

Yung Bleu, On The Line

She's crying to me, she crying to me

I'm picking up the phone and it's my baby on the line

She crying [x4]

I'm picking up the phone and it's my baby on the line

She crying, she crying

(You really be tripping me out man

You be doing... you be doing the most man

Like just chill out man, foreal)

She got the voicemail, she got the voicemail (Hello)

If I don't answer she gon' raise hell (WTF)

Yea, I was in the club

She was in the tub

I was at the bar

She got in the car

I ain't answer for her I was really far

You know I'm a star

You know how we are

Crazy bitch, she gon' pull up go to war

Caught me by surprise looking so bizarre

Looking like she wanna really break the law

Where you been, shit

Uhhh let me pause

If I tell you she gon' hit me with them paws

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

If I tell her she gon' hit me with them paws

I'm tired of lying

Tired of you crying

You know I'm trying

I'm so defiant

That's why I....

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How the fuck you in your feelings

When you know the business

Know I got to stay in these streets

How the fuck you think that I'm a make a million

Fuckin on you all day in the sheets

Why you asking all them questions

Why you going through my messages

You finna fuck up your blessing

I'm bout to teach you a lesson

Cause you got me stressing

Face-timing while I'm up in the 'yo

Probably think I'm somewhere up in a hoe

When I know you better

But I'm stuck on the road

I gotta go, I gotta go

This shit is driving my psycho

Trying go back like a typo

Got you feeling bad like Michael

We go through the cycles

I gave your heart a revival

I'm standing stall as the Eiffel

I got my phone on silent

All of my hoes exotic
I got your heart but you mad I don't be showing nobody
I don't be knowing nobody
I just be blowing your body
We use to fuck in the hiding ranch
You like a horse
You like hiding it
You like when I get in and ride it
Do anything for my shawty
I'll do anything for my shawty
Yeah

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She crying, she crying
(You really be tripping me out man
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