

# **Obsessed With You**

**Central Cee**

Your hair's under my pillow, so I sleep (So I sleep)  
And I'm dreaming of you leaving roses at my feet (Nastylgia) (At-at my feet)  
I'm obsessed with you in a way I can't believe (Believe, believe)  
When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me?

I hope a trap boy's your type (Why?)  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-five (Alright)  
I get that your standard's high  
But I'm not a random guy, I'm different (Literally)  
When I write my rhymes  
You say you don't like that line, I'll switch it (Calm)  
You said you don't like my life  
You said you don't like my guys, you're tripping (You're tripping)

I followed you  
I followed you today, I was in my car (Alright, alright)  
I wanted to come and see you from afar (At-at my feet)  
If you turned around and saw me I would die  
When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me?

Bad one and she photogenic (Alright)  
Instagram got a lot of impressions (Uh huh, uh huh)  
She think I might cheat and I don't need love  
But I need some thug affection (Literally)  
If I fell off tomorrow, would you still love me?  
Man, I got 21 questions (Like 50)  
In the trap with the cats domestic  
She doin' lashes, somethin' cosmetic  
They shot their shot, she read it  
They slid in her DM with somethin' generic (Huh)  
She don't even like going out  
Got a new outfit but nowhere to wear it (Alright)  
She think that I'm being disloyal  
When I'm in the street with a couple of killys  
(You ain't gotta) You ain't gotta worry 'bout none of these hoes  
I'm grown, I'm done with these bitches  
(Done with these bitches, done with these bitches)

Your hair's under my pillow, so I sleep (So I sleep)  
And I'm dreaming of you leaving roses at my feet (At-at my feet)  
I'm obsessed with you in a way I can't believe (Believe, believe)  
When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me?

I hope a trap boy's your type (Why?)  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-five (Alright)  
I get that your standard's high  
But I'm not a random guy, I'm different (Literally)  
When I write my rhymes  
You say you don't like that line, I'll switch it (Calm)  
You said you don't like my life  
(When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me?)  
You said you don't like my guys, you're tripping (You're tripping)

Trap boy's your type  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-  
five (Do you wipe them just for me, me, me, me, me?)  
I get that your standard's high

But I'm not a random guy, I'm different (I'm pleading on my knees, knees, knees, knees, knees)  
When I write my rhymes  
You say you don't like that line, I'll switch it (It's your touch that I need, need, need, need, need)  
You said you don't like my life

When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for