

Home on the weekend summer time
Told me that you'd pick me up in your ride
Heard you're at a party on the eastside
Wish that I could say it was the first time

Say it but don't do it you just trying to keep me muted
Baby I'm done being honest with you
Got me looking stupid and I'm tired of going through it
Baby I'm done being honest with you

Why you gotta make me lie to you
Why you gotta make me lie to you
If you gonna keep on lying why would I tell the truth
Why you gotta make me

It's my turn to be reckless
It's my turn to ignore all your texting
It's my turn to have sex with your friends and I'm just playin
but what if I wasn't
I deserve your respect instead of rejection
Reminder I am perfection
I'm not the one to be messed with
You want the truth
It's in your reflection

Say it but don't do it you just trying to keep me muted
Baby I'm done being honest with you
Got me looking stupid and I'm tired of going through it
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Why you gotta make me lie to you
Why you gotta make me lie to you
If you gonna keep on lying why would I tell the truth
Why you gotta make me me lie to you, lie to you