

# Heart Attack

## Jim Jones

I treat her body like the fast life  
And I'ma need my heart back  
I told her play Rihanna, let me beat it up  
And you can have her if your cash right  
She party all over in and out of town  
I-I-I think I seen her last night  
In my Ferrari strolling with the windows down  
Treat her body like the fast life  
Un-un-until she told me slow it down  
Well, I'm just tryin' to speed it up  
I told her play Rihanna, let me beat it up  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that  
Now, now, now tell me have you seen her, my little ballerina  
A freak just like Athena with a body like Katrina  
She a fucking head turner, a thorough bread earner  
I-I-I told her let me hit it like Ike and Tina Turner  
And she only rock pumps and I ain't talking shotties  
Blood up on her shoes like she caught a fucking body  
She a bad bitch, couple thousand a bag bitch  
Love them fast whips, told her name it, I crashed it  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that  
I think I seen her on my last flight  
Going to another party out of town  
I met her in my past life  
Jodeci I'm feeling when she not around  
I hit her body like a crack pipe  
I think my high is coming down  
But I'm just tryin' to speed it up  
I told her play Rihanna, let me beat it up  
I seen her on 34th  
I was riding by in a Porche

Would've gave her a compliment  
But I'm tied up on the phone, shorty arguing  
Okay, okay, I cheat, I cheat but she good  
She ain't ever, ever gotta walk a block in the hood  
She just throw it in the bag with her little pretty ass  
Red wine in a glass, end the night of with a gasp  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And I'ma need my heart back, it's feeling like a heart attack  
And all of that

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