

Options

Luke James

I'm a man, I'm simple knowledge
Yeah, she's a woman that's prone to violence
Used to be something beautiful, red flags regardless
And love used to be a vehicle
But now there's too much knowledge
So please, forgive me
'Cause I never meant to hurt your daughter
But all the real aching
She's using everything you taught her
And this lyric is a miracle
And a blessing, not a problem
This lyric is a miracle
And a blessing, not a problem

And all I'm tryna say is we got options
Baby, all I'm saying is we got options
Let it breathe
Tell me what's gonna be?
'Cause I never been a fan of running
That's worth the pain, but baby, we'll see
But you could never see the future coming
Girl, I'm just thinking about our options
Girl, I'm just thinking about our options
Hold up

I'm so far gone, I'm barely breathing
She's holding on, guess she's got her reasons
It really hurts to see what we've become
And that's why I'm leaving
Betrayed all the good we've ever done in one-single evening
So please, forgive me
'Cause I'd never wanna hurt my daughter
But all the real aching
You hurt more than I thought you could
And this lyric is a miracle
And a blessing, not a problem
This lyric is a miracle
And a blessing, not a problem

I can't believe that I said that we had options
I never should've said we had options
Let it breathe, so what's it gonna be
'Cause I never been fan of running
That's worth the pain, but baby, we'll see
But you could never see the future coming

(Let me talk to you!)
Started out a college girl, now she in the model world
Screaming she gonna make her way
Rocking on counter fur
Her friends wanna see her fail, but she got a mind made cool
She an outcast, big boy here, andre
Talking about myself, though, heard that I was self-centered
Apologies to my ex, on to the next sentence
My new one say I'm like that, parties at the spotlight
Heels out of la, we lit up the nighttime
Life is shorted than a flick, maybe we should make the scene

All positions came through, mean to rate it a to z
Hanging from the chi-raq, maybe we can skip that
What you know? that's how I go
Frat boy all week long
Untouchable my clique is
Money long as my dick is
Shorty handle her business, she the realest
Hundred stacks in bel-air
Black bottle, black mail
You looking at who run the city
Luke james, runs it with me

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