Nas, Bye Baby

I guess you knew and blew a good thing, baby

Bye baby, I guess you knew why I walked away
When we walked to the altar that was an awesome day
Did counseling, couldn't force me to stay
Something happens when you say I do, we go astray
Why did we mess it up
We was friends, we had it all
Reason you don't trust men, that was your daddy fault
He in the grave let it go he no longer living
Said you caught him cheating with Mom, fucking other women
Fuck that gotta do with us
Here's the keys to the newest truck
Birkin bags, we burning cash, now baby do it up
No matter who you fuck, that was before me
Wanted you as my shorty since before I saw you screaming
Hate you so much right now
Should've saw the meaning, angry black woman
Actions of a demon, I'm leaving

I guess you knew and blew a good thing, baby
You know I'm saying bye-bye
Cause I'm saying bye-bye

Bye baby, I guess you know why I had to leave
Seven months in your pregnancy, bout to have my seed
Let's take it back some years
Rewind it to the happy years
You and your Star Trak fam
I'm thinking you cats are weird
Same time different year
I was digging y'all flow
Then I tatted you on my arm so niggas would know
I thought no one could stop us
Matching gold watches
I was your Johnny Depp, you was my Janis Joplin
Yet, the cuter version
Yet I knew you personally
Better than you knew yourself and I knew this for certain
Crib in the Dominican you got away from everybody
You screaming at the racist cops in Miami was probably
The highlight of my life
Like ha, yo look at my wife
Gangsta, me and twenty cops 'bout to fight, crazy night
Bailed you out, next morning we got clean
Like it never happened and later we at that Heat game
Just another day in the life of two people in love
But it wasn't enough, so baby guess what

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Listen, could you imagine writing your deposition
Divorce lawyer telling you how this thing gonna be ending
With you paying out the ass and I?m talking half
Not some but half
No serious, half
Half of your soul
Half of your heart, you leaving behind
It?s either that or die
I wanted peace of mind
And all I seen was selfish cowards, under they breath
Saying why did Nas trust her

But look at yourself, speak louder bro
You live with your babymoms and scared to make an honest woman out of her
And make her your bride, fake pimps you ain?t even alive
At least I can say I tried plus enjoyed the ride
Plus we got our little boy, my little joy and pride
He got my nose, my grill, your colour, your eyes