

## Above Ground

### "Don't Lie To Yourself"

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REF:

Girl I can tell when you look at me  
I can tell straight up, baby your hooked on me  
You can deny or deflect, the shit that I kick  
But don't lie to yourself, that shit makes me sick

VERS 1

I've been macking this bitch since the day of  
introduction  
Interruptions, are in the way of my seduction  
The face of this girl, clean cut like a pearl  
Long, dark hair, with a touch of a curl  
Perhaps it was ment, or not, I hit the spot  
Better do this one good, I only got one shot  
She already got a man, but hey, he ain't me  
Try to see, the luxury you get with a G  
It's not easy, when your man beeing greedy  
Belive me sweety I got enough to feed the needy  
I take the bat, hit the ball, first base  
I got a date, wich means we can meet face to face  
Two-dinner table, crystalen, she's smilin'  
Tickets in my pocket to a little greek island  
Mad cigars smoken, tender stroken  
Enough tip on the table, make an average man broken  
I Take her out for a strole by the canal  
The moon shinen mad, bouncen of on your smile  
The first date but I hope not the last  
I take it to the next level, with a blast

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VERS 2

Six fucking months since I last heard your voice  
My boyz be like, "fuck that bitch, she's no choice"  
Im adicted, she leaving me out with mad stress  
God bless, I heard this beep on my phone, SMS  
"Hi, how you doing, all the week Im in town  
Got a spot free on Sunday, for us to get down  
If you like", I think for my self your fucking dyke  
But Im week in my heart, even weaker in my psyke  
I reach for my phone, mess her back with a paste

And said, "same fucking time at the same fucking place"  
Sunday, the day for the action, reflection  
I got my best suit on to get the maximum attraction  
Sitting by the table, sippin vine by my self  
I got the best fucking table in this joint for my self  
Bottle number three, where the fuck could she be  
I hit her on the cell, drunk as one get to be  
"Where the fuck you at?, IÂ´ve ben here since nine  
Drinking three fucking bottles 300 \$ vine"  
"Baby I forgot, please dont be mad  
I be there in one hour, make it up if your sad"  
"Forget it", I klicked the phone, and called my boys  
"Ey yo G, what the fuck is up, whatÂ´s the noise"  
My boyÂ´z like, "we got this fucking gig in my place  
Hit the car, get your as over here for some blaze"  
We got bitches in the livingroom, swinging their ass  
Man fuck that shit, just let it be let it pass

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