

# Text from Your Ex (feat. Tinashe)

## Tinie Tempah

I got a text from your ex, boy  
She said to look through your texts, boy  
I'm not the kind of girl to snoop but I had a feeling to  
And now I'm looking for my next boy  
See, I got a text from your ex-girl  
And she was telling me where you were, last night  
I was chilling on my own, thinking you're alone  
You were having sex with your ex-girl  
I got a  
Yeah, one text from my ex  
You know I always flex on my ex  
You know I got a rep to protect  
You know I never let it get to my head (I got a)  
No, never gettin' vexed when you're wet  
My DJ bring his decks on the jet  
Came out when you put me on the sofa  
I know you wanna get my respect (I got a)  
I don't know why you moved to mess  
What's the point you tryna prove again?  
Uh, there you go, gettin' lose again, but ya  
Try win, but you lose again, and ya (I got a)  
Hanging 'round those bougie ants  
Got girls, but you're usin' them  
But you're gettin' high, gotta lose the chance  
Gotta love you long time, but you was a ten  
I got a text from your ex, boy  
She said to look through your texts, boy  
I'm not the kind of girl to snoop but I had a feeling to  
And now I'm looking for my next boy  
See, I got a text from your ex-girl  
And she was telling me where you were, last night  
I was chilling on my own, thinking you're alone  
You were having sex with your ex-girl  
I got a  
Life ain't is what seems to be  
Tryna work it out what it means to me  
Nowadays everybody want a piece of me  
Notorious, South, West and East, yo (I got a)  
That's why I look to seas and the seeker reef  
Used to check the Tinie man for the DVD  
He and I reminisce sometime, time  
Peace in East, and in LA gettin' lean with Dee (I got a)  
I don't why you moved to mess (yeah)

Show me who you are, from who's your friends, (uh, no)  
I got space for you, and two in the Benz (yeah)  
Ain't no night stand, if you do it again (I got a)  
But now me in amnesia, Brandy or Moësha  
After referendums girl, I've still got that visa  
Oh, I can't believe you've done this  
I told you I take no shit  
And you were supposed to love me  
Then I got a text from your ex  
All summer night, reachin' for nine  
On stand by, three sixty five  
You get high and you testify  
Who's that girl? You let me lie  
All summer night, reachin' for nine  
On stand by, all at a time  
You get high, and you testify  
I got a text from your ex, boy  
She said to look through your texts, boy  
I'm not the kind of girl to snoop but I had a feeling to  
And now I'm looking for my next boy  
See, I got a text from your ex-girl  
And she was telling me where you were, last night  
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All summer night, reaching for nine  
All summer night, reaching for nine  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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