

Ten minutes out  
I was an hour away  
But I'm here right now  
And you ain't got shit to say

I could've let you down  
But I held it down and  
You ain't got shit to say

Now you can't come around  
You a fucking clown and  
You ain't got shit to say

I just had a lightbulb  
I'm tryna break the cycle  
Yeah go ahead with that groupie shit  
I'm sure that bitch a nice dude  
Miami bitches love money  
Yeah I followed her in highschool  
Can't believe a nigga got money  
We was dropping out of high school

You play in my face I pay for it  
You not on my dick, you play with it  
That's on god  
Is you a fraud  
I don't need no dream I'm chasing  
Fuck it if you choose to lay with him  
Just text me back I need to get my shit from your mom  
Na na na