

Lil Durk, Sad Songs

Go crazy, I'm textin' her right now
Nah, for real, I'm textin' her right-right now
This song ain't even supposed to be like this

Pretty little thing, you just a pretty little liar
Got on Pretty Little Thing, Van Cleef bracelet cost four thousand, huh
Appreciate the lil' thing if it came from public housin'
Eighteen million for one tour, I'm so humble, ain't even announce it
I like high-end restaurants, when I read the menu, I can't pronounce it
I went toxic for two months, I showed the streets I don't need cancer
Ever since we had car sex, she don't ever wanna wear panties
She like shoppin' on FarFetch, got me watchin' out for her package
I was hard for so long, asked did I pop viagra
I ain't send you home in an Uber, baby, I actually gave you my driver
Had a model kissin' on the street bitch, but I'ma keep it between my family
I'm cummin', she keep on suckin', I told her to stop, she grab my diamond
I know how it feel to be lied on
This ain't gangster shit in my headphones, this a sad song
I can't vent to you on a text message, it's real wrong
He talkin' to one of the most famous girls on my man's phone

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry
I can't say sorry enough
I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry
I can't say it enough

I'm said I'm sorry, told you the stories
And you ain't explain it enough
I said I'm sorry, I said I'm sorry
I hate you think that I'm tough

I don't know what you do me
Start to think about your life insurance before you tell your friends that you through with me
Told her shit that could ruin me
Cut her off, she stopped textin' me back, that shit was blowin' me
I could really have it my way if I wanted to, I'm a walkin' orgy
Yellow Chanel peacoat, fresh off the runway, she Giorgi
Lettin' her feet soak, she be runnin' my mind all this mornin'
Authorized, you was on my bank account, she stopped regardless
Used to say Amari for Amiri jeans 'cause we ain't have nothin'
Used to say Amari for Amiri jeans, that shit retarded
PTSD, I got cheated on, baby, I'm heartless
It is what it is, think what you want, whatever you callin'
I done seen real tears, had a miscarriage, blood in the toilet

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[Chorus: Booka600]
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