

And she said  
You a God damn lie  
I ain't mean to say that shit girl I was God damn high  
So we left the crib now we in the God damn ride  
She lookin' God damn fine  
I wanted a bitch who was down to Earth  
But she want the God damn skies  
List of my problems  
Got this one on my line that won't stop fucking callin'  
It's crazy I made her that way  
Every time I see her out, I see the hate in her face  
Like why you do that  
Tell her you love her when next week you just want your space  
Why you do why you do that  
Tell her you want her but next week you do your own thing  
Why you do why you do that  
I can't explain it but just know it working for me  
She text me I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you  
But how the fuck can you hate me  
When I ain't did shit, but be the real thing  
She know I'm the real, that'll never change  
I never been the one, to try to explain  
While you catch them feels I'm a sip on this drank  
It's easing my brain

I got real shit to stress about girl I ain't worried bout shit  
Remember that I tried to build ya now I ain't worried bout shit  
I got real shit to stress about girl I ain't worried bout shit  
Remember that I tried to build ya now I ain't worried bout shit  
So I found me a new thing I'm not as lost as you think  
Got plenty queens in my hometown all they need is drank and that dank  
So I found me a new thing I'm not as lost as you think  
Got plenty queens in my hometown all they need is drank and that dank

Now I'm like  
It's a God damn shame  
We done crashed we done burned  
But baby you the God damn blame  
See I wanted love but you wanted God damn fame  
Every God damn thing  
I wanted a bitch who was on the move  
But you want to God damn lay  
List of my problems  
Got this one in my bed and she just wants to sleep  
Fucking up all of the sheets  
She only wake up to eat  
Do this shit every week  
Like why you do that  
Crying you want to be great, but sleepin' until the next day  
Why you do that  
Don't got that much in the bank, we go out she order the steak  
Why you do why you do that  
She can't explain it but just know it working for her  
She claiming she down on her luck, but really she don't give a fuck  
And I cannot make this shit up  
And I ain't did shit, but be the real thing  
She know I'm the real, that'll never change

I won't be the one, to try to explain  
While you catch them feels I'm a sip on this drank  
It's easing the pain

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