

Why?

M Row

Jellyonnat

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Like

(I'm so fucking tired)

Like, sometimes I sit back and zone out, cause I just be in my head on some life shit battle

I'm fighting inside of my head every day, so it never be hard to just write this

Whenever I argue with people, I be saying, stop wasting your breath in the middle of typing

I end up deleting the shit that I wanted to say, like okay, and sit up in silence

One thing about me, if I love you, I'll ride till wheels fall off and just crash with no license

So many L's that whenever I win, I feel like a loss coming

So I don't get excited

It's a question of God, they told me don't question you, but where is the love in my life at?

Like where is my kids and my wife at?

Where is the person I love and I like at?

Why I get backstabbed so many times, to the point I don't know where to pull out the knife at?

Why did you put me through so many battles that gave me the trauma to think I can't fight back?

Most of the bitches out there don't really like me, fanned out, opportunities trying to use

You can tell when they got an agenda, they always approach us, they been here and already knew me

It's two different sides, M row and Michael

It be hard to tell how they really view me

Like all of these bitches don't care about my feelings

I promise they see it right through me

Like I thought I lost Ryan at V, I was crying, Paris laid there trying to hold me

Ordered my life, would've thrown my ski, would've thought about murder and got back to the old me

He always tell me he love me for free, he just understand me and he really know me. I

Swear in my life I lost so many friends, I be feeling abandoned whenever I'm lonely

Looking for love be the hardest to do, because after a while I get tired of searching

I'ma be real, I don't know what's love. It's hard to explain I don't know how to word it

Whenever my heart get broke, I be single for months, till I get

in my mode and start flirting
To the last girl that ran with my heart, can you give me the key
or just come and return it?
Real shit