

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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