

# Chandelier

## Curren\$y

Out here there are no stars  
Out here we are stoned  
Chandeliers in the ceiling  
Remind her of the time, that she was dealing with a  
Nigga on the grind, trying to get a billion  
Sacrificing time, to spend with all his women  
Chandeliers in the ceiling, remind her of the time  
That she was ridin' with me, I'm always on her mind  
But I be on my mission she smile and she cry  
Any time she see him...  
Shorty had her own money  
Everytime she came through she brung it  
Didn't want nothing from me, but for me to kick it  
Play the cut, be the make-believe husband  
Couldn't stomach the fact that I was always running  
In and out out of them streets, in and out them freaks  
And I didn't hide nothing, from her I was a hundred  
That's why she couldn't leave, I kept it way too G  
Her family in her ear, advising her that she should be  
With a doctor, a lawyer, someone with a degree  
But she wanted no pointers, was happiest with me  
Nightlife cruising something in a spoiler with two seats  
Making real jet movements, this lifestyle wild, these hoes attached to it  
I fucked up, she say fuck me and then she really do it  
Living this life is foolish, so I rather let you slide  
Even though I hate to do it  
Real life situations... out here there are no stars...  
From the pages of the fashion magazine  
To Twitter, to plane tickets to get her here with me  
Lying to them other guys, but keeping it sincere with me  
At least that's what she wish that I believe  
Boomerang style, right outta the silver screen  
Same player ways as mine, dog attitude with a feline  
Simple real nigga made a bee line, hard to shine like he shine  
But when I was off on the grind, laid with lesser niggas in the meantime  
Double standard rules apply  
You can't do what a man do  
He don't look good in the streets' eyes  
And they watchin' the people, lookin' for signs of weakness  
Makin' moves with a floozy, you'll be lookin' like a sizzimp  
And the vultures out to eat them, and I can't be in that number  
So it's on the late night fuck news, can't be seen in the public

By then she always fussin, and I ain't got the time  
So I have to let her slide, she think about me when she high  
Real life situations... just got those from looking through my phone.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>