Wiz Khalifa, Get Your Shit

I'm tired of arguin' and fightin' girl Every night you keep callin' me with the same shit, I'm goin' insane I swear I love you but this ain't right for us I never thought it would end this way, it's gon' kill me to say But you gotta Pack your stuff, leave my keys Get your shit, gotta go Pack your stuff, leave my keys Get your shit, gotta go Told you that I'm movin' on You didn't, well you outta know

To shape you and hold you I admit that was my mission But everything went wrong there cause you started acting different The day you ran up on me I was smoking chilling Swear you was trying to roll ain't know what was so appealing Fast forward I'm on the road your at home calling me back forth Can't deal with this relationship but it's what you asked for As for them picture of them bitches Shit I probably wouldn't be with them if your ass wasn't tripping Not to mention you actin like a kid is the fucked shit I gotta deal with Send a text, leave me a message, try not to listen Bring a ref you was the main player I had to bench you When I showed your ass how to ball, that Louis I bought it all

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Gone on the road and I'm hardly home on the weekend You be blowing my phone up trying to see who I'm seeing But I'm chasing this paper so for this paper I'm reaching Might fuck one or two bitches but dont consider it cheating I consider the fact that we'll break up anyway (anyway) Based on all the shit that you dont appreciate Me switching states, working hard meeting dates And you were thinking everything was sweet, piece of cake Well that all changed What we had was big, but you going to miss the small things And that little cash I spent, that was small change But above all things I still love you Just gotta do my own thing

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