

Stranger

BoyWithUke

She was a stranger, a mysterious soul
I couldn't read her
She got the eyes of a ghost
Too far to walk back to my hotel down in Brooklyn
Hoping that nobody's looking for me
She says she got a boyfriend, but she wants to get a drink
It's not the weekend and she got a class for Ivy League
She's just a stranger, but it seems as if she doesn't want to be

Ooh, tell me what you want
The barista has no patience
And my parka's in the car
Ooh, tell me what you're on
I can tell you're somewhere else
You're slipping in and out of
In and out of thought

Thought, thought, thought, thought
Thought, thought, ta, da-da-da-da
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She says she hopes I'm doing well
That I'm incredible to see, can't lie
My heart skipped a beat
When I saw her through a shrouded veil
But she like a wolf in sheep's wool she tryna play it cool
As if we go way back as friends, she tryna make some sort of sense
Why the hell we in this parking lot talking 'bout things we never did
Throwback to my busboy days
Back when I had a 40 hour week, and a shitshow pay
Lay off on the weekends
Swam so far but everybody tweaking
I just wanna sleep all day

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Confident in my life
Eyes glued to my body
Said she's sorry for the fall out
I've been on xans and testing molly
Maybe this time I might fade

Falling to former ways
Somebody, tell somebody I'm not capable of change

She from Manhattan but I smell the cat from down in staten
She want the 7 figure package
I'm not finished packing
I used to think I didn't want to chase the bag
But a sell out with no soul is akin to what I had
Fucking this bitch, met on the internet
She sucking dick, no one I ever met
My money big, my attitude feminine
Call me a bitch 'cause I smell like cinnamon
But I've been working harder in silence
Half of these people never seen violence
Half of the shit that I say is timeless, and rhymeless
And I've been out of... fuck

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