

My Ex

Problem

Damn I feel like fucking my ex, fucking my ex, fucking my ex, my bitch trippin

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Last time I see my ex she was at a ride, heads up, face cute, body holding tight

When we were together yeah we had all the fights,

Arguing everyday bout damn show fuck ain't nice

My new thang yeah we arguing too though, but that bitch don't fuck me like you though

Mommy used to my numero uno, I'm drunk in this speech, where you at, what you do though?

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My girl tripping, I don't give a fuck

She a text message away from being dumped

Always on me, telling about I'm cheating,

Going through phone every time a Nigga sleeping

Yes straight beastin, all alone Nigga, hacking my Facebook, stalking on my Twitter

She ain't never all, she be on all sides, and if ain't with her she gonna call all night

But no I know my ex, she knows what's up, I'm a hit her up, hopefully she'll let me fuck

Even though we're in the bed, and I'm sipping on this liquor, cause..

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But you boy you kinda miss her, miss her

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I ain't really trying to fuck no random girl tonight

I'd rather fuck something I'm gonna like
Somebody say it's wrong but it feels so right
Yeah, So right, feeling so right, called on my ex she ain't putting n
o fight
A Nigga... low, she's been texting all night said her man's out of to
wn like a sexy dawn night
When I jump back in I'm a show off, take her clothes off, then... tou
ch off
My girl texting back the bag straight going off
Put up to my ex hot... turn my phone off

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Problem, yeah, I didn't mean to.