

Creeps Die Alone

Banshee

Grabing at my ankles like I'm some shit
You call people stick figures puppets
You think that you're some kinda profilic
Whatchu want with me
I'm a dumb bitch
Die alone
I hope you die alone

Your mask fell off
Now you're blocked from my phone
You can't make me cry
I was just your type
It was all a lie
It was all a lie
You follow all my friends you fucking creep
Making fake account to stalk my shit while I sleep
Flexin that Chanel like you're six figures deep
Spittin' fake woke shit
Like you're always on e
You spent all of these years tryna convince me
That you're not one of them unless I look like me
You spent all of that time tryna know me
You should've spent that time in therapy
I hope you die alone bitch

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