

# This Lifetime

## People Under the Stairs

I aint heard from you baby so whats happenin  
I know its been in a minute I been out here rappin and  
But see your on my mind every time I see a dime  
Cause your my girl, but in your, mind girl  
I'm just a part time thing, convenient on the side piece  
Meet up on the side streets, love will find ???  
I guess it's all I'm given, you say I'm wild & crazy  
But never woulda hesitate to make you my lady  
And give you my baby  
But see you're growin up still  
And I don't wanna slow you down, your life is all uphill  
Do your thang little mama, cause I will  
Even though with you bangin on my mind, that kills  
Yo, It's just another shot of vodka in the glass  
Yeah, it's just another love story from the past  
I guess I'm too blind to see, and that's so fine with me  
Back in the day I heard about the fish in the sea  
So I, delete your number, and go to the beach  
Just want to let you know cutie, I'm never far to reach

I wish we coulda had a little bit more  
But not in this lifetime, I say no more

See in the end we coulda been, much more than friends  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

Just to know that's something there, or that you cared  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

Man in the the end, we coulda been much more than friends  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

We used to write notes, 7th grade and first kisses  
Stay up late on the phone against your parents wishes  
And homeroom passing notes with quiet storm quotes long hopes  
of immediate dreams it seems so long ago  
But then we graduated went our seperate ways and drifted  
You got played with self doubt and never admitted you're gifted  
And I found music and all you found were fake friends  
And we found we couldn't connect the phone call ends

But you would stick through it watch my fame from afar  
In your passing car true lies aligned with different stars  
Now you want to reconnect but to what at a rendezvous?  
Not tellin your husband, Man? I think his friends are on to you

Your tangle wear woven out of satin is it not?  
And I'm so tied up, no replyin to messages in the inbox  
To the trash, before we crash, obsession with the past  
That temptation overdose leads to shattered love glass

See in the end we coulda been, much more than friends  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

Just to know that's something there, or that you cared  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

Man in the the end, we coulda been much more than friends  
But not in this lifetime, but not in this lifetime

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Lyrics submitted by Alvin Kittiphan.

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