

Yuh...

Started talking & you talk a lot  
And you keep on laughin when you walk n drive  
It's like you never sad when you grab the pots  
And we was like that till it had to stop  
Fuck me it's about you, I'm just passin thoughts  
II's all passive thoughts, and I ain't actin soft  
Promise you I'll try be in your life more  
You like the only thing I that I really have to fight for, and  
I know I screwed up, just forgive me  
I'm feelin shitty, I left my problems in Philly to find some mo  
re in the city  
Where the, ground is so dirty & the top is so fuckin pretty  
Got, no pity here, so pretty and so witty

Miola

Miola

Don't cry, yuh, fly over

Miola

Miola

Don't cry, yuh, fly over

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Miola

Don't cry, yuh, fly over