

Memories

Trina

breathe...

you gotta let the tears fall for this one
breath

9-27-82 born

look into my eyes

i'm so torn

slow down baby and get a clear view

cuz when you roll down your windows

i'm in your rear view

hold on baby boy

i know its hard for ya

but ya girl got your back

and i'ma ride for ya

and i swear for god, i'd die for ya

how'd i look in your eyes and still lie to ya?

now when you look in my eyes, i just cry to ya

chris brown made it hard to say goodbye to ya

i still remember those days i got a dial tone

tears fallin from my eyes

but i held on

now your memories are all i've got to live on

all outta my zone

i cant move on

hurts worse than death

that you so gone

but the chapter is done

poof, be gone

i wipe away my tears

i got my swag back

word out on the streets is that ya girl is back

you must not know bout me

i got your name tattooed so tha world could see

i dreamt one day we'd make we

a boy for you and a girl for me

but one day just outta tha blue

that boy for you became a dream come true

now

i'm stressin

no restin

you chillin

its killin

we.... gone

yea and now i'm back in my zone

i got so many sayin i should leave it alone

give it up let it go cuz your boy is gone

stop drivin by his crib cuz your boy aint home

stop lookin at your pager and stop callin his phone

you better act like you fly and put your lip gloss on

put your ass in ya jeans and get your grown girl on

you shoulda listened to your mama and picked up that phone

one call aint hurt

i shed blood for you

and when them niggas started hatin i threw slugs for you

now all thats left is what was of you

and now i wanna wake up cuz there's no you

and now i'm down on my knees askin "what'd i do?"
cuz baby life means nuthin to me without you
real love never dies thats what you told me
but now your love's flowin all thru tha industry
and now tha media and press got a hold of we
and now tha whole world knows that we aint we
and she aint we
and she aint me
and she can never be
listen up to em
cuz im talkin to you
i got a message and its just for you

red carpet next to me is a good look for ya
paparazzi snappin pictures for ya
you know i love the way you talk when you real high
you ? your bags when you come home and thats fly
baby boy you kept it real and kept me lookin nice
made it rain in my purse each and every night
back seat of the phantom made it look twice
and now its all just a memory of my life
one ring one watch one chain
one you one me one name
just let me drown
please dont save me
you know you should have held down a little harder baby
but now ya girl's on her own
no more carter baby
i said ya girl's on her own
no more carter baby
no kissin
no touchin
no huggin
no snugglin
i'm missin your lovin
my body cant function
now i'm back on my grind
i gotta stay fly
ya girl's hot
in the ? i'm so high
haters all on my back but they can all die
stuntin just like you daddy no lie
big spender
big whipper
? sipper
i miss ya