

# Dear, John

Larry June

Damn  
You know how it be, B  
You know  
I got hit with the "Dear John" letter, yeah  
But she was a go, I can't even lie, though

Everything was cool, the money was clockin'  
Put the bitch in a Benz in Balenciagas  
Never knew she a blower, she was A1 snow  
Lil' thick white bitch, can't lie, she go  
We was runnin' it up, livin' the dream  
She had a good ass trick, he bought her everything  
Bags and all, Louis Vuitton  
But I wasn't 'round so she fagged off  
For a P that had more time than me  
I only had a few days in the month to see her  
I was doin' shows, Rolling Loud  
Every time the bitch hit, it made me proud  
I'm on my way, two more hours  
Let's go eat and fuck off thousands  
You like hibachi, I ordered the lobster  
A bottle of champagne, we do it like mobsters  
I should've took your bad ass with me to Maui  
Run up a check, I heard that it's poppin'  
I was out the game but the check was propper  
Just hit my line, bitch, I always got you

You a good ass bitch  
So good, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Let's talk, what were we doin'?  
I've been thinkin' 'bout you  
That was a good ass bitch  
So good, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Let's talk, what were we doin'?  
I've been thinkin' 'bout you

Why you bullshittin'? You know who daddy  
I'm the one you listen to when you get all ready  
To hit that blade, I can be your motivation  
She came with a fifty, I planned a vacation  
Back on the road, more shows  
No hoes, couldn't do both  
Gotta pick one, I'm gettin' older  
And on top of that, man, the game gettin' colder  
Slidin', pull up on my homies  
My bills gettin' high so I'm settin' bigger goals  
Mashin', baby, what's happenin'?  
I pulled up wet in designer fashion, yeah

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I know I be gone all the time and shit  
Always gotta hit the road  
I don't see you for weeks and shit  
But you know it's all for the cause  
You know  
You still doin' good, straight up  
Sock it to me