

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