

# Yung Bleu, Way More Close (Stuck In A Box)

It's like I'm stuck in a box  
You told me you love me but I think not

It's like I'm stuck in a maze  
You get so stuck in your ways  
I heard you turnin' your page  
Movin' to Miami, out in Dade  
But don't go cold on me  
That pussy got a hold on me  
You can't take back what you showed to me  
But she never told on me  
My niggas stuck in them cages  
Can you send a picture of you naked?  
Can't deny it, girl, I need to be close to you  
Way more close to you

And as close as we can get  
Closer than the hands on my timepiece  
Bust down Cartier, that's for my dime piece  
Out on vacation, Jamaica, Queens, where you'll find me  
Down in the ghetto, in the roughest burrows, where the bloodline deep  
We way too far from the motherland  
I'm tryna take you back where you belong, if you understand  
Too much to give, too less to borrow  
Let's go where the sun set, don't think about tomorrow  
Heart full of sorrow, think about what could've been  
What should've been, I was full of sin  
Many men, wish death on me, they'll never live again  
Bitches who be fuckin' for hair and nails  
Found her in a paradox, we ended up parallel  
No, I can't live alone, I swear to God, it's no way in Hell  
I'll never leave her

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But don't go cold on me (On me)  
That pussy got a hold on me (On me)  
You can't take back what you showed to me  
But she never told on me  
My niggas stuck in them cages  
Can you send a picture of you naked?  
Can't deny it, girl, I need to be close to you (For real, woah)  
Way more close to you

Close as it gets, I can't go back to pretendin' like I don't know you exist  
I gotta over insist, I only burn bridges to the places that I never should've been to begin with this shit  
But you know that isn't this, we was attached at the hip  
Skipped the marriage but we still did all the honeymoon trips  
And that's when we tripped the most and, shit  
We gon' keep trippin' if we never take the time out to unpack all of it, for real  
But you know I was all for ya, you never needed me to go buy out the Grove for ya  
And snatchin' my soul 'cause you got enough of your own for ya  
Did everything, except grow with ya  
Thought I'd get old with you 'fore I got old to ya  
Saw your potential when everyone was sleepin'  
That pussy mine but that'll never be enough to keep me  
I got older and realized that's not all that I'm needin'  
A gift to you, I guess that's why it's like

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Way more close to you

Way more close to you  
Way more close to you