

# Tiiied (feat. 6LACK & Ella Mai)

## JID

I been so down on my that luck stuff ain't  
lookin' up I need somethin' that's takin' me higher  
And maybe I'm outta touch and in rush look  
life kickin' my butt but that ignited the fire  
And maybe it's when I'm spillin' my guts on you  
Trustin' me you lovin' me instead you call me a liar  
Or maybe you really hate me  
You can't be  
I need for somethin' to save me  
'Cause little baby I'm tired  
Yeah  
How you gon' dump me  
And then leave wit' my hoodie  
And you ain't comin' back give me back my hoodie  
And now you tryna make a scene at the movies  
You really wanna act bitch we at the movies  
I want my money back I'm leavin' for goodie  
And I get mad, I don't even wanna be here  
And you get mad  
'Cause you don't even wanna leave here  
And now it's bad  
'Cause we ain't even seen the previews  
And now she mad, takin' shit to social media  
And I just need you to tell me how you feelin'  
And I just need you to come at me wit' real shit  
Botherin' people 'cause we fightin' in the dark yeah  
We ain't even gotta leave  
We gon' still excuse the yeah  
Um tears in the bucket to focus  
Fightin' and fuckin' and tusslin' and fightin' and fuckin'  
Lovin', lovin' unless you lucky  
I fuck wit' you because you real and you beautiful  
But still, starin' at the screen only thinkin' how I feel  
For real  
I wanna share my popcorn wit' you  
'Cause I won't eat the whole thing  
But you still got an issue  
And I been tryna sip yo'  
Drink meet the kid in the middle  
But no, boo you, she just goes to the car  
Pull up, she drove, didn't open the door  
So cold, outside

And ya boy need a ride  
Oh God, it's really a problem  
And I'm so tired of  
I been so down on my that luck stuff ain't  
lookin' up I need somethin' that's takin' me higher  
And maybe I'm outta touch and in rush look  
life kickin' my butt but that ignited the fire  
And maybe it's when I'm spillin' my guts on you  
Trustin' me you lovin' me  
Instead you call me a liar  
Or maybe you really hate me  
You can't be  
I need for somethin' to save me  
'Cause little baby I'm tired  
Yeah  
I'm tired baby Hey, how you gon' leave wit' yo  
Number on my phone bill (Bill)  
Look inside yo' wallet you got one bill (Bill)  
Never got a job but you want chill (Chill)  
Girl that shit is unreal (Unreal)  
I'm feelin' a little sluggish  
You think I'm entertainin' all the rubbish  
It's a no from me dawg  
I guess I gotta let you free fall  
Flippin' through my shit like we in a gym now  
I'm talkin' my shit 'cause I'm off the Hen' dawg  
If I uh  
There ain't nothin' left to admire  
I been listenin' to Mýa like woah  
Don't you let the love turn to pyro  
How you let it drag on, spyro  
Goin' 'em at right hand, spirals  
I'm seein' Z after Z after Z  
He, wait who after me, huh (Huh?)  
Wait, don't actually explain it  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm tired every time I come home  
She all alone, it ain't my fault  
I'm livin' life, she in the dark (Yeah, yeah)  
Ain't got no bite, a lot of bark  
I clear the room, so we can talk I been so down on my that luck stuff ain't  
lookin' up I need somethin'  
That's takin' me higher  
And maybe you mighta  
Touchin' and rushin' look  
life kickin' my butt but that ignited the fire  
And maybe it's when I'm spillin' my guts on you  
I'm trustin' you'll lovin' me  
Instead you call me a liar

Or maybe you really hate me  
You can't be  
I need for somethin' to save me  
'Cause little baby I'm tired Tired (Tired)  
That makes two of us  
I'm a liar (Liar)  
Where's the truth in that?  
I can't figure how you run your mouth  
You been so down on your luck,  
and stuff ain't lookin' up you  
need somethin' that's takin' you higher  
Maybe you're out of touch in a rush  
And life been kickin' your butt  
But that ignited your fire  
And baby it's when you're spillin' your guts  
You don't trust me, love me  
'Stead he call me a liar  
Oh baby you really hate me, you can't be  
You need for somethin' to say  
'Cause little baby you tired  
Tired Public service announcement  
Niggas ain't shit  
(Niggas ain't shit but a tongue and a dick)  
Hey  
(Niggas ain't shit but a) What? (And a dick)  
Niggas ain't shit but a tongue and a dick  
Ok  
(He ask me where I'm at like I owe him shit)  
Period

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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