LOL

David Mitchell's SoapBox

I see his thumbs workin overtime lately
Immersed in a text you sent discretely
She probably a cool chick, light skinned, pretty
Come to think of it, she probably a lot like meIt's a low blow but I act like I don't know
You used to stay, now you say you gotta go
Your excuses are very original
But you got no organizational skillsI get a text two seconds after you leave
Obviously meant for her, not for me
It said, what's up, sexy? Are you gonna come through?
Let a brotha know what a sista gonna doText me back, X X O O
I miss your embrace, sideways happy face
Oops, did your thumbs have a nervous twitch?
You just sent the wrong text to the wrong bitchLOL, I text your celly
Gotta spell out, go to hell
Toss you in the trash
Then reduce you to an acronymWTF? You reply
I laugh so hard, I almost cry
Beat you to the punch line
Broke your heart before you broke mineHow you gonna go and tryna play me out?
Why you gonna go and fill my head with doubt?
And clouds and shit, I don't wanna deal with
All stressed out shoutin, throwin a fit, cmonHow you gonna lie, youre way out of this one?
You think it might be time for a confession?
You've left no room for any more fabrication
Boy a cell phone could be a dangerous weaponNext time check if the safety's on
Trigger happy fingers can expose the gun
Woah, what a tangled web you've spun
Now it's on son, I'm about to have some funI make sure the I.D.'s unknown
I text you back from another phone
Yeah baby, I'm comin through
I'll meet you on the avenueLOL, I text your celly
Gotta spell out, go to hell
Toss you in the trash
Then reduce you to an acronymWTF? You reply
I laugh so hard, I almost cry
Beat you to the punch line
Broke your heart before you broke mineLOL, LOL, LOL
LOL, LOL, LOLI'ma kick back and watch shit go down
While you're standin waitin for her to come around

An hour goes by and still no sign
So you text her back, oh, one more timeWhere you at, girl? You said you was gonna meet me
This time you send the message correctly
She writes back, dawg, you blew up your spot
You're talkin 'bout a text that I never gotWho this girl you're talkin to?
Who this girl who comin through?
You're messin with somebody else
Nigga, you just played yourselfLOL, I text your celly
Gotta spell out, go to hell
Toss you in the trash
Then reduce you to an acronymWTF? You reply
I laugh so hard, I almost cry
Beat you to the punch line
Broke your heart before you broke mine

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