

FLO, Cardboard Box

I got a confession
I don't think I want you anymore
There's no room for questions
I saw her panties on the bathroom floor

Been putting up with this for far too long
You aint gonna change boy
What's the point in stringing me along
We're done for real

So imma put your shit in a cardboard box
Changing my number and I'm changing the locks
When you can't get in know heart gon stop
You may be crying but boy I'm not
Imma put your shit in a cardboard box
Changing my number and I'm changing the locks
Never liked your mamma so I guess she's blocked
You may be crying but boy I'm not

Stressin
Do you hear a stutter in my words
I see it as a blessing
Come Take your shit cause you can go stay at hers I

Hope that she was worth my wasted time
But could she do it like I do
You need someone to put you back in line
So you gon see what I'll do

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Imma put your jeans next to the dreams
That you sold me
Believe karma is a B
And she gon teach

Imma put your gold chains and your roolly
Might just drop a text to your homie

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