

Los

"Marvin's Room"

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[Verse 1 - los]

Y'all niggas weak, I could fuck 2 or 3 on your roster
You the reason she found me, I'm the reason you lost her
I be blowing up her phone, always talking reckless
When she blow up my phone, I only respond with texts
Like "soon as I land in texas, I'mma text you later
Don't take this out of context, but your ex a hater
It's time for you to fuck with a dominant man"
She said "when I step back and weigh it all on a scale
Your statements is thorough, his commas is frail
But I was only with him for the coins
Like sonic and tails"
As I was sliding off her jeans
Her phone started to ring
A name popped across the screen
I said:

[Hook - los]

Fuck that nigga that shit is so whack
After you blow my brains out you can get him back
Don't fuck with these rappers these niggas clowns
I guess your girl ain't safe neither the crown

I'm just saying you can do better
Tell me have you heard that lately
I'm just saying you can do better(uhhhh)
Guess that's why these niggas hate me

[Verse 2 - los]

So I ain't gotta smack a nigga up
My swag is sick enough to make these bitch niggas...
She said "you keep me in a fly mood
You got me on these sit-ups and
Off of fried food, morning jogs, yoga
Fresh bowls of fruit, it's like you
Introduced me to passion and now I know?
You told the truth, so every time the past tempt me
I pass it up, that was a glass that was half empty
You like a black bentley
A set of rubies, a precious set of pearls

My favorite pair of louies
I said "damn, I can't ignore the fact
I appreciate the apparition and I adore you back
You got me feeling like I'm on one..."
And then her fucking phone rung
I said:

[Hook - los]

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[Verse 3 - los]

I walked up in the crib, that shit was candle-lit
She grabbed my dick, he?
Said "can you handle it?
The next time you hit my phone, I'mma
Turn on the speaker while we bone"
I said "ooh! scandalous!"
She said "nah los, I'm really just rejuvenated
And I'd much rather tell the truth than fake it
Who am I kidding?
These effing actors are stepping backward
Call it a lesson practiced
There's nothing less than practice
Makes perfect, when you stressing wack shit
It brings the best shit out you
And I guess I'm about to invest in love
Love, is indef as fuck if you could end up
Just stuck with your limbs up
Just fucking, I'mma keep your chin up
I feel like I've been doing push-ups and
Chin ups, and stuff
Yeah, I got me back
I mean I got "I" back
I got to me, that's me again
You know I got my fly back
I said "you got it mami
They're the fake niggas
Just never dedicate yourself
To featherweight niggas
Life is a fight and life brings you
To light. hate may bring rain
But brings nice things you like
I know it rains all april and summer's

Way better. but to get there
You gotta face the mayweather
You got me feeling like I'm on one..."
And right then her fucking phone rung

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