

Trina

"Come 2 Far"

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I'm too far, 305, to turn back now, yeah, aha
I reached the peak, but I don't know how.
I've come too far to turn back now
I reached the peak, but I don't know how.

A hundred seconds never looked so nice on a queen
The ghost pod's reflection, the hairy glisten bling
Standing ovations and the sold out show days
I've been winning since recording a dat tapes.
So what a bitch hate, that's what they made for
And I'm the competition I'm what they came for.
Prolific, profound and gifted, I don't hear these bitches
Bopping so I don't get tempted,
In my own lane and a queen till the death of me
The bitches claim they bad but the only thing bad is me
Sterved up, now the chemist cooking chemistry
I can't be duplicated so they all choose to follow me
These birds are pictures of trash, if I ain't write it with
my pen
Losses ink, that's the day I retire, I never expire
I pray to a God that's higher, he promised me a long
time
He give me all I desire.

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I'm sitting on airplanes, slash spaceships
I'm an astronaut, with real curf tips
Million dollar whips, I take space trips
I sip Starbucks and spend space chips
I play 50 cent moka, I'm on vh1
Now tell me something that a bitch done that I ain't
done
To not be feeling left out like I am the one
Fucking the world, it's political
I've been hot as the sun
I've been getting to the money like it's nothing
I've been rocking Chanel, no Prodeem, no fuck shit

I'm on my own budget and you hoes know money
I can't take you under cause you thirst for the money
Bitches never had nothing till the game gave it to em
And now they getting money, the money came to them
In my own lane and a queen till the death of me
The bitches claim they bad but the only thing bad is me

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If you was thinking that it was over
Leprechaun, here's my 4 leaf clover
But I don't need luck, I've been prayed up
While they was sleeping, I'm the same bitch who stayed
up
While I'm most persistend, why the rockstars love me
Why I'm on my 6th album, why your man wanna fuck
me
Why the movie screen calling, why I ain't stop balling
Why you throwing sneak disses if I really ain't the
target
Why they throw me on the cover, why my ass so fat
Yeah my ass is a movie, you should see it from the
back
And it's HD, high definition
If I never started rapping, all this ass you'd be missing
You'd be in the same position, listening to corny
bitches,
All the lies that they telling and the fantasies they
wishing
In my own lane and a queen till the death of me
The bitches claim they bad but the only thing bad is
me.

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