

Too many lies, too many hoes, too many bitches
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(Honorary Members)

Too many lies, too many hoes, too many bitches (Too many bitches)
I don't even got no time to repeat myself 'cause you ain't gon' listen (You ain't gon' listen)
You the type that'll fuck with a bitch then come to the crib and you erase y our phone
I don't even wanna kiss no more 'cause I just don't know what the fuck goin' on (On)
Niggas be doin' this shit for revenge, just tryna get me out of shame
You insecure, thinkin' I'm fuckin' on niggas when really I ain't (I ain't)
So go head and leave (Go head and leave)
Go be in traffic (Go be in traffic)
I know your moves, I know your games, I know your patterns (I know your patterns)
Can't even lie (Lie) I'm gave him the benefit of the doubt
Whenever he got in a sticky position, I was the one that'll pull him out
You was takin' my love for granted (For granted)
Pat a lil' bitch the antics (Antics)
Doin' me dirty inside of the suite
Should've never put you up on your feet

Tired of the games you on (On)
Tired of the girls in the phone (Phone)
Tired of the cap and lies (Lies)
That's not how we ride (Ride)
Tired of the back and forth (Forth)
Tired of the way it's goin' (Goin')
Tired of the lonely nights (Nights)
Tired of bein' tired (Tired)

I was a real bitch for a fake nigga so it never added up
I gave him everything that I ever had and it still wasn't enough
I would have went to war with the whole world if it meant savin' you
You had me paranoid, every single night, thinkin', "What am I to do?"
These niggas ain't loyal like us (Loyal like us)
These niggas be doin' too much (Doin' too much)
I'd rather be single and alone
'Cause y'all niggas be fuckin' up at home
And I'm probably the realest in your corner (Realest in your corner)
Almost tatted up your name (Tatted up your name)
Remember them times that I would slide
And you would fuck me a hunnid different ways (A hunnid different ways)
All that shit is past tense, just like everything you said (Everything you said)
Need me a nigga who ain't just tryna open up my legs
You was always blamin' me for shit (Damn)
Always goin' tit for tat (Ah)
Once I stop fuckin' with you, swear to God there's no comin' back

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(You done lost my love and respect
I done lost my mind over this
Many nights I cried when you left
Why am I always cleanin' up the mess?)
Why am I always cleanin' up the mess?
(Why am I always cleanin' up the mess?
Finna let this go 'cause I'm just so tired of bein' stressed, oh yeah)
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Cleanin' up the mess