

# 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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