

# LOL

## Luis Rondina

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 me  
It'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 skills  
I 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 do  
Text 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 bitch  
LOL, I text your celly  
Gotta spell out, go to hell  
Toss you in the trash  
Then reduce you to an acronym  
WTF? You reply  
I laugh so hard, I almost cry  
Beat you to the punch line  
Broke your heart before you broke mine  
How 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, cmon  
How 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 weapon  
Next 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 fun  
I 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 avenue  
LOL, I text your celly  
Gotta spell out, go to hell  
Toss you in the trash  
Then reduce you to an acronym  
WTF? You reply  
I laugh so hard, I almost cry  
Beat you to the punch line  
Broke your heart before you broke mine  
LOL, LOL, LOL  
LOL, LOL, LOL  
I'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 time  
Where 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 got  
Who this girl you're talkin to?  
Who this girl who comin through?  
You're messin with somebody else  
Nigga, you just played yourself  
LOL, I text your celly  
Gotta spell out, go to hell  
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