

No Rearview (feat. Don Trip)

Starlito

Ahhhhh, cold turkey It's difficult starting over, that's better than going backwards

Anything's better than going backwards

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Consider it not a failure, it was more of a practice

It's difficult starting over, that's better than going backwards

Not a quitter at all but I'm giving up bad habits like

Women with hidden agendas and better bitches in general I'm being specific, nothing subliminal

Shawty so fly, might jet her out on a red eye

I want that face to face, that eye to eye

Since they never lie

Normally I don't do this, but she sweeter than a chest pie

Still remember meeting her, leaving up out of Best Buy

I was in my lolo sleek, wishing I brought my best out

Big chain, sticking my chest out

As if I'm [?] to the [?]

Look at her now, batting her eyes

Ain't shy but she acting surprised

All the while, capitalizing in the back of her mind

Gold digging hoes digging holes in a nigga's soul

Pretending like I didn't know, was gettin' old

On my Instagram straight flexing

Half naked, you get the picture though

Always dying for attention, If I ever would've mentioned

Addicted to how I'm getting it, might require an intervention

[?] You ain't got protection?

Ain't this the same bitch that screen-shot your messages?

Conscience intervened, got me second guessing

Searching for a hidden camera like a weapon

Look, look-check this out

Turn that phone off, ride with me to the store, let's go

I'mma be damned if I have a baby by this ho

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Ah, that's better than going backwards

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Not a quitter at all but I'm giving up bad habits

Like niggas with hidden agendas and bitches with bad attitude I'm sorry, that was rude Waking up disgusted
with somebodies misses

Telling my gal more lies than a politician
Lucky her, she's stuck at home watching the chillen
While I'm in another city with a flock of bitches
She know I'mma dog, she's just being optimistic
But she was down when I didn't have a pot to piss in
I should marry her I know
Instead I'll be taking something home after the show
They screaming with their titties out, all in the front row
I'm trying to bob and weave, all the pussy that's being thrown
Sorry, it's probably too late for an apology
I'm not in getting head like I enrolled in cosmetology
I can't help the thought of it
Am I the kind of man I want my daughters with?
Knocking 30, still talking baller shit
I can't say I'm proud of it
One can only hope, that my daughters never pay for all the hearts they father broke
NOTCHHH
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Cold Turkey
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