

Out of Love (feat. Internet Money)

Lil Tecca

It's my love, it's your love, it's our love
And I be thinkin' the world is out of love
So lovestruck, it's fucked up
And she don't really care because Everybody want the same thing
New chain, new car and the same ring
I just wanna make money with the same gang
New glass, new frame, but the same lane
Whole team cold different but the same pain
Rollie, Rollie, Rollie, I just want a plain jane
Bitches fuckin' different niggas for the same fame
I'm committed to myself nigga, so I can't change
She wanna pop it, lock it, drop it
I'm so up, baby stop it
Tinted windows drivin' 'round 'cause I'm poppin'
She wanna come, my bitch showin' no love
Toxic, baby, can't trust, be honest
She want me to hit it, no boxin'
Pass the grip, toss it Hop in the Bentley, the Rari', the Mulsanne
You got a problem with me? You can come say it
Pass the lil' thottie off, I had to relay it
Now when they say my name, they be like He made it
Oh shit, that's Tecca, that boy up in N.Y.
I'm really from Queens but they say I'm from L.I
Sixth grade up in two thirty-one with my fellas
Since out when I moved out the hood, we all fell out
Obvious that we don't give a fuck
They used to stick me up
And now they showin' up
And now they showin' love
I'm gettin' love from up above
No, no, don't hit me up
No, no, don't hit me up, no, no Everybody want the same thing
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