

# 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 f  
ind 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