

## Ain't no love

MIKE

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Da-da-ah  
Uh, uh, yeah

Why you so picky but you never choosing?  
Keep the gassy in the Dickies, nah, I never lose it  
And the past is kinda shitty, I'm a better student  
Check the roof, the sun in my pencil booming  
The son is proof, but the depression fusing  
This pressure new, hard, sir, reject the rubric  
Been a clever youth, martyr if I led the movement  
Ain't a thing I can't refuse (Facts)  
With my moms, that type of stress is soothing  
Really wrapped around your arm while the weather gruesome  
Blue ribbons in my palms when it get confusing  
In the storm, that's when the war about to be concluded  
It carried on through the harm, see how we commuted  
We clearly won (We clearly, we clearly won)  
We clearly won

Can I put on something?  
Ooh, uh, this is my song, ah  
Don't play with me right now  
This is my jam  
What? Oh, yes, ayy  
You like this song?  
Ah, aight, go girl, sing it  
What? Hah  
Well, how 'bout we listen to it, let them sing it  
Hahahaha