

Mafia

Rod Wave

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Will a fool
Uh...

In my cell all alone I still hear your cries
Arguing with' all night long tryna heal your pride
I, love yo' ass to death but you can't play with my intelligence
All I want is money, all that other shits irrelevant
And he don't fuck with' no one, you can say he celibate
Choppers on his tour bus, don't get out your element
Choppers on his tour bus, moving like the Taliban (uh, yeah, ok)

Moving like the mafia, but I'm not Michael Corleone
Still I'll knock my brother off, if he ever try and do me wrong
'Cause I gave my all to you, you know I gave my heart to you
I invested time, loyalty, and showed my flaws to you
I tried to go to sleep, but I just stood by the door
Misses officer come and free me, can I please use the phone
I been spinning inside my cell thinking 'bout you all night long
Like, I hope you there when I get home
Staring at the walls thinking bout' all of the shit I did wrong
We celebrate the W's but I took L's on my own
We celebrate the W's but took L's on my own (yeah, but)

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Don't get out yo' element
Moving like the Taliban