

I got the X-Ray on myself, I'm tryna see wassup  
I'm at the weights, tryna press my luck  
I'm feelin' heavy from liftin' all of my people up, but that ain't no  
complaint  
See if music if the vehicle, then love is at the bank  
I'm 'bout to make a new deposit though it feel like I ain't got it  
The teller wanna judge, but I got metal in my wallet  
To be honest, I been finished, I done hit a limit  
I been tryna find the feelin' like I'm at the dentist  
Okay, she say she ain't a bird she just hang with em'  
Stuck here with the same feelin', never again, maybe I can  
But I've never been the maybe type, so what do I do?  
The extra magic that I have, why put it in you? Ooh  
Do it look like I flock? Do I look like a bird that just circle the b  
lock?  
Do I look tweety? Do I look needy? Don't answer, never mind  
Somebody with some wings is what you better find

This shit for the birds

Birds

Birds

Mmm, I don't wanna try one more time, that shit's for the birds

Birds

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I don't like that emptiness that comes after lovers  
That space people take 'cause they lonely and recover  
Those days when you block and unfollow 'cause you shook  
But still create a fake account to reminisce and look  
When times get tough, I get tougher  
Finna be a hot girl now, like every summer  
I been in the gym with emphasis on my health  
The old me is gone, I'm turnin' to someone else, aye  
'Cause my karma's too good to treat me any type of way  
My therapist suggests that maybe I should take some space  
Look, I only got the time for so much  
I only got capacity to go and cry once, but

I'm not bein' cynical, I'm bein' real

Swear it never turns out how I think it will

I open up just to get a door closed

A feelin' that I seem to know

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