

Charles Hamilton

"The Honeymoon's Over"

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[Intro:]

I swear this is the realest love song I have ever written.

It's not a love song, it's a real song.

Uh.

It's Charles Hamilton.

Blame me, right? Shit.

[Verse 1:]

Well well, Here we are. Another argument.

Yeah I know. It's my fault. I always start this shit.

This some retarded shit. Calling bitches yamps on my blog and shit.

Why do I think that's not the heart of it?

You have a problem with you, not me. Cause you got me.

I need you aqui. I look at other women, and it's you I see.

I do not need to be abused by thee.

You do shit for my attention. It's senseless.

You're mine period. Check the end of the sentence.

Simone.

Took up so much space in my dome, I forget my own face when I roam.

I'm more now. Star time. Hard times have passed me.

I'm the driver. Crying time is in the back seat.

So why do you insist on being in the back with me?

And you get tight when other women wanna ask for me.

[Verse 2:]

Before I met you I caught mad bodies.

You mad probably, but they mad they ain't got me.

Copy, I told your ass sit there cocky, but nah. You wanna black.

And now you wanna chat with some otha' niggas.

Sending texts with the phone I bought you.

I know you ain't showing them tricks that I taught you.

Going to see them niggas in the shit that I bought you.

If I wasn't Charles, I would flip an Ike on you.

This is my heart you playin' around with.

When niggas I eye-ball you, they want a round fist

But you're not use to the attention I guess.

As if your hands ain't on that beating shit in my chest.

Bitch I'm obsessed. Getting a rest.
Turnin' down celebs. Burn an ounce to the head.
I'm certain I'm about to just let go. But no, I love you.
But being alone is something that I can adjust to.

[Verse 3:]

Keep promisin' you gon' be better.
Cause you know me better.
On some OD letter.
But I feel so alone sometimes.
Which you, so much so, I bet you think I wrote this shit
against you.
This instrumental was made out of pain, that you
caused.
Bitch stay out my brain. Stay in my heart. I gave you a
part.
Love 2.0, I'm state of the art. The only thing that
changed is the way that I talk.
Everyday in my thoughts. How could you say that I'm
lost?
You call me selfish. Shit I was before I met you.
I let you in, how could you not feel special?
Don't wanna hurt you, feels like I might. To be real, I
can fight.
But I'm a man, kinda flyy. If something does happen,
blame it on rap.
You can hate me, I'm whack. But I'm a still say (Baby
come backk)

Tough love.
Tough enough.
I love you.
Charles Hamilton.
One.

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