

Trey Songz "Bad News"

Visit "[Bad News](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, Okay, the news just came in
that Tremain is, now Im grammy nominated,
aww man what a dream
But whata nigga think, aint shit changed but the color
of the leaves
Still gotta go hard, like my dick in ur broad
If you hate that, you can put my dick in yo jaws
And don' t waste that, I will never loose because the
lord is where my faiths at
Uh, take that. Ive endured more pain from the game
More strain on the brain than I thought I could sustain
GranDaddy just died, thats gon' bring my daddy close
to me
We gon ride out, and chop it up, thats how it' s
supposed to be
Life too short for me to worry about your thoughts.
God judge me, i give a fuck about the court
Plus y' all all foul like shaq was on the court
Don t talk shit now, if you aint back it up before
But y' all can' t stop me from reaching my goals
You gay behind doors looking through a peep hole.
Tired as a nnnn, I dont never sleep tho.
Play the game to win, Ill never cheat though.
Sometimes it seems I will never beat though.
Still how you earn a blow like, C4.
no nigga can take me take me, no repo
no nigga can face me, no equal
Fire under me, Teeth over lip
Under your shit like im under my pits.
Photograph me in a picture like a pimp
the women love me like hate doesn' t exist

Suicide songs I slit my wrists
Suicide doors on the whip aint shit
Do as I can, true as I am, old niggas can never be as
new as I am.
I aint sayin the same man, life about evolving.
Many other dudes havent grown, they're just disolvin.
Such a mis fortune, triggers such a problem
Aint no mathamatics to equate him or to solve him
Word is im cold, and they just wanna defrost him
Word in my ? turn to songs, turn to awesome

mind on float, my body on coast, which one pick one
Ill probably finna' touch down, just bought a seven i aint
finna' touch down
thoughts running like a man Trying to get his gut down
Daydreaming of my aborted daughters
Trying to put my best foot forward and balance
Like a skater would, searching for a greater good
Ridin' through my old neighborhood, outter door
Reefs, it was Christmas time, 40 chrome piece with a
clip inside
Out of yo reach, Salvatore feet
I adore beats, then I kill'em so sweet,
Sick of niggas hating, quit deliberating
This anti-climatic how your antics are average, Im on
acid,
Said you got it all backwards, trey songs sings.
But tremaine has all assests
Bastards, bastards.

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.