

Push Your Luck

Witt Lowry

Funny how it all goes down
Don't be sorry when it comes around
I'm like, "Oh my god, I think it's karma"
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)
Ain't it funny how it all adds up
When you're always tryna push your luck?
I'm like, "Oh my god, I think it's karma"
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)

Oh my god, I
Oh my god, I
God I, think it's karma

Listen, the truth is, with you I would never know what the truth is
I fell for all of your lies, shit you must of thought I was stupid
I trusted and you abused it, spent time and you overused it
A glass of ginger and Jack shit you must of thought it was Cupid

Excuses after excuses, you wanted me to feel useless
It takes a lot of truth to gain trust and one lie to lose it
I put you up over music, our flaws are what make us human
But the difference is you glorify yours instead of improvin'

Sometimes I remember back, you got your feet on the dash
Who would of thought something so good could go so bad so fast
Who would have thought that you would hurt me so much that I'd lose track
Who would of thought your lips and ass would be more real than how you act

And that's a fact, I never said I was perfect, I never claimed it
But I think you can admit that my heart is where most the pain went
Avoid all my favorite places I brought you to 'cause they're tainted
You cheat, lie, and play games and then blame it on being faded, it's

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God I, god I
God I, god I...

Yea, your mom and dad didn't make it so you gave up on love

Then tried to use that as the reason why you gave up on us
I can't let you become the reason that I gave up on trust
You've got this hole inside your heart you try to fill up with lust

You give your mentions the attention that you never gave me
Who would have thought that when you broke me you were setting me free
You tried to turn me into something that I never could be
Would have to watch what I would say or you would threaten to leave

Once again, so typical
Never in my life did I meet someone so cynical
Would have never guessed the day we met would be our pinnacle
You're flippin like reciprocals, you harp with every syllable
Shit, loving you was difficult

Damn

I hope he treats you like you treated me
Sometimes I wish that you could see you from my POV
My friends and family told me that it's time for me to let it be
And karma's working whether you believe it or you don't believe

But thank you, you're an angel, with no wings
How'd you play all of those games and still you got no rings
You just chalk me up to being just one of your old flings
Time to finally let it go and stop dwelling on old things, it's

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