

Fivio Foreign, Love Songs (Feat. Ne-Yo)

I pull up to your crib every time I miss you, yeah
Yeah, yeah
I pull up to your crib
I pull up to your crib

I can't stop thinkin' about it
Won't stop thinkin' about it
Every time I think about you
Just get mad at myself
'Cause ain't nobody else I can blame for the shit I do
And these damn love songs follow me everywhere I go
So why can't I turn off the radio?
(Why can't I turn off the radio?)

She got a different type a (Uh)
She'll make a nigga wanna wife her (Yeah)
Prada blue, Dior suit, white Nike her (Uh)
I'm still on FaceTime with the lifers (I am)
It's iPhones and the Feds in Rikers (Uh)
Shawty gon' treat me like she need me (Yeah)
And she met me takin' liquor to the feegee (Uh)
I got a girl, she got a man, we movin' sneaky (Uh)
We been drinkin' all night, now we gettin' freaky deaky (Uh)
And I hate it when she tell me she gon' leave me (Uh)
Let me eat it again, I'm greedy (Uh)
Fuckin' her in the shower like Mimi
Shoot a porno on the phone and hook it up to the TV

You gon' get my answerin' machine, huh
Girl, leave me alone
'Cause you're nothin' that I need, no
I won't answer the phone (Uh, yeah)

We made a movie (Uh), she was a cutie (Uh)
I remember how she used to make me gooey (Uh)
Yeah, I made her loopy (Uh)
And she argue when she drinkin' 1942-y
And her sex was one of the best of (Uh)
I love it when she wanna dress up (Uh)

And it hurts 'cause I know that I messed up
Gave her some of my best stuff
Money and possessions
VVS's and a necklace
To the next gift, to the next gift
Livin' reckless with the next chick
So she decided to exit, I'm stressin'

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So why can't I turn off the radio?
(Why can't I turn off the radio?)