

# way out

## abstract rude prevail +moka only

[Big Sean]Man I wish that I could kill her  
I wish that I could still feel her  
Now I'm at the club looking for a fill up  
Bar tender make sure my drink stay filled up  
Man look at this mess I'm in  
In my darkest hours I can't see the horizons  
But I still remember her sizes  
34 25 35in

And I'm the man to these broads  
Who one glass I could get her to my nas  
Through wall and screaming and audio applause  
I'm Mr big shot but you was my star  
Hey Juliet I guess our books done huh  
You know I ain't book smart  
Cause I just thought that was a book mark  
And we could've pick up where we left off

[Mr. Hudson]Nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
There's nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
And I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
Out of your way

[Big Sean]Man I wish that I could shoot her  
I wish that I never knew her  
Man what I'm suppose to do huh  
She my backbone how I'm suppose to maneuver  
And I know I said it last time,  
But I swear last time was the last time  
But now she say it's all past time  
And I feel like I see my flat line  
And I'm suppose to be a man and all  
But when you get that involved  
You got to thinking with your head  
No, your real head not the one in your pants and all  
Man she was suppose to be my baby

Man we was suppose to see our baby  
Man I would've gave her everything

Better life, wedding ring, everything we never seen  
I guess we'll never see it now  
[Mr. Hudson]Nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
There's nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
And I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
Out of your way  
[Big Sean]Man I wish that I could stab her  
Remember when I used to grab her  
I wish a nigga still had her  
It's gone hurt to see another nigga have her  
When I call there's no answer  
And she ain't love Big Sean she loves Sean Anderson  
Man you could probably feel me dying  
And you could probably hear her crying  
She killing me from the inside out  
Took everything in the crib that was inside out  
She priceless, and I can't afford it  
You want space baby I'll give you all of it  
So come home, home is where the heart is  
She say whenever I'm here I feel heartless  
So it's time to part then  
I beg you pardon?  
We'll be back tomorrow, no  
[Mr. Hudson]Nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
There's nothing left to say now  
I'll be on my way now  
And I'll be moving way up, way up, way up  
Out of your way

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