

# Nasri, Writer's block

Ohh ohhhh oooohhh,  
Another one two check,  
Another song for the radio,  
It hasnt sunken yet but its about to get personal,  
Last night my life she walked out with a suitcase,  
Took me by surprise,  
and im hurting so bad,  
Now theres just a note paper in her room that broke the sun,  
I'm running out of melodies there used to be enough  
I cant write a note just cant write a note i just cant write a note,  
if I finish this song I will admit shes gone,  
and I wont write it I just dont want to write it until my heart un love,  
I have writers block  
I have writers block..  
You used to wait up late,  
I said I will be right home,  
I even miss our dates,  
Cuz I was grinding in the studio, you always gave so much,  
I thought I gave it back,  
I guess I spread my love in between you and the track,  
Theres just another paper in her room that broke the sun,  
I'm running out of melodies there used to be enough  
I cant write a note just cant write a note i just cant write a note,  
if I finish this song I will admit shes gone,  
and I wont write it I just dont want to write it until my heart un love,  
I have writers block  
I have writers block  
and first we go out clubbing I will be on the bottom of the charts,  
ending my one inspiration,  
the reason that im saying,  
she is at work to the top ,  
I cant write a note just cant write a note i just cant write a note,  
if I finish this song I will admit shes gone,  
and I wont write it I just dont want to write it until my heart un love,  
I have writers block  
I have writers block...  
ooohh ohhh