light!

Lil Nas X

Yeah, mm, mm
Ten minutes out
I was an hour away (You are now tuned in to 9lives radio)
But I'm here right now (Here right now)
And you ain't got shit to say
I coulda let you down, but I held it down
And you ain't got shit to say
Now you can't come around, you a fucking clown
And you ain't got shit to say

Yeah, I just had a lightbulb (Yeah)
I'm tryna break the cycle (Yeah)
Yeah, go ahead with that groupie shit (Oh)
Yeah, I'm sure that bitch a nice dude (Yeah)
Yeah, Miami bitches love money (Yeah)
Yeah, I followed her in high school (Oh)
Can't believe a nigga got money (Yeah)
We was dropping outta high school

You play in my face, I pay for it
You not on my dick, you play with it (Yeah)
That's on God, is you a fraud?
I don't need no dream, I'm chasing (Yeah)
Fuck it if you choose to lay with him
Just text me back, I need to get my shit
From your mom, na-na-na

You ain't got shit to say
You did me dirt like Nowitzki
You say you got opps, but the OP pages
Opioids, Percs, and purple lemonade (Woo)
Tch, uh, huh, you done had your downfall (Downfall)
You tellin' me it's my fault (Woo)
You cheated on my ass with a cornball
Now I'm finna stunt on both y'all
Big, big balls, big things
Big brand deals, big long limousines
Big calls comin' in, I don't hear a thing
But M-O-N-E-Y, ching-ching
Man, fuck my ex (Man, fuck my ex)
Man, fuck my ex (Man, fuck my ex)
Mhm, baby, don't call, don't text
You down on your dick and I'm on to the next
I'm shittin' on you

Yeah, I just had a lightbulb (Yeah)
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Yeah, go ahead with that groupie shit (Oh)
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(Outta high school, outta high school)

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