

Bedroom, Pt. 2

Chrishan

If you don't fuck with me baby
Don't fuck with me baby
Stop touching me baby
No love for me baby
No love for that thing
Your shit just got straight
Ever since I bought my rain check
These bitches acting crazy
These bitches say they real
These bitches say for real
These bitches ain't to be trusted
They ain't cool with my mother
They say I'm out of line
They don't know what it's like
To give a bitch a life
To address her like a wife

One minute they your girlfriend
Next minute they your husband
I thought that was your cousin
You no good motherfucker
They love to see you struggle
Always comment when you buzzing
And I'd be like "fuck it!"
Cause God knows I love you

I'm laying alone in my bedroom
I'm laying alone in my bed
Still tripping over my ex
I'm laying alone in my bedroom
I'm laying alone in my bed
Still tripping over my ex
Bedroom, bedroom
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Now she know about my new shit
All, all new
Like she wanna be in my music
Typical, now she all up in my Range Rover
With her clothes off
But she rock that shit with... like the door's all four
We can never love again the way we do
So I just wanna fuck again and still be friends
Don't say you love me, that's bullshit
I'm tired of hearing your bullshit

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Next minute they your husband
I thought that was your cousin
You no good motherfucker
You love to see me struggle

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And I'd be like "fuck it!"
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