

# Lil Tjay, Last Christmas - feat. Fivio Foreign

Last Christmas, I gave you my heart  
But the very next day, you gave it away  
This year, to save me from tears (Oh-ooh)  
I'll give it to someone special  
Yeah

Made it out, I'm just a rich young nigga (Huh)  
Steady arguing, wasn't no way to live  
I know bitches want me 'cause I'm up (Yeah)  
Something different, I'm just with a gift (Huh)  
But the drama won't nobody know  
Keep on gassin' him up like it's his  
She a lover girl, still not a ho (Huh)  
Love her man, but she feelin the kid (Yeah)

They don't even know me and shorty speak  
She gon' still fuck a nigga for some feets  
We was in Brooklyn Chop House  
Me and shawty spent three K for the eats (We did)  
And he don't never take her shopping  
We already spent thirty K for the week (Nah)  
And he mad abusive  
If he knew what I do to his shorty, that nigga'll tweak (Uh)  
She already told me that nigga is weak (Uh)  
(Last Christmas, I gave you my heart)  
I'll probably shoot him, he think he gon' reach (Baow)  
(But the very next day, you gave it away)  
She from the town, I met her in the East  
When I cheat, she wanna give me a speech (Huh)  
Shorty is hella obsessive (Hella obsseive)  
(This year, to save me from tears)  
When she get horny, she get very aggressive  
(I'll give it to someone special)  
She be callin', she be askin' me questions  
If I don't answer, she start sendin' me texts

Fuck that nigga I don't care what he did  
Honestly, I do not even want to know (No, no, no)  
All I know, that's my lil' rider for sure  
And can't nobody question, I put that on bro (Put that on bro)  
I don't like fightin' for cones (Huh)  
Know we live in a world where these bitches on go (Bitches on go)  
Gas you up, tell you they love you  
No she ain't love you, I know she feelin' the kid for the dough (Baow)  
My name Lil Tjay, baby, I be smooth  
I ain't gon' fake it like you gotta choose  
They ain't believe I was destined to win  
So wrong for niggas who thought I would lose  
End of the story, don't gotta conclude  
Humble nigga, my outfits say "Rhude"  
Ask your bitch, bet she know I'm that dude  
I bet that shit out she ate it like food

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I know bitches want me 'cause I'm up (Yeah)  
Something different, I'm just with a gift (Yeah)  
But the drama won't nobody know (Uh)  
Keep on gassin' him up like it's his (He did)  
She a lover girl, still not a ho (She not)  
Love her man, but she feeling the kid (Hm)