

## Left Me in the Rain

Montana of 300

She tried to run game (oh nah) told that bitch it's over  
She found her a lame (spendin' loot) he be trickin' on her  
But don't fuck the same (way I do) shit feel different don't it  
Left me in the rain (yeah) came back drippin' on her

Check out my drip step up out the whip  
Gucci on my kicks I'm in my bag  
Like I'm eating chips she used to be my dip  
Cold as ice but that bitch ain't that slick  
And I ain't no [?] I had to roll  
She went behind my back like I set a pick  
Now she sick Bayless just like Skip  
And she need a fix while he tricks  
She sends naked pics she must miss this dick  
I ignore her now she hurt she pissed  
'Cause it wasn't worth the risk  
You had your shot blew it like a crip now miss me like a brick  
Now you spyin' all on my Instagram  
I'm drippin' sauce you see me shinin'  
You miss the way I taste you miss the way I used to slide in  
Kissin' lickin' suck all on her titties while you ride it  
Lay you on your stomach and go crazy from behind it  
Feelin' on your booty like R. Kelly bumpin' grindin'  
But we can't rewind it  
I'm the truth like confessions I came clean  
Have the drip show that bitch what the rain bring  
Had to cut that bitch off tryna gangrene  
You get dick but bitch it ain't the same thing

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Watch out I'm the shit, might have an effect on yo bitch  
Aye, just like a pick, thought I was a lick  
Said that she had my back realized that bitch wasn't shit  
No [?] she thought that I was gone slip  
And it's not a diss bet that she miss  
What I used to do for baby like I'm the one that got [?]  
Fuck her brains out fuck her brains out  
Didn't make no sense, on social media  
Blowing up all of my pics I could tell she miss the dick

Thinkin' I'm tweakin' got me feelin' like Wayne  
Bitch got me misunderstood  
Cut that bitch off, I know you see it was simple  
Now it's fuck her like a nympho, we used to fuck  
No Chris Brown, switch up the tempo  
Let her ride me like a rental [?]  
Break her back like a pencil, beat that pussy instrumental  
Thinkin' she had me, thought she had the game  
All that bitch got was a demo, found her a lame  
Trickin' if he got it [?] need to stop it  
I got different options, had her on cuffs call me Thompson  
Now that shit dead, unresponsive  
She keep on callin', I keep on pressin' ignore

I fuck around I might block her, don't do no pop-ups  
I'm not your daddy or poppa  
Shit got too hot so I dropped her, aye