

Heart Attack

Jim Jones

I treat her body like the fast life
and I'ma need my heart back
I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up
and you can have her if your cash right
she party all over in the night in town
I think I seen her last night
in my Ferrari strolling with the windows down
treat her body like the fast life
Until she told me slow it down, but I'm just trynna speed it up

I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack And
d I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack And
all of that

Now tell me have you seen her
My lil ballerina a freak just like Athena
With a body like a Trina, she a fucking head turner
A thorough bread earner
I told her let me hit it like Ike & Tina Turner
And She only rock pumps and I ain't talking bout shotties
Blood up on her shoes like she caught a fucking body
She a bad bitch, couple thousand a bag bitch
Love them fast whips, told her name it I crashed it

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack An
d I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack And
all of that

I think I seen her on my last flight
Going to another party out of town
I met her in my past life
Jodeci I'm feeling when she not around
I hit her body like a crack pipe I think my high is coming down

But I'm just trynna speed it up
I told her play Rihanna let me beat it up

I seent her on 34th
I was riding by in the Porche
I woulda gave her a compliment
But I'm tied up on the phone shorty arguing
Okay.. Okay I cheat, i cheat but she good
She ain't ever ever gotta walk a block in the hood
She just throw it in the bag with her little pretty ass
Red wine in a glass end the night of with a gasp

And I'ma need my heart back, the pain is like a heart attack And
d I'ma need my heart back, its feeling like a heart attack And
all of that