

# U Had Me

Drag-On

[Melissa Jiminez]

Boy you had me going all out for you  
Now I just don't know what I'm gonna do  
My heart's so weak  
But I think it's best for us to be apart

And situations getting out of hand  
Wish I could understand  
And let you back into my heart  
It's best for us to be apart

[Drag-On]

I'm just a Bronx gangsta  
I made a mistake I admit I fucked the plan up  
I spotted you in Atlanta, I ain't gonna fuck that man up  
I ain't gonna run up in his spot with a bunch of country grammars

Plus, ma I admit it, I fucked up  
I ain't realize what I had until he looked up  
I'm just a Bronx thug so I give off tough love, but  
Ma, you gotta respect this

I wasn't raised with affection, I was raised in with weapons, what  
Give me a second chance  
Let's start this music over, let's get this second dance  
Let's escape from so but I don't want to control you

I just want to just hold you fuck somewhere with hand in hand  
I'm tired of being on the blocks and put pumping hand in hand  
I'm going from girl to girl and you going from man to man  
Let's get on a flight and lay somewhere

Where I can put sand in your hair  
Sitting under chandeliers like yeah  
Your man is here

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[Eve]

Yeah it was crazy, how I used to be a baby  
Went from your shorty to your lady  
Making plans for a long life, huh  
Reminiscing on them long nights, ha

Giggle when I think back, yo  
You remember how we used to act, uh  
The best of friends had each other's back  
If you was riding so was I where the fuck they at

We started growing, shit started changing  
But we was with it for a minute, we just being patient, ha  
You wanted space so I let you go  
But we still fucked around and let nobody know

We tried to get it back it just wasn't working  
The more I stuck by the more it kept hurting  
Had to face it, we just different now  
You living you, I'm living me, that's how the shit go down  
Damn, my love I miss you now

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[Drag-On]  
Ok ma, I'm fucking up  
I ain't trying to put you in touch but  
You say you think my style is stucking it up what  
And ya only smoke blunts for me

Good company, you gave the pussy wait save some for me  
Freaky sex with a whip like slavery  
I whip creamed ya then licked cleaned ya  
And when we get in the streets you hold my nine

Seem seema! And you got the keys to my Beamer  
Light skinned round eyes mixed your some blonde hair  
Treat me like a chair, sit your behind here  
Even lovers when we SIP together

Then SPIT together  
Matter fact let's GET together, yeah

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