

True Love

Caskey

True love, shouldn't be this complicated
I thought I'd die in your arms, I thought I'd die in your-
(In the kitchen and it's-)
(Beats by Choc)

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I thought I'd die in your arms, I thought I'd die in your-

Know it's possible, but sometimes it feel impossible
When you fight for what you love, you get sorta hostile
Crashed at my place for one night, stayed like a hospital
Can't hang you up, you worth more than a damn Picasso
First kicked it, you was cold, it was sorta hot though
Tried to wing it, touched your breast, we ain't sit at Roscoe's
Girl, I taught you how to sin, but you still the gospel
What would Christ be if he ain't have the twelve apostles?
I see through kaleidoscopes and you look colossal
Look at you, get full of awe, you ain't lookin' awful
Fuck you 'til I need a rest like it wasn't lawful
Wrote you into my future, it turned me to an author
When they see you, don't believe it like a flyin' saucer
Promised you the world when I ain't have too much to offer
Once you paid me more attention, I knew it would cost ya
Thought that we was parallel, I never meant to cross ya
I ain't tryna be a parent, lettin' feelings foster
It's apparent that I disappointed you, it's awkward
Type of baggage make you pack ya bags, move to Rockford
But you stayed, took a gamble with me like it's Proctor, that's real

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Girl, I love your definition, is you in an Oxford?
You the only word that I can make out in the crossword
Girl with sugar daddies tellin' you to get a sponsor
Told me you a flower child, not one to be conquered
Love it when you got your attitude, flare up your nostrils
Just don't talk to me like I'm some damn impostor
Diggin' back into our past like you stare at fossils
Girl, I told you that the future where we finna prosper
Say I trigger war wounds, make me feel responsible
Instead of tellin' you I'm sorry, I get philosophical
Blame it on bein' a man like it's biological
Told you I don't play no Logic, why I'm so illogical
Tried to dine at SoHo House but it wasn't possible
Said we need a membership, don't even shop at Costco
Act like we rich and boujie, but we really not though
Girl you make me feel at home like your momma's pot roast
Wish that I could say I'm fine without you, but it's not close
Keep on talkin', we could never have too many convos
Doctor said that you the medicine, I need it pronto
My beginnin' and my end, a flower out of compost, yeah

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