

Chandelier

Curren\$y

Out here there are no stars
Out here we are stoned
Chandeliers in the ceiling
Remind her of the time, that she was dealing with a
Nigga on the grind, trying to get a billion
Sacrificing time, to spend with all his women
Chandeliers in the ceiling, remind her of the time
That she was ridin' with me, I'm always on her mind
But I be on my mission she smile and she cry
Any time she see him...
Shorty had her own money
Everytime she came through she brung it
Didn't want nothing from me, but for me to kick it
Play the cut, be the make-believe husband
Couldn't stomach the fact that I was always running
In and out out of them streets, in and out them freaks
And I didn't hide nothing, from her I was a hundred
That's why she couldn't leave, I kept it way too G
Her family in her ear, advising her that she should be
With a doctor, a lawyer, someone with a degree
But she wanted no pointers, was happiest with me
Nightlife cruising something in a spoiler with two seats
Making real jet movements, this lifestyle wild, these hoes attached to it
I fucked up, she say fuck me and then she really do it
Living this life is foolish, so I rather let you slide
Even though I hate to do it
Real life situations... out here there are no stars...
From the pages of the fashion magazine
To Twitter, to plane tickets to get her here with me
Lying to them other guys, but keeping it sincere with me
At least that's what she wish that I believe
Boomerang style, right outta the silver screen
Same player ways as mine, dog attitude with a feline
Simple real nigga made a bee line, hard to shine like he shine
But when I was off on the grind, laid with lesser niggas in the meantime
Double standard rules apply
You can't do what a man do
He don't look good in the streets' eyes
And they watchin' the people, lookin' for signs of weakness
Makin' moves with a floozy, you'll be lookin' like a sizzimp
And the vultures out to eat them, and I can't be in that number
So it's on the late night fuck news, can't be seen in the public

By then she always fussin, and I ain't got the time
So I have to let her slide, she think about me when she high
Real life situations... just got those from looking through my phone.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>