

# WALKIN' HOME

Luke Christopher

You already know I'm not something to mess with

I'm like, wish picture, wish club, wish hope  
We just had this conversation fifteen minutes ago  
She swerve  
She swerve  
Then she like, "Fine nigga treats your woman like hell"  
But get your ass up out the car, you walking home by yourself  
She swerve  
She swerve

Yeah, but you ain't picture perfect neither, I see you where you lead her  
Acts like you a hoe but want respect like you a rica  
Said you with your girl, but no, your girl said that they seen ya  
How come I can't yell at you but you and me supposed to be equal  
And I never let go of the shit that you said back at your party, right  
You said there were plenty of niggas like me out there that you could find  
Well, I invite you, fine wine, I'll be nice, boo  
'Cause in two years it's gon' bite, you gon' crawl back like I never liked y  
ou  
But that's cool, I ain't trippin'  
But Lord knows I've been testing hoes and chilling  
If you take me back I might clean the clothes out the kitchen  
A month ago [?] yelling and bitching

I'm running 'round like, wish picture, wish club, wish hope  
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She swerve, woah, slow down  
She swerve, slow down  
Then she like, "Fine nigga treats your woman like hell"  
But get your ass up out the car, you walking home by yourself  
She swerve, slow down  
She swerve, slow down

Yeah, left, right, switching lanes, shawty driving wild and low  
Me, I spin around my hair, you wipe off your cover-up  
I don't got no time for no lies, not a minute  
You done lost your mind, like you drive like a menace  
If you wasn't my bitch I be on the island or something  
Ain't no questions, [?] my ties out of function  
I love you but why you gotta hate though  
Seconds later, walking on the interstate though

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