

Text From Your Ex (feat. Tinashe) [Billon Remix]

Tinie Tempah

I got a text from your ex, boy
She said to look through your texts, boy
I'm not the kind of girl to snoop but I had a feeling to
And now I'm looking for my next boy
See, I got a text from your ex-girl
And she was telling me where you were, last night
I was chilling on my own, thinking you're alone
You were having sex with your ex-girl
I got a
Yeah, one text from my ex
You know I always flex on my ex
You know I got a rep to protect
You know I never let it get to my head (I got a)
No, never gettin' vexed when you're wet
My DJ bring his decks on the jet
Came out when you put me on the sofa
I know you wanna get my respect (I got a)
I don't know why you moved to mess
What's the point you tryna prove again?
Uh, there you go, gettin' lose again, but ya
Try win, but you lose again, and ya (I got a)
Hanging 'round those bougie ants
Got girls, but you're usin' them
But you're gettin' high, gotta lose the chance
Gotta love you long time, but you was a ten
I got a text from your ex, boy
She said to look through your texts, boy
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And now I'm looking for my next boy
See, I got a text from your ex-girl
And she was telling me where you were, last night
I was chilling on my own, thinking you're alone
You were having sex with your ex-girl
I got a
Life ain't is what seems to be
Tryna work it out what it means to me
Nowadays everybody want a piece of me
Notorious, South, West and East, yo (I got a)
That's why I look to seas and the seeker reef
Used to check the Tinie man for the DVD
He and I reminisce sometime, time

Peace in East, and in LA gettin' lean with Dee (I got a)
I don't why you moved to mess (yeah)
Show me who you are, from who's your friends, (uh, no)
I got space for you, and two in the Benz (yeah)
Ain't no night stand, if you do it again (I got a)
But now me in amnesia, Brandy or Moësha
After referendums girl, I've still got that visa
Oh, I can't believe you've done this
I told you I take no shit
And you were supposed to love me
Then I got a text from your ex
All summer night, reachin' for nine
On stand by, three sixty five
You get high and you testify
Who's that girl? You let me lie
All summer night, reachin' for nine
On stand by, all at a time
You get high, and you testify
I got a text from your ex, boy
She said to look through your texts, boy
I'm not the kind of girl to snoop but I had a feeling to
And now I'm looking for my next boy
See, I got a text from your ex-girl
And she was telling me where you were, last night
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All summer night, reaching for nine
All summer night, reaching for nine

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