

Ouch

NJOMZA

I used to talk to you on the daily
And you were someone who needed saving
I held your hand for too long
I couldn't stand on my own
It was cold in the dark
But I made it to dawn

One, two, you lose
And I'm up three
Not for the games but I do keep score
And if you wanna play some more
I'll leave your ego sore
So sore
Ouch

I shoulda left you on couch where you always were (Fucking bum)
You're probably still laying at home 'cause you don't ever learn
Eating dinner out the microwave, no clue
How to be man tried to teach you, no use
I bet you run your mouth, think your Mr. Hollywood
Can't even go Craig's, can't do shit you thought you could
I'm eating chicken parmesan with the extra sauce
And I do it for myself, I don't mind the cost

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