Who Loves You More (feat. Eric Roberson)

Phonte

[Featuring: Eric Roberson][Verse 1:]
She ran out the house like, "Fuck it I'm leaving"
He ran out after her like "Fuck is the meaning? "
Went through his phone and found texts from all of his ex's
Threw it at him like, "Fuck was you thinking? "
Way down in his stomach he's getting that sinking
Feeling he felt 20 years before when
His pops sat him down and told him and his moms was divorcing
Now he's doing the same
Running through these hoes with no proper decorum
Not a pretty picture
Unsettled miser-y, he would say his pop was a dog
Now isn't that the pot calling the kettle "nigga"
Every player dreams of playing the game, straight walking out
The allure of new pussy is cool, but when it's over what the fuck you got to talk about?
Such an empty feeling, you win or you lose
Wifey told him, "It's them or me and baby, you better choose."
Hey!
[Chorus: Eric Robinson]
I saw the clouds today and thought that it was time to say goodbye
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)
I tried to change my ways and pray that maybe I can save my life
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)[Verse 2:]
My cousin hit me up and said he had to post bail again
Cause my brother back in jail again
Back in that slave ship cause he tried to sell again
And all that's going through my mind is "How the fuck am I failing him? "
These youngins want all of the spoils but none of the toils
Got me climbing the walls
Too good to press olives but'll be the first squeaky wheel asking for oil
I've been at it for 10 years, "What the fuck is you on? "
Had me frustrated like, "What the fuck do you want? "
He come to me for answers but I don't know what to tell him
Part bad parenting, part youthful rebellion
He wanna buy a dream but I don't know what to sell him, shit
They say the streets turn niggas into sinners
But them jail cells be turning niggas into dinner
So they sing in the summer, be home by the winter
Interrogation room be turning niggas into tenors
And he's no singer, but put him on the block, he got that perfect pitch
I just want him to understand that you work for this
You can win or you lose

But it's either me or the streets and brother you gotta choose
Love
[Chorus: Eric Robinson]
I saw the clouds today and thought that it was time to say goodbye
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)
I tried to change my ways and pray that maybe I can save my life
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)[Verse 3:]
Some get hand picked, others get picked on
Some get a hand up, others get this song
I came from the bottom where the guns got withdrawn
All lows, no highs man/Heisman, get a stiff arm
See me doing records so they think it makes a lot
But really I'm just trying to mix-a-lot like I was raised Islam
Praying that the ends justify the means
Cause most of my heroes had fucked up lives
Coked up kids and three or four wives
Hoes in every city, enough side bitches for three or four tribes
From Marvin to Basquiat, it comes with a cavat
And that's the gospel like three or four choirs
Gotta room with a microphone and all this time
I just sat by the window and looked inside
Didn't like what I found, but you win or you lose
Make a living or have a life, guess that I gotta choose
One...[Chorus: Eric Robinson]
I saw the clouds today and thought that it was time to say goodbye
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)
I tried to change my ways and pray that maybe I can save my life
(Who loves you more? Who loves you more?) (Every little thing about you babe)[Outro: Phonte]
I got a room and a microphone
And family that I ain't seen in months
And I played this record a million times, just hoping you would play it once
Ha, break bread with your fellow man
Show love but look out for your heart
And always take care of home
Because home is where charity starts
Because home is where charity starts
Home is where charity startsHhhh. Thank. God.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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