

Contemplate

Wale

Dear sweetheart, what's up boo?
What you up too?
More club moves, I call her, no answer
Her phone in the bag she dancin' It's four now the clubs over
I call her but oh hold up
Y'all know what ignore button
Or the phone died lets hope for it That damier bag I bought
Caught the attention of those niggas on it
That cell phone that I bought
Is probably filled wit some other niggas numbers So it leaves me to wonder
Why do I still promise to love her?
Cut me off every time, I'm talkin'
Which means she ain't never hear nothin'
I say stay she wanna leave
She get her point across so I gotta let her be
I'ma let her be by herself in peace
But five years from now I bet she see When the club gets played
And things you crave are no longer escapes
And no longer for dates
You wanna husband but no one has a cape Now you wonder and wait
And I ain't tryna her what you wantin' to say
It's feels good to be over you, babe
So play this shit while you contemplate Contemplate, contemplate
Play this shit while you contemplate
Play this shit while you contemplate
Who am I livin' for?
Is this my limit?
Can I endure some more?
Just as I'm givin'
Question existin' Who am I livin' for?
Is this my limit?
Can I endure some more?
Just as I'm givin'
Question existin' Them people they talkin'
Them lights they on me
This life I chose
But I ain't know 'til I found it To be honest I'm modest
One hater for every nigga on it
One day everybody is applaudin'
The next day you is everybody target Why bother, why talk to 'em?
Where God at I need to call him
My knees on the ground, dear father

Don't let me break please make me strongerHow much longer will it linger?
When my heart is givin', will they believe it?
When my song is over will they need me?
Watch how quickly they found a new leaderQuestionin' the whole meaning
In the viper room just me and River Phoenix
Wit Courtney Love and Lake Washington
Wit a note there and I'm pickin' up readin'This ain't hard Chris Benoit
Heath ledger said the nites gon' be dark
Feelin' signs of Phyliss Hymon
No Apollo theater I just might not goFrankie Lymon in the limelight
Get so cold so in the line I'm skitso
I can't cope, I can't think
I can't breathe, this ain't meThis ain't easy I'm thinkin'
Am I doin this for them or me?
I can't think
Am I doin' this for them or me?Who am I livin' for?
Is this my limit?
Can I endure some more?
Just as I'm givin'
Question existin'Who am I livin' for?
Is this my limit?
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