

India

El Pus

Hmm. You kicked me out, I called you up
And after all, I wish I wouldve stayed away
Because Im getting tired, IndiaAnd every time
 I hear your name
 I think of game
 That sometimes I dont wanna play
Because Ive had enough of IndiaHmm.Seven years
 Or more of this
 Is more than I
Can be asked to endure, and if this
 Is a test
 Ive failed it, IndiaI wish you love
 I wish you joy
 And if you someday
 Have a girl or boy, I hope
 You teach them better
 Than you, IndiaCHORUS:
 Seven years
 Or more of this
 Is more than I can stand
 Tried my best
 To be with you
 And simply be a man
 Sometimes when I try to talk
 You need to understand
 That life is long
 And life is love
I used to love you, IndiaI wont explain
 I thought you knew
 But you assumed it wasnt true
When I told you the type of man
 That I was, IndiaI broke it down
 And kept it real
 Cus thats just how a brother feels
 But you tried to manipulate
My mind state, India[CHORUS]Now seven years
 Have come and went
 And I wont miss a moment spent
 But still I bid you fairly well

My darling IndiaHmm.[CHORUS]Hmm.Seven years

Or more of this

Is more than I can stand.Bonus:

1: What is, what is El Pus, man?

2: I never heard of that shit.

1: Thats some shit somebody yo.

2: Thats bullshit.

3: Is that Mexican?

1: I mean, for real, yall dont got a real name, man? I mean whats is it spanish or something?

3: What the fuck?

1: I cant hear you, Cuf.

2: These niggas.

1+2: The shit!

2: In what language?

1: That shits Portuguese-Jamaican!

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