

Brooke Valentine

"Mia"

Visit "[Mia](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Naughty

(Verse)

Call your girlfriend, tell her that you're sober, going again.
If she don't wanna comfort me, baby, please believe me
I might force to be back at it, do you hear me?
Hustle on and longing to resist a grain,
Voting pictures of me and him.
Waiting for the comments even though they sound crazy,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's my baby.

(Pre-Chorus)

Pour one another, I'll pour another
Pour one another, I'll pour another
Pour one another, I'll pour another
She is over.

(Chorus)

Said she lived with me,
Girl has been MIA, MIA, MIA.
No more looking for love, cause you're right here with her.
MIA, now she's MIA,
Hold up, hold up.
MIA, no more looking for love, cause you're right here with her.

(Verse)

Imma mess around, it's all in my mouth,
They already know, in the south.
What it was, what it is and what it's coming
What she is, what she was and now it's on me.
It is what it is, a little shaded,
Girl, who you're mad at, who are you blaming?

(Pre-Chorus)

If I call him up he'll be over soon,
You had your chance, now you're through.

Pour one up, I'll pour another
Pour one up, I'll pour another
Pour one up, I'll pour another
She is over.

(Chorus)

Said she lived with me,
Girl has been MIA, MIA, MIA.
No more looking for love, cause you're right here with
her.
MIA, now she's MIA,
Hold up, hold up.
MIA, no more looking for love, cause you're right here
with her.

(Bridge)

I pause up, let them invite one in,
My hopes up with my rim bottom stunting.
Your man is hot, and he watching me coming,
Fixed on my hips, now I got is my running.
Is the Gucci round my waist, big roly face
Standing next to me, bitch, it looks out of place
And I set your man, it was way too easy,
You had your chance, baby, but your boy chose me,
see
So here's a tissue, wipe the snot out your nose,
Dropped a couple racks or my neck will be frozen.
Stop calling, stop imposing,
Tip fly, I'm the one who's chosen,
Gucci dresses, now is MIA and I'm cooking breakfast.
Comfort me, yeah, I'm in to put the strap out,
I talk sly, so I fuck till I pass out.
Quick to pull the cash out, then throw the trash out,
Wet from the ratches, with the grip set out.

Visit [Brooke Valentine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.