

# Circles

## The Game

I just want you to come home  
No matter if it's late at night  
(I hear you talking)  
I know you saying you working  
But baby boy this feeling ain't right  
(I'm just out here tryna get my money you know that)  
Fuck that we got enough houses, enough cars  
You done bought me enough jewelry  
Tired of your shit my nigga you hitting  
(You know I be at the studio and shit)  
Nigga you lying, who you trying to run that game on?  
Who you think I am? I'm not one of these thots you met at Playhouse  
(I didn't say that)  
I just rode by nigga, you wasn't at Dre house  
Parked my shit at Ye house and hopped in the uber  
Jayceon stop lying you fucking think I'm stupid  
Nah look ain't nobody say that  
You ain't complain when I bought that Maybach  
Put you in Chanel, your friend Chanelle can't even say that  
You wanted to see Rihanna I put you and your friends at the concert  
Closet full of Giuseppes you came a long way from Converse  
Took you out that concord, put you in that Tom Ford  
All this arguing I ain't got no time for it  
You call my phone like fifty times  
Don't do no shit like that  
I was just fucking them girls  
I was gon' get right back

Spinning around, spinning around  
Spinning around, spinning around  
It's the same old, we be going through the same old  
Spinning around, spinning around  
Pulling them down, taking them down  
It's the same old, niggas get tired of the same old

Nigga you strapping up?  
Yeah I'm strapping up, shit you acting up?  
Yeah I'm acting up, nigga  
You not gon' keep on playing me  
You not gon' keep on playing me  
Is it gon' be this bitch or your family?  
I'll kill that bitch whole family (I fucking hate you!)  
What your crazy ass shooting in the house for?  
What yo dumbass ruining the house for? And what time you get home anyway?  
Shit, about four  
And that's what the fuck you sleeping on the couch for  
I don't give a fuck, thug life I'm an outlaw  
And the next bitch ain't nothing but a house call  
Scrolling through my iPhone looking for my sidechick  
This bitch always flipping pushing buttons like a sidekick  
That's when I hop in my Jeep and pull it out the toxic  
And while you gone, guess what?  
I'll be bouncing on that sidedick, nigga

I guess you thought they stopped making real niggas when they made you  
I guess you thought they stopped making real niggas when they made you  
I guess you thought they stopped making real niggas when they made you

Shit, they stop making them, they stop making them  
Guess she thought they stopped making real bitches when they made you  
Shit, there's a few in the room and a couple in the Wraith too

Now she's explaining to you  
That she's the baddest bitch to ever grace to pair of shoes  
And if you are unable to find better you lose  
And all this loud chirping that you consider rude  
But when food is on the table  
We may be arguing like the Cain and we Abel  
Then we have some makeup love and we get back stable  
Have a little girl I cut the cord from her navel

I guess it's just the way it goes down  
Love is like a merry go round  
I guess it's just the way it goes down  
Love is like a merry go round  
It all goes to game