Forget about your ex he wasn't good enough, only when he called is when the spot got rough, girl I need to know if I $\,$

qualify, you can call my ex just to verify.

Forget about your ex she wasn't down for you,

you know I got your back cause I'm feelin' you, tell you right
now I qualify,

come at me for real, all games aside.

Baby just relax, see you don't have to ask, I got niggas flippi n' packs,

I'll give you finer things, like carats in your ring. I'll take you to the lot, which one you want to cop, the seven or the drop, just tell me what you need , it ain't about the G's

See money ain't the thing, it ain't about the rings, and those artificial things,

cause all it really brings, is a lot of

pain. What I need is trust, a little bit of lust, so that every time we touch,

I feel it in your kiss. Nothing means more than this

I heard about your ex, and how she used to flex, with the platinum on her neck, how you put her in a Lex, refusing her beggots.

I know what she needs, how you couldn't believe she was with an other kid,

all up in the club, blowing up the spot, all up in the Marriott What?

Anyone could tell, she took me through some hell, wouldn't even post bail, having you around, I think I finally found, a lover I can feel, someone to keep it real, so baby let's chill, just let me know you care, we can take it there

Break Can you qualify
Come and love me right
Stay with me tonight
Could you be the one for me