Other Beds

Luke Christopher

Wait, that's the man you're living with?
That's the man that you love?
And I'm the man that you left for him?
Something doesn't add up
Tell me that man's straight rich as shit
Tell me that man got a bomb car
Tell me that his dad's a prince and shit
Tell me his mom is a pornstar
Either way, it ain't right though
You had a fly nigga who had a nice flow
Now you're sittin' there with a weird nigga
He on Myspace, he might be psycho
He got a million friends but no likes though
Played the game but no Michael
Something's off, I don't like dude
I know his drink small and his kite broke
He ain't fly
Look baby, I did make a lot of mistakes but I can't lie
I've been sittin' in this chair, a lot of bad bitches here
You the one on my mind
You the only one worth my time
Only one I ever done deemed a dime
If I finish here, [?] might as well get clear
Girl, you're the only one worth this line, yeah

It don't get no sadder
Ask me what's the matter
What if I can't have her?
Nobody could have her
We don't make your life, girl
You can't be no sad, girl
What if I can't have her?
Nobody could have her

See a lot of shit on my mental
And I'll tell you more when it's right
See a lot of hoes tryna blind 'side me
You'll never let me lose sight
And there's a lot of shit you could blame me for
Make mistakes and I be making more
You were something I was grateful for
Kill a nigga if he make you sore
Money 'round, tryna get it
You ain't let me hit it though
Making this hell
I got one and I get it
Not here but it ain't what I did it for
When I ain't with you I'm feelin' low
When I ain't with you I'm feelin' tight
All that I needed was a minute with you
And I'll promise that I'll get my feelings right
I promise you baby, yeah

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