

A Fools Tale (Running Back)

Tory Lanez

You hurt me, you got me
Acting like I'm not me
I dig that, I'm big mad
The big bag, Versace
If you ain't love me like that you wouldn't keep running back
It's so hard to hold back when you keep coming back, yea
And when I need her back, I just put it on replay
Fly her to Miami in the city where the Heat play
Hotter in the sheets, finna cut her like a DJ
Fifteen bottles like a king say
She don't pay attention to that him say and she say
Said it two times then I jinxed it
Saw right through me had a cup full of lies as I dranked it
Only gonna get it when she want it
New Givenchy, Birkin bag Now you got some, baby flaunt it
Wishing I kept it honest

Oh you got some
Oh you got some
Oh you got somebody
But you won't stop from
You won't stop from
You won't stop from running back
Oh you got some
Oh you got some
Oh you got somebody
But you won't stop from
You won't stop from
You won't stop from running back

Running back to me (See when I get the strength to leave)
Running back (You can learn to appreciate)
Running back to me (Then it all remains the same)
You're running back to me (You ain't never gonna change)

You got me, I got you
You're acting out like you're not you
The rumors, all not true
You're giving away everything I got you
Birkin bags and them tags won't get me back
I gave a fuck, you blow fifty stacks
You mad as fuck when I spit these facts
'Cause you could spend it ten ways
Never cared about your money, regardless of what my friends say
'Cause there is nothing that they can say
Tory if you really want it come Wednesday to Wednesday
Boss bitch whip, I pull up, cause a frenzy
No scratch on it, no Spud, no MacKenzie
For all of my ladies
Sing this song if you can't do wrong

Oh you got some
Oh you got some
Oh you got somebody
But you won't stop from
You won't stop from
You won't stop from running back

Oh you got some
Oh you got some
Oh you got somebody
But you won't stop from
You won't stop from
You won't stop from running back

Running back to me (See when I get the strength to leave)
Running back (You can learn to appreciate)
Running back to me (Then it all remains the same)
You're running back to me (You ain't never gonna change)

Draft you to the team like Kobe in '96
Blue and orange drops like you went and signed to the Knicks
You're fine and you're think get you assigned to the dick
Have you running back and forth like suicides in this bitch
Do or die's in this bitch like shoot from line in this bitch, I
Stunt so hard, I stuff credit cards in Goyards
Your face, no flaws
No case, no charge
Pulled in in BM's, we spending daily per diems
From AM to the PM you would hop inside my bed, get it wetter than (what's th
at line?)
Uhh, spray 'em when you see 'em
That's why I'm paying no attention to chicks I'm playing in my DM, I know
Drop out Rovers, pop out sofas
With me when I wasn't eating we would pop out Stouffer's
And see, that's why I'm still fucking with you
Head down, ten toes, still thugging with you
Taking long flights out to DR, back to Caicos
Trips for the chick that swing them hips like For questions like "how'd your
day go?"
I'll spend it, extend it just to watch the day go
As far as bankroll bank go
I could speak for it with the trips like sprain on ankle
And keep mamí on every one of them, shit I'm sonning them
Niggas talking crazy to bae, I'll put a gun in them
Superhero shit, pop up, dun-dun-dun at em
Was with me back when I was broke and so I run it up
Anything for you, I swerve in the lane for you
Hop in the drop top, still work in the rain for you
Nurture this pain for you
'Cause even days that it ain't working I'm still lurking and hurting in pain
for you
See the art was I was shooting from the heart, but what's shooting from the
heart when the worthless aim for you? Yeah