

Ten minutes out  
I was an hour away  
But I'm here right now  
And you ain't got shit to say

I could've let you down  
But I held it down and  
You ain't got shit to say

Now you can't come around  
You a fucking clown and  
You ain't got shit to say

I just had a lightbulb  
I'm tryna break the cycle  
Yeah go ahead with that groupie shit  
I'm sure that bitch a nice dude  
Miami bitches love money  
Yeah I followed her in highschool  
Can't believe a nigga got money  
We was dropping out of high school

You play in my face I pay for it  
You not on my dick, you play with it  
That's on god  
Is you a fraud  
I don't need no dream I'm chasing  
Fuck it if you choose to lay with him  
Just text me back I need to get my shit from your mom  
Na na na

Step back  
Step back like you always do  
I can't believe I'm not over you  
And you set your tone over text  
I should've known that this would end a mess  
Cause I didn't read all the terms  
Didn't sign up and I never seem to fucking learn  
A lesson cause I never listen  
It feel like math class cause I hate division  
She gon try to play me like I'm stupid  
Couldn't see it coming now you clueless  
If you ain't talking money then you useless  
I'm in LA baby, for the weekend  
When are we linking I miss all our friends  
What happened last night no recollection  
But I'm glad that it happened though

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