

Redwing Drive

Ryan Trey

Kutta, cut that shit up, mane
We straight in the headphones?
Yeah

I'm tryna figure out a few things, I know you know
Lately, shit ain't even been the same, I know you know it
Time and time, this shit be the same, I know you wonderin', "Why try again?
Why even try again?"
Fuckin' in the back of the coupe, it feel like money
Them hoes was just somethin' to do, don't even want 'em now
I ain't tryna fuck up with you, I know you want a nigga all to yourself, it's hard to try to manage
Dropped you at the airport, felt different than before
This may be our last time, and girl, I know you know
I got on G-Fazos, G-Fazos and I'm runnin' through these hoes and I'm tryna find love with someone else
I ain't give you half of me, this just the only half that you see
All this partyin' and turnin' up, girl, that ain't me
Man, that's not you either, just someone you tryna be
Just to get over the pain and over the things I made you even you see
I'm so evil in your mind, I know that, yeah
I'm a villain in your mind, and I know that, yeah
And I know I crossed the line 'cause your sister hates me
Know your girlfriends tried to convince you that you made me
Way before you knew me, I was steppin' in Prada
Fast forward three years later, I'm worth more than your father
Pourin' out my feelings on this eight hundred sony, girl, yeah, yeah, yeah
Anytime I bring up your name, I say you're loyal
Heard you end up played a few games, oh, you not loyal now
Told you that I put down the pills and yet I'm comin' down all over again, d
own all over again
You the one that's searchin' for things and causing problem
Everything you wanted to see, look here, you got 'em now
Goin' back and forth with these games, I know you never wanna double back
You never been the one to double back
Who's askin'?
Ask me would I drop this for a wife, man, who's askin'?
If it was up to me I'd be a fuck hoes, get a bag type of nigga
And I thought that's who I'd really be originally, but I love you
And the list of hoes I fuck, girl, too long before I knew you
You was a breath of fresh air, should've took you in but I blew it, oh
The devil tries me, tries me, over again, again, again
Yeah
Fold when the Sprite, double cup the ice, time to give 'em new sauce
Double up, goin' big, runnin' my own biz', I'm a boss
Half a mil on the pull up and my t-shirt came from Ross
R&B, but I'm strapped up, stayin' tapped in with my niggas
Shot a ho, I'm out of Astros, I came back seven figures, huh
This what I do every time 'cause every time I'm real nigga
I live different, I spill different, I'm rockin' off-
brand down Lacoste, that shit, look like Gucci though
So icy in the booth right now, I might fuck around and go Gucci flow
Young nigga goin' too crazy, put a Louis V on a stray jacket
Had to press play, you only get one of these, ain't no playback, yeah, yeah
Tell me what you loss, yeah, okay, let's get it back
I don't care, whatever, we had last year, let's get it back

Fuck the games if I text you, "I love you", send it back