

DARK HOURS

Tsu Surf

(Othello on the Beat)

Anti-social, she don't mix and mingle
How dare you listen to that bitch, she single
If I'm proud of you, I Gucci, Louie, Louboutin you
Ain't nobody touch her, or she do her keagel's
He ain't ya man, but he ya man, you say he ya people's
You look happy, you look thick, aye what that nigga feed you
How he seeing through that shit, that shit ain't even see through
How you catching all them feelings, ain't what we agreed to
Catch me slipping by myself, shit I came with my nigga
But that girl that you be with that be taking your pictures
Ain't from the trenches, but she here cause safe with the hitta's
Ain't from the trenches, but she here cause safe with the hitta's

Baby, I come from a place where it get dark outside
I swear to god, some of them nights wouldn't even walk outside
Somewhere in lost and found, I think I left my heart outside
I gave my all to you, I must of put it all on the line
You ain't do shit for me
I ain't do nothing girl, you talking bout forgiving me
Baby, don't play with me, I'll fuck this shit up literally
Fuck me up mentally and physically, it's killing me
I swear to god, you helped me survive
Yeah
I held you down, you turned your back on me, I wonder why
You got a problem being toxic, girl I wonder why
You still ain't pack none of your boxes, girl I wonder why
You got a problem being toxic & you wonder why
I tried to leave you in the past, you said you wanna die
I came to her with this new aura and I don't wanna try
Committing sins, still wonder why my life so hard
I bee through a lot of pain, why my heart so scarred
Aye, why you change, why you change I don't know
I know, I know it's not the same anymore
I think I'll be good with not perfect
I'm off two perc pills, I'm not hurting

Ugh
They say nothing last forever, shit not real
She only smoke a little weed, her friend pop pills
She gotta get it by the pint, that's not a wock seal
Her father left when she was 12, her brother got killed
How you switch out of them concords, right into them Tom Ford's
Primed by some shit, that I ain't prolly got time for
Ya mother still love me, you should talk to your mom more
Try to find time for her, She told me that she wish that ya'll bond more
And I see that you been cuffed up
Drive that nigga with ya tough butt
And I'm just checking up on you, cause niggas change
And when they change, shit you usually blame you
I think it's fucked up

I think it's fucked up
And all these niggas act the same, you had some tough luck
And you always have something to say, I think you stuck up
And honestly I think you need to shut the f...

Shut the fuck up
Girl, who you think you talking to, you got me fucked up
I been betrayed by it before, I wouldn't trust love
You got me fucked up