

# The Waiting Game

Luke Christopher

I'm fucking spinning, fucking spinning  
The alcohol, the visions got me tripping, got me tripping  
And Mary need some hoes, I'm getting dizzy over women  
And maybe all my flows are for the optimistic sinning God  
Shit, hoe gotta hell of a grip  
It's never a problem till niggas is balling  
And bitches, they all wanna stick  
I lickety split in the whip with my niggas, my family, my clique  
e  
And I'm broke as a joke, so I'll never be sleeping  
Till I know I'm waking up rich

What if I never even see you cause were both on a stage  
Don't tell me listen to your song because it isn't the same  
I don't want to say your love is a waiting...

Quit fucking crying, fucking crying  
You're majoring in everything, that's minor, shit is minor  
This train ain't gonna stop girl, is you riding? Is you riding?  
But how can we move forward if you dwell on whats behind us  
Give you silver, no gold, still that I did, but never told  
All of the time you spent wasting, all of the time I spent alone  
e  
One minute I'm home and then I'm gone and  
You say I don't never answer my phone and  
If we moving too fast, we'll be gone in a flash  
And we both'll be left on our own and

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