

Spm "Medicine"

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

[First Verse:]

All this time, you've been mine, heaven-sent Valentine
And just like that, my life stopped on the dime
I can't stop cryin', inside I'm dyin'
I caught you red-handed, that's what I get for spyin'
But I've been suspicious, cuz you done caught me with
some bitches
But you promised not to shoot me with the same
triggers
You didn't know the new Benz I just bought you
Could be tracked by satellite, and that's how I caught
you
Oh Baby why?
In the past I've been unfaithful
I can't believe it, I feel like, this nigga raped you
But you allowed it, you gave yourself to a coward
I'ma bury both of you, and STILL buy you flowers

[Chorus:]

Remember when
Our love would never end?
But now I am
Tastin' my own medicine

[2x]

[Second Verse:]

It's disturbin', it's sick, I keep thinkin' bout this shit
I wanna spit on your face, while you lie in a ditch
You forgave me, but I just can't forgive you
Cuz it ain't the same, I can't explain it, but it's true
It's way worse, I never felt pain like this
I can't take you back, you fuckin' nasty ass bitch
You destroyed me, you ruined, everything I worked for
A house with an elevator, a spa on the third floor
I still love you, but never in my life will I touch you
You disgust me, your beautiful face became ugly
I just wish you was a dream, and that I could wake up
But it's real, so I keep, gettin' drunk, as fuck

[Chorus]

[Third Verse:]

I'm home waitin' for you, you don't know that I know yet
You're probably gettin' fucked right now, sippin' some
moet
I checked the address, it's some dude named Paul
Thirty-three years old, oh yeah, I checked it all
Probably met him at the mall, spendin' up my cash
G-string up your ass, wearin' tight ass pants
Oh my, look who just pulled up in her Benz?
Where you been at Girl?
Oh, doin' some errands?
Take your shit off!
Let me smell you, what you thinkin' bout?
I know where you've been!
Shut your muthafuckin' mouth!
Whose house is this?
And who the Hell is Paul?
What you mean this ain't a house?
This where you took the dog?
You mean....this the vetinarian's office?
You got the Parvo shots, for the puppy I just bought us?
It's some old man named Dr. Paul Seigel?
Here's the business card, in case I don't believe you?
Call him up right now?
Nah Baby that's okay
You know I trust you, I love you, that's all day
Why is my face red?
It looks like I've been cryin'?
Gangsta's don't cry
Baby, don't even try it

[Chorus]

Yeah
This song is dedicated for all you niggas fuckin' over
the women you love.
If she don't get you back, your conscience will.
And if she's not happy, then you'll never be happy,
that's just the way it goes.
Yeah, this the SPM, it don't never quit

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