

# I Admit

## Quando Rondo

QRN

I admit, I treated you just like dog and misled you  
I hope you found somebody better, who on a whole 'nother level  
We love to swing iron in my section, on the street where I met her  
Pain in my eyes, but I'm still steppin', on my grind, I can't let up  
All to the one that I love, she know it's never no pressure  
I get this feeling from you, dog, I know I gotta do better  
Just like my pistol, keep you tucked, you know you my lil' Beretta  
I got this feeling you bad luck, so when you leave, don't be extra

These bitches live off social media, and plus they goal's competition  
I guess you don't fit the criteria, your love what I'm missing  
Shorty sort of like a bacteria, she feel me with sickness  
So I ordered up all the nearest ones, I don't give a fuck 'bout y'all friend  
ship  
You'd be a stupid motherfucker to put your trust in a ho  
If you know, just like I know, just like the wind, they gon' go  
Fuck you seekin' for attention? I guess that's what rock your boat  
Same day you run out all them Benjis, she gon' leave 'cause you broke  
She pull up screamin' out my name all on the block I be on  
She always tell me tote that flame when I post on my street corner  
I got lil' mama on my brain, can't get her off, I'm weak for her  
Can't even lie, I played it lame, I really did lil' ma wrong

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I'ma pour that drank up in a Pepsi Cola  
Ride 'round with that Draco in a four-seater, yeah  
Ayy, whole hundred racks, I'ma go break the bank  
I'ma fuck from the back, pull out, nut on her face  
Fuck it up with the MAC, we not leavin' the trace  
I'm in love with your ass, but I need me some space  
Nigga know for a fact he get shot in the face  
I be sippin' on Act', got that shit by the case  
Swear lil' shorty the baddest, I think that she blasian  
Got a K with a strap 'cause these niggas be hating  
My lil' bro in the trap tryna run up some paper  
Ain't a point where you at, I might post up in Frazier  
Red scope on the back, got the Glock with the laser  
Give a fuck where you at, we be throwin' up Neighbors  
Oh, yeah  
Girl, I know I did you wrong, that's why I'm makin' this song  
I'm talkin' soon as we get home, I wanna see in your thong  
That Chinese bang like you Hong Kong, after I fuck, just leave me 'lone  
Like, girl, I know I did you wrong

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