

## Paint It

Lucky Daye

You wanna leave me?  
Yeah, we need somethin'  
Yeah, we need somethin' we can hold on to  
Where you wanna be?  
Baby, quit frontin'  
Gonna give you somethin' to feel closer to

Ooh, ooh, ooh  
This ain't the type of heart you play with  
Then throw away when you're done with it  
I ain't done with it  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
You ain't gon' lay me 'way for rainy day  
Can't wait 'round in it

Live your life like flowers in bloom, ooh  
Why you keep that girl so confused?  
Can we play one game I don't lose? (Ooh)  
Why you keep that girl? Paint it blue  
So blue, don't trick that girl

Baby, you must be crazy, get me right  
Cutlass or Seville  
You must be crazy, get me right  
What I look like? (What I look like?)  
Are you even lookin'?  
Who raisin' the bar that you compare me to? (Who?)

Ooh, ooh, ooh  
This ain't the type of heart you play with  
Then throw away when you're done with it (I ain't done with it)  
I ain't done with it (I ain't done with it)  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
You ain't gon' lay me 'way for rainy day  
Can't wait 'round in it (Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)

Live your life like flowers in bloom, ooh  
Why you keep that girl so confused?  
Can we play one game I don't lose? (Ooh)  
Why you keep that girl? paint it blue  
So blue, don't trick that girl

Why you keep that girl so confused?  
Can we play one game I don't lose?  
Why you keep that girl? paint it blue  
Don't trick that girl  
Why you keep that girl so confused?  
Can we play one game I don't lose?  
Why you keep that girl? paint it blue  
Don't trick that girl

Again and again, then it's on to the next  
Lookin' for a friend to put that ass on your vest  
Holes in your back from the knife in your chest  
Got you wonderin' with regret, was you fuckin' with the best?  
She chose you, yeah, you a first round draft pick  
You never chose her, you always settle for average

Now you say you never leave her and you swore on the Bible  
How you gon' be Bey & Jay when you don't want no title?  
You do the same shit with a new bad bitch  
Oh, now you wanna be vegan 'cause you got cabbage?  
Doctor, go 'head, botox her, make that ass colossal  
So when she ride his nostril, he gaspin'  
Sit it on his face, hope he can breathe through plastic  
Baby, baby, get your nut and make sure it's fantastic  
Maybe, maybe take off 'fore the highs start crashin'  
And his dick go flaccid like Sisqó's dragon  
After one dramatic ballad  
Magic gone tragic like he thought he had this  
Who's askin'? well maybe the dash, bitch  
Tell that nigga kiss your ass and don't add lip  
Can I adlib?

Don't trick that girl  
Don't trick that girl  
Don't trick that girl