

Get Your Shit

Wiz Khalifa

I'm tired of arguing and fighting girl
every night you keep callin me with the same shit
I'm goin insane
I swear I love you but this ain't right for us
I never thought it would end this way, its gonna kill me to say
but you gotta..

Pack your stuff, leave my keys, get your shit, gotta go
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told you that I'm movin on you didn't well you oughtta know

To have to shape and mold you I admit was my mission but everything went wrong there
cuz you start actin different
the day you ran up on me I was smokin, chillin
swore you was tryin to roll ain't know I was so appealin
fast forward I'm on the road, you at home
callin me back, forth
can't deal with this relationship but this what you asked for,
ask for them pictures of them bitches,
Shit, I probably wouldn't be wit em if your ass wasn't trippin,
not to mention you actin' like a kid, is the fuck shit I gotta deal wit
send a text, leave me a message try not to listen bring a wrap, you was the
main player,
I had to bench you when I showed yo ass how to ball that Louie I bought it all.

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Gone on the road and I'm hardly home on the weekend
you'll be blowin my phone up, try to see who I'm seein
but I'm chasin this paper, so for this paper I'm reachin
might fuck one or two bitches but don't consider it cheatin
I consider the fact I will break up anyway, anyway
based on all the shit that you don't appreciate..
me switchin states, workin hard, meetin dates
n you were thinkin everything was sweet, piece of cake.
well that all changed
what we had was big but you gonna miss the small things..
n that lil cash I spent, that was small change, but above all things,
I still love you but I gotta do my own thing.. uh

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How come I never come back now when you call I never call back
cuz I gotta new girl. Yeah, I gotta new girl.
Everything was all good then went all bad and no I don't think bout the time
s that we had cuz,
I gotta new girl. Yeah, I gotta new girl. Yeah.

oh, oh, oh, oh. (8x)