

Woah woah woah
I don't need these feelings for you no
So, go go go go
I should keep my eyes upon the dough
And then she call again
Just when I was zen
I should give her up for lent
And then she call to vent
Something about her friend
I gotta let her in

Coach don't sub me, I just got hot and I'm making a run
Just got paid, the taxman mask off taking my sums
Smoking on mango vape I love the taste of her tongue
And even when we're done
I feel like we're not done
Middle of monday, half past 1, she's laying in sun
Ass like mochi, fly to japan, she draining my funds
Cos love is a gamble, ohtani, I bet on myself again
I hit over the fence, hit over the fence
I don't I don't I don't need a sidekick
And your pretty face don't need the lines
I went to a psychic in December
Something in the corner of my mind, so what?

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Shadowy figure walking the streets in the evening mist
Got more chance of caving it in than striking it rich
Every she step got closer I just pushed her far
Trying to made her made bluer than an avatar
Used her voodoo on me, playing with magic tricks
Then I spent all my cash on rick, but it's all counterfeit
With a southern belle in the mansion house
With the banisters, and she planned it out
My my my
Cos I don't I don't I don't need a sidekick
And ur pretty face don't need the lines
I went to a psychic and she mentioned
Something in the corner of my mind , so what?

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