

# 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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I'm gettin' love from up above  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>