

Beauty and the Beast

Bugzy Malone

[Intro]

She sits and cries about the times we were low
And when her family ask about me she says we're cool
Tell her not to cry no more
'Cause I'm coming home, I'm coming home

[Verse 1]

The phone vibrated twice, I looked but I still didn't read it
Cause I knew they was gonna stress me out and right now I don't need it
She told me she was leaving
I gave her too many reasons
She told me that I don't care, but I told her I'm no good with my feelings
When I first met her, I'm not gonna lie
I was struggling sleeping
Then she got a nigga dreaming
And then helped me achieving
Alright fuck it let's read it, she said the roads won't love you like I will and I'm starting to
believe it
In fact, I'm starting to feel it
Back then I was driving with no license
I was struggling with violence
The man said twelve pounds for two tickets
Then there was an awkward silence
She had to pay me into the cinema
And at that point I was frightened
Do I tell her that I fell off or do I lie?
Either way, she was smiling
I told that I'm gonna be somebody, must have been hard to believe, when I'm sat there bagging
up weed, breaking down twenty-eight G's
And that was in Bury New Road
Bedroom stinking cheese
But she was on a ride or die 'ting
We're like Beauty and the Beast

[Hook]

I'm not home much no more, she sits and cries about the times we were low
And when her family ask about me she says we're cool
Tell her not to cry no more
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[Verse 2]

She told me that I'm the man
And I gotta spread my wings
And now that you're smashing music
You could have plenty of 'tings
And you're getting better with the spotlight, then she looked down and grinned
But I could see the tears and I pray to God that he forgives my sins
I remember the night when the police knocked on, and she was shaking on the bed
And I was tryna' hide the weed, shaking my head
And then I threw it in the bag, and I ran across the park
She met me on the other side, and we was rolling in the dark
And that's that criminal love, she's wearing leggings and Nike's
I'm wearing Bali' and gloves, no one's fucking with us
And now I'm fucking her up, I told her no side-chick could ever break down what we've build
up, then I see her eyes fill up
Tell her I'm coming home; I'm sick of this black patrone
I'm sick of these dizzy girls, I'm sick of us acting cold (cold, cold, cold...)
Tell her when I get back, I'm gonna do this properly (Yeah, I'm gonna do this properly)
No more setbacks, nobody can stop me (nobody can stop me)

[Hook]

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I'm coming home
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