

Hit-Boy

"She Belongs To The City"

Visit "[She Belongs To The City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse1]

I'm ain't gonna treat you like you're my number one

I'mma treat you like you're my only one

Cause you're the only one

That I be holding on

You're the only reason that I wrote this song

And that I wrote this chorus up on the keys

And you just hit me right now

Saying "If I miss you like you miss me"

And the answer is yes and it seems

They say the one that you love and the one that loves you back

Are rarely the same person but I guess we changing that

Cause I got this beautiful dream in this bottle

You're a beautiful girl, model

You've been trying to keep my heart cause it's worth ten times what they bought you

You deserve a beat from me and I ain't talking music shit

I'm talking face down ass up I know you used to it

I can picture you never you so thick

And those shoes you used to fit

You're replaced with red bottoms and black cars from niggas you used to hit

And that kind of make me reluctant

You the kind of girl I want to fuck with

But I'm moving world-wide and you on couches on that fuck shit

You know Sean you know Chris

You know Pusha you know Hit

But if ain't clubs and studios than

You don't know shit

[Hook]

I promise that she the one I adore

She damn near have everything that I was looking for

But she was from L.A

She was from L.A. (3x)

She crushed my heart on the floor

But she the one I adore
She damn near have everything that I was looking for
But she was from L.A
She was from L.A. (3x)
And she belongs to the city

[Verse 2]

I wish you would act right
But you taking all these first class flights
In a different time-zone last night
You swear you not giving up ass, right?
You going to blame it on cash right?
And I'm telling you I'm not askin'
You're single in the summer cause that's when all the parties happen
Look at me
Keep it G
You're just trying to fuck a winner huh
And you going to turn around and want a man a winner huh
Talking to me about that point guard on the bench
But when a nigga give the keys to that Benz
All the sudden ya'll the shit
BBM status ain't matching all these phone conversations
This powerhouse is ? songs all on his station
And so and so is in town and your homegirls friends with one of his neighbors
And he fooled you all around and you swear you ain't returning no favors
Now you drunk BBM'ing me rambling on and on and
You seeing that I'm reading it but you know I'm not responding
Girl I swear I hate this game and I always wonder who's teaching you
Charged your phone all day but after one you're just unreachable

[Hook]

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