

## Sweet November

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Jesus called me collect last night  
It took all of me not to answer  
Daddy warned me the perils of play  
Hard to deal God its his standard  
Flying high and fearless baby  
I've kissed death a thousand times before

Remember me for who I was not who I am  
I'll pray you never understand this  
Sweet, sweet, sweet sweet November

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Heard you fucking with Tommy again  
Remember where that landed you last time  
That nigga don't really love you girl  
He just beds you every night it's his past-time  
Blind eye and the feel is dark and  
You two might just do it raw tonight  
Heaven help if he leave you girl  
I bet you bought two new thongs this time

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