I'm dying got my heart up on my sleeve Loving you ain't really what I need

Yeah I don't love you like I'm used to
But you are the one that I'm used to
You know that I don't wanna take you back
But I will
And that's why

I'm loving you while you loving my pockets
I'm in the stu while you in the club thottin'
I'm in the field treat me like a slave
You picking fights like I'm picking cotton
I know you bad for me, nah I ain't stopping
I know the fruits of our love have gone rotten
You say you need space

I don't think this a waste of my time But I'd be lying if I said I don't think I'm better off alone It's just something about you I can't move on

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