

## Cards On The Table

Sebastian Mikael

Always talkin' 'bout leavin', but you won't  
Same story, heard that, smash that fake ass nigga  
Fuck white a while, no name, no time  
Fuck games, I put my cards on the table, I'm drunk, I'm drunk

You ain't really slick like you think, no  
I can see right through those white lies  
Girl, open up your heart for the right kind  
And maybe you will find it  
(She's so) trapped into this life  
In my heavenly, you'll find another guy  
In the same side where you found me  
I might look like your time  
I'm too advanced for you, don't make plans for us  
It's what you signed up for  
You ain't built for this side though

Oh, you got real but it don't fit  
The ideal that don't exist

You see me round but you ain't worshipped  
And you need validation from me, yeah yeah  
Don't you worry, yeah  
Girl you know it's right

Oh, you got real but it don't fit  
The ideal that don't exist

I'd never fit your ideal doesn't exist

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