

Ain't Ya Ex (feat. Mila J & Tink)

Eric Bellinger

[Intro: Eric Bellinger]

Aw yeah, oh

Player shit only, yeah, yeah, yeah

This gon' be your favorite song

(Hol' up, hol' up)[Verse 1: Eric Bellinger]

I'ma have to call you

You might have to fall through, yeah

I might just need all of you

Can you give me all you? Yeah

Baby, I'm the one for you, yeah

All I got is love for you

I might put my tongue on you

I wanna eat some of you, yeah

[Chorus: Eric Bellinger]

Said I ain't nothin' like yo ex nigga, yeah

Uplift and bench-press, nigga, yeah

Said, I'm a young, rich, blessed, nigga, yeah

I'm a famous like Dex nigga, yeah

She said I remind her of her ex-nigga, yeah

Said, boy you only want the sex, nigga, yeah

But I'ma call, not text nigga

I'ma put you in a ring and white dress nigga, yeah

I ain't your ex-nigga, ex-nigga, ex-nigga, yeah

I love my other hoes, they pressed, nigga

Ex-nigga, I ain't you ex-nigga, yeah

Said, I ain't nothin' like your ex-nigga

Ain't your ex, your, ain't your ex, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ain't your ex, oh, ain't your ex (It's Eazy)

[Verse 2: Mila J]

Mila to the rescue (Mila, Mila)

I'm about my checks too (Hold up, Mila)

I'm a goddess so I can bless you (Bless you)

If you're lucky, I might sex you

First, I gotta know, boy, what that head do? (Oh yeah)

I'ma send a pic to test you (Oh yeah)

I know, I impress you (Oh yeah)

So shoot that PJ, need my leg room

Baby, I ain't nothing like your ex-bitch (Ain't your ex)

Let's get this shit established (Ain't your ex)

Hella fatter than a bad bitch (Ain't your ex)

Plus, my booty real, come grab it [Chorus: Eric Bellinger & (Mila J)]

Girl, I ain't nothin' like yo ex nigga, oh no no

Uplift and bench-press, nigga, yeah
 Said, I'm a young, rich, blessed, nigga
 I'ma put you in a ring and white dress nigga
 I'ma put you in a ring and white dress nigga
 I ain't your ex-nigga (ex), ex-nigga (ex), ex-nigga
 Yeah (ex)
 I love my other hoes, they pressed, nigga, yeah (ooh, ex)
 Ex-nigga (ex), I ain't you ex-nigga
 Said, I ain't nothin' like your ex-nigga[Verse 3: Tink]
 I got this message for my next love
 Hope you ain't as messy as my ex was
 Words don't mean a thing, words don't mean a thing
 You gon' break my heart, then tell me I changed
 Like my ex-nigga
 I always swear, I'm freaking on the next nigga
 Don't be like my ex, nigga
 I'm gon' leave you lonely for a day
 What you tryna say?
 'Cause words don't mean a thing
 Fuck a car, baby, pull up (Pull up, pull up, pull up)
 Right now, right now, yeah
 I just wanna roll with you
 [??] before the [??]
 You know what he put me through[Chorus: Eric Bellinger & (Mila J)]
 Girl, I ain't nothin' like yo ex nigga, oh no no no
 Uplift and bench-press, nigga, yeah
 (I'ma young) Said, I'm a young, rich, blessed, nigga
 I'ma put you in a ring and white dress nigga, yeah
 I ain't your ex-nigga (ex), ex-nigga (ex), ex-nigga (ex)
 I love my other hoes, they pressed, nigga (ooh, ex)
 Ex-nigga(ex), I ain't you ex-nigga
 Said, I ain't nothin' like your ex-nigga
 Ain't your ex, your, ain't your ex
 Ain't your ex, ain't your ex (I ain't nothing like your ex-nigga)
 I ain't your ex nigga
 Ain't your ex[Outro: Eric Bellinger]
 Ooh, yeah, Mila, Mila, Mila
 Shoutout Tink
 She did her thing
 And you know me (It's Eazy)
 It's all Easy
 It's too easy, way too easy
 And I ain't nothing like your ex-nigga
 It's all Easy
 It's too easy, way too easy
 So take my number, that's a Eazy Call
 Haven't seen you in a while

