

You Had Me, You Lost Me

Eve

You had me, You lost me
And now you want me back
You fucked around and played around
And now your feeling sad

Uh, uh
How should I start it off
You must have thought me soft
Like it was all good to move on and cross me off
We never shared secrets
We wasn't fucking raw
Helped you when you were down and now you got the fucking gawl
We used to be so tight
We was each others life
You was my husband and no doubt I was your fucking wife
Did anything you ever asked of Eve
You turned out to be a devil nigga I couldn't believe
Sneaking numbers out my phone
Calling bitches on the cell
What the hell!
Clunky bitches one on the scale
I'm like a dime over line
You can't calculate my status
And you fucking with these bitches like my ass wasn't the fattest
Like I didn't dress the baddest
Any time we surface
Must have been insecure
Niggas made you nervous
And I guess it was your purpose to lock me in
But you fucked up
Your lucks out
But then again

Used to let shit slide
Caught a couple lies
I chilled for real, I mean I called a couple guys
Knew when you was fucking up, I saw it in your eyes
Then I guess it was my fault cause I put up the disguise
In public we was happy
In home we'd be scrapping
Later we'd be naked, joking, smoking and laughing
Making up to Break up
I thought that shit was love
But it wasn't and I learned the hard was soaking in suds
Crying all depressed
Not again You'll never catch me
Wishing on a star for some nigga to come bless me
I tried to save it
All you ever did was stress me
Pushing all me buttons
Why the fuck must you stress me
Nigga get a life
Go on and find a wife
Get the fuck out my face 'fore I go and find a knife
And you still calling my phone trying to act polite
Asking me for favors now you know that shit ain't right
But

Uh-oh
You see me coming don't you
Look at you running wont you
Oh you gonna sit there and see me like I want to approach you
Now it's payback
I'm talking way back
To bitches calling hanging up
You ain't no way to save that
To unanswered questions
To home in the a.m.
To you out clubbing
Forcing me to stay in
Remember - O.K. then
It's over - no playing
I said it before
I'm about to do it - fuck what you saying
To late for apologies
Go puff on a pile of weed
Think about this good bitch that's leaving and don't follow me
Moving on
Shut you down
Now you wanna regret
You could fuck all day - But it would never feel like my sex
Played yourself
Tried to show I cared
You ain't cared
When I needed you the most nigga you wasn't there
And the game is the same
Comes around goes around
Now hate me forever while the chorus goes around

Look ma everybody makes mistakes aight