

# A Fools Tale (Running Back)

Tory Lanez

You hurt me, you got me  
Acting like I'm not me  
I dig that, I'm big mad  
The big bag, Versace  
If you ain't love me like that you wouldn't keep running back  
It's so hard to hold back when you keep coming back, yea  
And when I need her back, I just put it on replay  
Fly her to Miami in the city where the Heat play  
Hotter in the sheets, finna cut her like a DJ  
Fifteen bottles like a king say  
She don't pay attention to that him say and she say  
Said it two times then I jinxed it  
Saw right through me had a cup full of lies as I dranked it  
Only gonna get it when she want it  
New Givenchy, Birkin bag Now you got some, baby flaunt it  
Wishing I kept it honest

Oh you got some  
Oh you got some  
Oh you got somebody  
But you won't stop from  
You won't stop from  
You won't stop from running back  
Oh you got some  
Oh you got some  
Oh you got somebody  
But you won't stop from  
You won't stop from  
You won't stop from running back

Running back to me (See when I get the strength to leave)  
Running back (You can learn to appreciate)  
Running back to me (Then it all remains the same)  
You're running back to me (You ain't never gonna change)

You got me, I got you  
You're acting out like you're not you  
The rumors, all not true  
You're giving away everything I got you  
Birkin bags and them tags won't get me back  
I gave a fuck, you blow fifty stacks  
You mad as fuck when I spit these facts  
'Cause you could spend it ten ways  
Never cared about your money, regardless of what my friends say  
'Cause there is nothing that they can say  
Tory if you really want it come Wednesday to Wednesday  
Boss bitch whip, I pull up, cause a frenzy  
No scratch on it, no Spud, no MacKenzie  
For all of my ladies  
Sing this song if you can't do wrong

Oh you got some  
Oh you got some  
Oh you got somebody  
But you won't stop from  
You won't stop from  
You won't stop from running back

Oh you got some  
Oh you got some  
Oh you got somebody  
But you won't stop from  
You won't stop from  
You won't stop from running back

Running back to me (See when I get the strength to leave)  
Running back (You can learn to appreciate)  
Running back to me (Then it all remains the same)  
You're running back to me (You ain't never gonna change)

Draft you to the team like Kobe in '96  
Blue and orange drops like you went and signed to the Knicks  
You're fine and you're think get you assigned to the dick  
Have you running back and forth like suicides in this bitch  
Do or die's in this bitch like shoot from line in this bitch, I  
Stunt so hard, I stuff credit cards in Goyards  
Your face, no flaws  
No case, no charge  
Pulled in in BM's, we spending daily per diems  
From AM to the PM you would hop inside my bed, get it wetter than (what's th  
at line?)  
Uhh, spray 'em when you see 'em  
That's why I'm paying no attention to chicks I'm playing in my DM, I know  
Drop out Rovers, pop out sofas  
With me when I wasn't eating we would pop out Stouffer's  
And see, that's why I'm still fucking with you  
Head down, ten toes, still thugging with you  
Taking long flights out to DR, back to Caicos  
Trips for the chick that swing them hips like For questions like "how'd your  
day go?"  
I'll spend it, extend it just to watch the day go  
As far as bankroll bank go  
I could speak for it with the trips like sprain on ankle  
And keep mamí on every one of them, shit I'm sonning them  
Niggas talking crazy to bae, I'll put a gun in them  
Superhero shit, pop up, dun-dun-dun at em  
Was with me back when I was broke and so I run it up  
Anything for you, I swerve in the lane for you  
Hop in the drop top, still work in the rain for you  
Nurture this pain for you  
'Cause even days that it ain't working I'm still lurking and hurting in pain  
for you  
See the art was I was shooting from the heart, but what's shooting from the  
heart when the worthless aim for you? Yeah