

# SOS-SZA Lyrics

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## "SOS"

### [Intro]

Last night, I cried

### [Verse]

Give me a second, give me a minute  
Nah, lil' bitch, can't let you finish  
Yeah, that's right, I need commissions on mine  
All that sauce you got from me  
All that shit I gave for free  
I want it back, want it back  
This ain't no warnin' shot  
Case all you hoes forgot  
Know you been more than lost  
Without me, I'm so  
Comin' back, I'm so greasy  
Ex-nigga, he so needy  
Punk ass tried to replace me, but the stakes is too high  
They can't survive off mini-me  
I'm talkin' pedigree  
Ain't no writers, that's just me  
Ain't no spiteful, I'm just tea  
Can't hate a bitch for free  
Talkin' I'm off the bench like Brady  
I'm pressin' niggas like KD, it's up

Yeah, nigga, it's up to me  
Remind you of Della Reese  
So classic, that ass so fat, it look natural, it's not  
I talk bullshit a lot  
No more fuck-shit, I'm done  
Damn right, I'm the one  
Damn right, I'm the one  
Comin' back, she so candid  
Comin' back snatched like bandit  
Comin' back, this ain't canned shit  
I'm organic with my fresh squeezed  
I'm dumpin' like press squeeze  
I'm horny like, "Suck these"  
So daring like, "Touch me"  
And all the petty shit aside  
All the funny shit aside  
I just want what's mine  
Mine, oh  
I just want what's mine  
This ain't no warnin' shot  
Case all you hoes forgot  
And I cried and cried  
Said what's on my mind  
Ooh, oh, I cried

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