

# 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 intelligenc  
e  
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 lon  
g  
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