

Heartbreak

Yelowolf

You used to be so cool, what the fuck happened to you?
Look at what all this rapping and money-stacking will do
I could've been stuck out in 'Bama, had I not flew the coop
And my babies would suffer Christmas cause Santa ain't got no loot
Uh, money ain't the issue, you say, that's funny now
Cause money's all I could give you to shut your motherfucking mouth
Here, take 20 grand and buy yourself a lawyer
Shit, here's a whip so my kids ain't gotta walk to the store for ya, fuck
Momma told me I should keep it real
My record ain't selling, momma, I'm trying hard enough to keep a deal
Meanwhile I'm throwing paper down into an empty pit
I got a business I'm trying to run, man, fuck this bitch
I should've seen it coming, she never pulled away
I'm carrying her like an elephant on a dinner plate
You gassed em, Yelowolf, you better pump your fucking brakes, asshole
You got the nerve to wanna talk about heartbreak, hell no
Baby, I've been around, you know I've been around
You know I've been around and I can't pretend to love you right now
So you can go cry your heart out until you drown
Hope you can swim it out cause I can't be friends with a friend like you tryna hold me
down You got some nerve to be bad at me for, fuck, anything
What have I done besides give you what I could not afford?
The kids are happy cause they really don't know anything
If they only knew what toys that their momma could afford
The vacation they could be taking when daddy's on tour
Wait, you are on vacation, that's what this shit is for
I get it, I'm like the fountain of youth
You're in the bed with your boo and you two are sipping courvoisier, true?
This song ain't no diss, it's a living proof
Skit of skin and tooth, the witch in you bit, left me with cracked roofs
I ain't done, bitch, put this shit in loop
Here's a melody so it sticks in your head like your tracks do, ooh
You wanna walk around like it's all good
Cause I'm the golden ticket to get out of the hood
You better hope somebody gets more than I do
Cause my will don't include you
There'll always be a special place
For you in my bank account
You fucking bitch There ain't no fucking way I'mma let you take this hard-earned money, bitch
And I can't pretend to love you right now
So you can go cry your heart out until you drown
Hope you can swim it out cause I can't be friends with a friend like you tryna hold me down

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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