Song Cry

Trae

Get you all impossibly dirty
Get you all impossibly dirty
Sounds like a love song
Sounds like a love songThe most incredible baby
Uhh, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm
Yeah, yeah, uhhI can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cryGood dudes, I know you love me like cooked food
Even though a nigga gotta move like a crook move
We was together on the block since we lunch
We shoulda been together havin' 4 seasons brunchWe used to use umbrellas to face the bad weather
So now we travel first class to change the forecast
Never in bunches, just me and you
I loved your point of view 'cause you held no punchesStill I left you for months on end
It's been months since I checked back in
Well, somewhere in a small town, somewhere lockin' a mall down
Woodgrain, four and change, armor all'd downI can understand why you want a divorce now
Though I can't let you know it, pride won't let me show it
Pretend to be heroic, that's just one to grow with
But deep inside a nigga so sickI can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta let the song cryI can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cryOn repeat, the CD of Big's, "Me and my bitch"
Watchin' Bonnie and Clyde, pretendin' to be that shit
Empty gun in your hand sayin', "Let me see that clip"
Shoppin' sprees, pull out your visa quickA nigga had very bad credit, you helped me lease that whip
You helped me get the keys to that V dot 6
We was so happy poor but when we got rich
That's when our signals got crossed, and we got flippedRather mine, I don't know what made me leave that shit
Made me speed that quick, let me see, that's it
It was the cheese helped them bitches get amnesia quick
I used to cut up they buddies, now they sayin' they love meUsed to tell they friends I was ugly and wouldn't touch me
Then I showed up in that dubbed out buggy
And then they got fussy and they don't remember that

And I don't remember youI can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cryYeah, I seen 'em comin' down your eyes
But I gotta make the song cry
I can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cryA face of stone, was shocked on the other end of the phone
Word back home is that you had a special friend
So what was oh so special then?
You have given away without gettin' at meThat's your fault, how many times you forgiven me?
How was I to know that you was plain sick of me?
I know the way a nigga livin' was whack
But you don't get a nigga back like thatShit I'm a man with pride, you don't do shit like that
You don't just pick up and leave and leave me sick like that
You don't throw away what we had, just like that
I was just fuckin' them girls, I was gon' get right backThey say you can't turn a bad girl good
But once a good girl's goin' bad, she's gone forever
And more forever
Shit I gotta live with the fact I did you wrong foreverI can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cry
I can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta let the song cryI know, I seen 'em comin' down your eyes
But I gotta make the song cry
I can't see 'em comin' down my eyes
So I gotta make the song cryIt's fucked up girl

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