

# 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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