

Hurt the Same

Chris Brown

Sick and tired of the bullshit, you won't get another chance
Fucking lame niggas, I don't really understand
'Cause you know I'ma cash out, fuck the rubberbands
I bought you everything, peanut butter Benz
You was s'posed to be there when I got out of jail
But you'd rather hoe out with all of your friends
Going crazy, did my time, you ain't send me mail
Take it as I was tryna make you win, ain't had no bail
You supposed to be down for your nigga
Baby, we would, baby, who you with? Girl, you sipping
I was supposed to have your heart
But you just kept me in the dark painting pictures
I know you lying and you sneaking, I'm just stating facts
I'm just that dummy who believed you 'cause I loved your ass
Not the only nigga who been through that
But I'm the only nigga with receipts and popping tags
I was looking forward to us making love
And waking up for round two
But you ain't stayed long enough, it's fucking me up
Learning from them hoes that's around you And now you up on games, no
You don't see me the same, no
The drugs, they can numb the pain
Popping bars, it's easy but, but I still hurt the same
Thinking 'bout these bitches when I'm rolling up
I'm just tryna vibe, wanna feel the love, two bitches like double dutch
Off that purple Actavis, I stay with that double cup
I just switched my style up, now she stuck like what the fuck
Started not to care, European real, bought a couple foreigners
Driving outta here, know that molly get me there
Just a couple sips, just 'fore I forget, don't remember shit
Get a lot of pussy, don't fuck with relationships
I'm on my mind now, on that crazy shit
On my brazy shit, don't wanna know who she be fucking with
She tryna break my heart, I know you loving it
You on some other shit and I'm on my own again I was looking forward to us making love
And waking up for round two
But you ain't stayed long enough, it's fucking me up
Learning from them hoes that's around you And now you up on games, no
You don't see me the same, no

The drugs, they can numb the pain
Popping bars, it's easy but, but I still hurt the same
I try to think away and navigate
But you steady throwing shade on my name
While I'm taking all the blame
We both messed up and going separate ways
You fuckin' them niggas, I'm fuckin' them bitches
All that silly shit won't make a difference
Know what it is, I'm the man in my city
He only look at your ass and them titties
You don't need makeup, you know that you pretty
You kinda crazy, you know that I get it
Half on a baby, you know that I did it
Guilty as charged, I ain't gonna be innocent
I'm tryna be limitless
I'm tryna fuck up all the Hennessy
You know I say fuck all my enemies
I know you on your independent shit
Quality over quantity
Bad bitch right in front of me
Can't lie, baby, honestly
'Cause that pussy remindin' me And now you up on games, no
You don't see me the same, no
The drugs, they can numb the pain
Popping bars, it's easy but, but I still hurt the same Up on games
You don't see me the same, no
Numb the pain, yeah
Bars, it's easy but, but I still hurt the same
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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