

Pinky Ring

Ne-Yo

I flew thirty to Paris, that's my version of therapy
Giving dough with no condition, like donating to charities
Still callin' my ex, man that shit is embarrassing
But it's not my fault, she got that fire no kerosene
Mind gone, top down on a coupe (Skrr)
I'm so sick of love songs, I just caught the flu
Even when I don't do no wrong, she think I do
So I'm just 'bout to turn what she think into the truth

You know I'm a singer, I can write a banger
And I'm dressed to kill, it's murder fresh off the hanger
I know that you know
I got the bag to blow
You better hope I don't go savage mode
I feel like I'm back from retirement
I feel like I'm better than I've ever been
Right back on the scene like it ain't a thing
She gave back the wedding ring, I turned it into a pinky ring

Back single and I'm mingling (Back single)
Spidey sense, back tingling (Back tingling)
I do not feel bad I gave her everything
Now it's onto better things
I put that there on everything

Oh-oooh-woah-ah-ah
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She gave back the wedding ring, I turned it into a pinky ring
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Big body (yeah)
Clip hollies
Break bricks (Break bricks)
That karate
Checks in, like a lobby
Push weight, like a dolly
She gave me the ring, I'ma take the shit
Had to cut her off, she ain't making shit
Back up bitch, like I'm looking through the camera
Playin' with her pussy, make it flick like a channel
Oh you acting nice, you must want something
Tryna' play a nigga, oh you dumb dumb
Train a bitch, like a trolley
Cold ice (Woo), you know I'm solid

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