

The Breeze

Wale

Look,
I just wanna make you better
I think I can save you, but I think I'm bi-polar
I love you, then I hate you
Crew from this dame,
I hate whoever ain't you
Hate when I can't date you,
But I also need my space too
I made room for this love, how foolish of me.
And every woman lookin' at you, knew that you was lucky
So check the verse miss,
I ain't say I'm perfect,
But you was low on love,
what I do, reimbursed it.
And now it hurts to be around or converse witcha
And what's worse is before this, I had worse witcha
Now war missiles, hand guns, and grenades.
The walls I couldn't break 'em, I take 'em apart would would attain
And momma told me, careful who ya love
She said just wrap it up
These bitches actin up
As for us, we was different tho
Things have gotten difficult
Tried to be Mr. Perfect,
Enter continental, hold up
You spend your time wit your friends all the time
And all that time wit your friends
Put my momentum on decline
My minds gone evil
You changed wit the season
You had a new clear heart
Your sours hit Roshima
So now I need some zany, some remy, and some reefa
So when this war is over, I'm not P-T-S'd in
And I don't wanna leave her,
But you know what got me wonderin'
I'm scared to lose love, but even more scared to love again

Why we gotta argue,
Why we fight
I just wanna love you,
I wanna make it right
It's like we both forgot what we were fighting for
So tell why are we at war

Yeah
They do (whatever they want)
And nobody else can stop it
I'm catchin' myself depositing these feelings she withdraw from
And I ain't got the guard to tell my guards "la- bye-bye"
from hurtin,
My effort is apparent, she not fertile
The anger I've adopted
The feelings been aborted
So now, I press ignore if ever Cupid try to call up
They call me better not
See when everything stop

And your love's an honest sight,
And you see everything it's not
Notice everything it wasn't
Realizing why it shouldn't never be again
'Cause in the end it's not about what you put in
Fuck is the huggin' and they love pushin' your buttons
New love is so beautiful, time just makes it ugly
But fuck it, I accept it
No longer when neglected
If a period is right there, I will mark it wit a question
That means I'll never trust them
And if you ever love 'em
Know that favorite girlfriends turn to crazy baby mothers
The War.

Why we gotta argue,
Why we fight
I just wanna love you,
I wanna make it right
It's like we both forgot what we were fighting for
So baby why are we at war