

## El Pus "India"

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Hmm~ç~ÊÊ!.

You kicked me out, I called you up  
And after all, I wish I would've stayed away  
Because I'm getting tired, India

And every time  
I hear your name  
I think of game  
That sometimes I don't wanna play  
Because I've had enough of India

Hmm~ç~ÊÊ!.

Seven years  
Or more of this  
Is more than I  
Can be asked to endure, and if this  
Is a test  
I've failed it, India

I wish you love  
I wish you joy  
And if you someday  
Have a girl or boy, I hope  
You teach them better  
Than you, India

CHORUS:  
Seven years  
Or more of this  
Is more than I can stand  
Tried my best  
To be with you  
And simply be a man  
Sometimes when I try to talk  
You need to understand  
That life is long  
And life is love  
I used to love you, India

I won't explain

I thought you knew  
But you assumed it wasn't true  
When I told you the type of man  
That I was, India

I broke it down  
And kept it real  
Cus that's just how a brother feels  
But you tried to manipulate  
My mind state, India

[CHORUS]

Now seven years  
Have come and went  
And I won't miss a moment spent  
But still I bid you fairly well  
My darling India

HmmÃ¢â€Œ!

[CHORUS]

HmmÃ¢â€Œ!

Seven years  
Or more of this  
Is more than I can stand.

Bonus:

1: What is, what is El Pus, man?

2: I never heard of that shit.

1: That's some shit somebody Å— yo.

2: That's bullshit.

3: Is that Mexican?

1: I mean, for real, y'all don't got a real name, man? I mean what's Å— is it spanish or something?

3: What the fuck?

1: I can't hear you, Cuf.

2: These niggas.

1+2: The shit!

2: In what language?

1: That shit's Portuguese-Jamaican!

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