MENTAL

Whethan

Oh, oh, oh
Oh-oh
Oh-oh
(Baby, you know we get away)
(I hold them racks up every day)
(I see you when I go back to the hell)
(You broke my heart, but the money make it okay)

I just want you to know that I'm doing better on my own
Right, so, diamonds colder than a snowman
Y'all tried to play me like a fool, man
Still bad as hell and you know that's why
I had to go back to my old ways, to my old ways before I met you
I don't know why it's so hard to forget you
I can't even be mad at the fact you left me 'cause I let you
You left my heart damaged, that shit detrimental
Not the way I planned it, but it's really fucking with my mental (Mental)

I'ma need my smoke 'cause a sorry won't work
You want my heart, I don't think you deserve it
You want my love, you gotta earn it
We gotta cut it off, this shit not working
Since you getting money, that show me a rat boy
I feel like Kobe, just by the way that I'm smokin' this thrax, boy
I ain't never been in a movie, but I can tell by the way that you act, boy
Well everybody steady hatin', I might just stack up with straps, boy
All the pain and that hurtin', I don't like that at all
I can't buy you a Birkin, we can't go to the mall
Me and you weren't really workin', I'm ignorin' your calls
You really all on my phone, you on my song, we're breakin' the law

I got a lot on my mind, I think I need a minute (Woah, yeah)
You really started a problem you can't even finish (Woah, yeah)
I just never lack, yeah, six to bank, they lick dicks (Oh, woah)
I'm really tellin' you somethin', I need you to listen (Oh, woah, woah)

Ayy, me and Slump walk in the party like we own that shit
Got some bands in my Pradas, I ain't jokin' shit
And for my dad and my mother, I'ma take that risk, and I'ma take your shit
Feel like the man right now, told him, "Man, pipe down"
And like I don't need you, I need a bed right now
And like I don't need your heart, I need a hand right now
Only got a couple songs, she's a fan of me now (Ayy)

(She try to tell me she love me, woah)
(I already know that the lil' girl is lyin', woah, yeah)
(Try to tell me she love me, woah, woah)
(I already know that the lil' girl is—, woah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

She, she, she try to tell me she love me, I already know that the lil' girl is lyin' (Ayy)
Man, I'm in L.A., so I've been smokin' this gas, it feel like I'm flyin' (Feel like I'm flyin')
It don't make sense to me, I'm gettin' the bands, I'm outta control
She only messin' with me 'cause the money and fame, and all of my diamonds
Flexin' that chain, but it ain't yours, I'm gettin' money of course

He wanna play with the gang, I call up my shooter, he hittin' the floor
I just seen what you did, I cannot love that girl anymore
Kick that girl right out the crib, I'm finna lead her right through the door
(Oh, woah)

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!