

7 Mile

"Just a Memory radio version"

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featuring Negro League

[Negro League]

You crave for me, mentally blown
And physically known you at home
Beggin' to bone about 7 miles from the jeweler, uh
H-Class for the stones, uh, make you go uh
And you crash when you zone
Tense, ever since eye sets to Next
Floss lex' to promisca
Fly sista, blow kissa, now a mista
Lust crippla, bent wit ya, mo sippa', wet in ya

Yo, I sidetracks, and left the back
I write raps betta tracks
All her laughs caught the cat
Click the taps, touch the tracks
Not when I sat on other women's, laid back, what
Age that, rap dog keep my mind a long way forth pinch
In the next ice rich, hold me wet the ice kiss
Flow mosaics, priceless with niceness
Seven mile and E, yo girl, you got to let go

[7 Mile]

Time for me to say
Time for us to go our separate way
Everything we used to share
Came to an end
We're no longer lovers
We're no longer friends

1 - I realized you were just telling me lies
And the pain you gave me I can not disguise
You gave me the world
And I was your fool
I can not believe
All the things you put me through

2 - Used to be the one loved
Used to be the one I put my trust
Now you're just a memory

Can't you see
Ain't nothing going on
With you and me

Time for you to go
Found a love to give me all I need and more
I'm moving on to better things
A better plan
Used to play me for a fool
But I won't be used up

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

Everything we used to know
Everything we used to be
Just a memory

Everything we used to know
Everything we used to be
Just a memory, just a memory

[Negro League]
Remember me? The shorty that you kicked to the curb
Called me Herb, I'm blush now, mark my word
Dream denere, rock with my peers
Flow for the ear wit the League in the rear

What?
Don't try to hold me down
Memories is all we have now
And half of them are gone
The rest are buried in the ground
I can hear the sound of your heart
For 7 Miles, reminiscing on how we used to get down

Shorty calm that
I thought your trainer thought was on track
Never figured you was wit 'em when you never called
back
For the small fact, it was reknowned around town
That you was my wiz and them kids couldn't clown
Held me now
No seconds thoughts, I was the only
Reminiscing on my nights after fights
Riding my pony, all that was phoney
Negros, we on track for Sony
Forget friends, jacks are made playa homey

Repeat 2 until fade

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