

Why would tell me that I was your hero?

Tryna make me, you really a weirdo
Why would tell me that I was your hero?
You can't understand, I can't do it (Ayo, Eli, what the fuck?)
I cover my earhole, I know I'm a rapper, but I keep on tryin' t
o sing to her soul
Yeah, I was holdin' on to little guns
You just don't gotta mind, 'cause I'm lettin' it go
Let's start tryin' and takin' it slow
Start ridin', and makin' her moan
Girl, stop lyin' about where you go
Keep it real, do not hide anythin' that you know

This nigga think he slick
Pump fakin', he don't got a grip
I keep on drinkin' this shit 'til I'm lit
And the way she kiss me, I'm missin' her lips
The crazy thing about it, I know how it get
Pho-phone call, got me missin' her lips
Tryna tell her I'm sorry, but, she won't forgive me
Girl, let me borrow your heart for a minute
Keep a pole, 'cause I ain't tryna die
And if he try to run, I'm throwin' at his friend
Bro got a 30, I don't need to empty
I'm savin' the 20, I'm throwin' like 10
I said I'm ridin' with you, I gotta rise outta you
You won't believe anythin' that I say
If I dont her the truth, I won't say it again

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