

Bitch Got Me Down Bad

Atlas

You got me fiending for the bottle in the middle of this shit hole town
(In this shit hole town)
I'm at a bar a couple blocks away from where my car broke down
Mile Marker 17 girl how the hell did you get so mean
You got me fiending for the bottle in the middle of this shit hole town
(In this shit hole town)

Fuck you, good riddance
Pack your shit, out the door, I'm not kidding, no no
I can tell that you've done this before
She got me down bad sippin on the yak
Bartender pour me something from the tap
Got me down bad
I'm texting your mom like
How you be so nice but the devil be your spawn yeah
Down bad down bad
Got me feelin so sad so sad
She got me down bad
Bitch got me down bad

And now she's talking child support and we ain't even got a kid
Yeah that's your baby daddies
Working 80+ a week and she say she wants half of it
Makes no fucking sense
She didn't even cook or clean
She played me like a sucker she was living rent free
Oh yeah I can tell that you've done this before

Fuck you good riddance
Pack your shit, out the door, I'm not kidding, no no
Stop begging, I just need you to go
She got me down bad sippin on the yak
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