

# Do Re Mi

Blackbear

Do, re, mi, fa, so  
Yeah, yeah  
Do, re, mi, fa, so  
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, if I could go back to that day we met  
I probably would just stay in bed  
You run your mouth all over town  
And this one goes out to the sound  
Of breaking glass on my Range Rover  
Pay me back or, bitch, it's over  
All the presents I would send  
Fuck my friends behind my shoulder

Next time I'mma stay asleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep

And you got me thinking lately  
Bitch, you crazy  
And nothing's ever good enough  
I wrote a little song for ya

It go like do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, girl  
So fucking done with all the games you play  
I ain't no tic-tac-toe  
Send the X and Os on another note  
I'm do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, baby  
So send the X and Os on another note  
I'm ghost

If I could go back to that day we met  
I probably would've stayed in bed  
You wake up everyday and make me feel like I'm incompetent  
Designer shoes and Xanax tabs  
Compliment your make-up bag  
You never had to buy yourself a drink  
'Cause everybody wanted to tap that ass sometime

And you got me thinking lately  
Bitch, you crazy  
And nothing's ever good enough  
I wrote a little song for ya

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So fucking done with all the games you play  
I ain't no tic-tac-toe  
Send the X and Os on another note  
I'm do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, baby  
So send the X and Os on another note  
I'm ghost

Yeah, yeah, oh  
And you got me thinking lately,  
Bitch, you crazy  
And nothing's ever good enough  
I wrote a little song for ya

It go like do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, girl  
So fucking done with all the games you play  
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