

# Glass Heart

Mike Stud

She think I give a fuck about it that's the sad part  
I could break it down like I got a glass heart  
I've been speeding around like I'm in the Nascar  
Fast car [?] driving fast car  
She think I give a fuck about it that's the sad part  
Imma give it to her she just gotta ask for it  
Maybe add a couple stamps to a passport  
And she always look good for me  
So here's some cash for it  
Ah damn, that shit get expensive  
Just like her taste is  
Just like her face is  
Just like the payments on her crib and the Benz is  
Just like my time is yeah that shit get expensive  
But I'm here to spend it

She want somebody like me  
She likes somebody like me  
'Cause she knows I'm out of my league  
She can't find somebody like me  
And she wants somebody like me  
She can't find somebody in her league  
And she needs somebody in her league  
To wait for her  
'Cause I need somebody like her

Big boat  
Bigger bag of weed  
And some big smoke  
Pick up all the tree  
And no give and go  
Cut it and I leave  
Out the back door  
Swimming in the backstroke  
And she said I like your vibe  
I said me too  
I could put some time aside  
For them things that we do  
And you know I like your style  
But she look better naked  
If that ass is up for grabs  
Imma confiscate it  
And she so fucking bad  
I gotta leave the lights on  
Keep that ass in check  
I hit it with the Nikes on  
Gotta go  
Gotta get that dominoes  
Call it mailbox money  
Bring the dough right to my door

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To wait for her  
'Cause I need somebody like her