

Jayme Dee "Honey"

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Honey, I got a few words to say.
It's kinda funny, in a pathetic way.
Yea I don't even think you could fit trough the door,
With a head that big,
Surprised it don't hit the floor.
If I had a dime
for every time you looked in the mirror,
I'd be a billionaire.

(CHORUS)

And boy don't think that your breakin' i»¿ my heart,
I can see right through you,
your heinous smile, and you think
you are -with your so called silence- so fly.

And you're tellin all your boys that I'm not over you,
And I'd come back in a heartbeat if you asked me to
but

It's quite the contrary I'm Fine
Baby, can't you understand.
I'm finally free from it's misery,
I aint in the palm of your hand,

And now you're acting like a fool,
GQ won't get you far.
Don't flatter yourself,

the only tears I cry are tears of joy .
I made my choice.
Keep running your mouth,

I've tuned you out.

(CHORUS)

You never meant much to me any way,
there was nothin' there, it was just a phase (x2)

(i»¿CHORUS)

