

# Yung Bleu, Dead To Me

You broke my heart, you broke my heart

You broke my heart, you broke my heart, you got me rockin' solo  
My money don't fold, my money don't fold, how you gon' stack this mojo  
I got my new bitch jet-skiing, I done took the cake home  
I don't wanna take no photo, no I don't wanna take no photo  
I don't wanna have no dates  
'Cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face  
Yeah, 'cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face

I ain't finna talk rude to you  
I'm just finna talk rules to you  
Listen bitch, rule number one  
I'm supposed to be the number one  
Fuckin' off, I ain't have a clue  
I was boyfriend number two  
Bringing me to rule number two  
Never have me lookin' like a fool  
How the fuck you thinkin' that was cool?  
All the fast cars and the jewels  
Nigga even paid for your shoes  
(Real shit, real talk nigga)  
But I got a new bitch, matter fact I got 'bout three new new bitches  
I done learned my lesson, treat these bitches like ain't nothin'  
Most these hoes be out here fuckin' different niggas like it's nothin'  
Just to feel like they is something  
You did me wrong, that explains why I'm heartless  
(I don't give a fuck now, for real)

You broke my heart, you broke my heart, you got me rockin' solo  
My money don't fold, my money don't fold, how you gon' stack this mojo  
I got my new bitch jet-skiing, I done took the cake home  
I don't wanna take no photo, no I don't wanna take no photo  
I don't wanna have no dates  
'Cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face  
Yeah, 'cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face

Why the fuck is you calling my phone?  
Why the fuck you won't leave me alone?  
You made your choice, yeah  
And now you got the voicemail  
That pussy moist, yeah, you reminiscing  
I pulled up in that mean machine and I got all the bitches  
I gave you top of the line, I know you miss it baby  
If you could turn back the time, I wouldn't let you baby  
Now you can't buy what I buy, it's too expensive baby  
Now you can't buy what I buy, it's too expensive baby  
I want to lick it and stick it  
I can't be fuckin' with too many bitches, I gotta be choosey and picky  
I'm leaving your neck with a hickey  
You might be the illest, the trillest that did it  
You was surprised when I told you to visit  
Ain't know that I fuck with some diddy  
Come take a ride through my city  
You know that you good if you bang with us  
We from the trenches, we get to the digits, you know that it's dangerous  
That nigga you fuckin', he lame as fuck  
Ah-ayy, this what I told her

You broke my heart, you broke my heart, you got me rockin' solo  
My money don't fold, my money don't fold, how you gon' stack this mojo  
I got my new bitch jet-skiing, I done took the cake home  
I don't wanna take no photo, no I don't wanna take no photo  
I don't wanna have no dates

'Cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face  
Yeah, 'cause bitch you dead to me so get the fuck up out my face