

End Game

Cimorelli

I wanna be your end game
I wanna be your first string
I wanna be your A-Team
I wanna be your end game, end game

Big reputation, big reputation
Ooh, you and me, we got big reputations
Aah, and you heard about me
Ooh, I got some big enemies
Big reputation, big reputation
Ooh, you and me would be a big conversation
Aah, and I heard about you
Ooh, you like the bad ones too

You so dope, don't let me go
I'm so stoked, I need a toast
We do the most, I'm in the ghost like I'm whippin' a boat, boat
I got a reputation, girl, that don't precede me (precede me)
I'm one call away whenever you need me (need me)
I'm in a G5 (five), come to the A-Side (side)
I got a good girl persona, that's what they like (that's what they like)
You love it, I love it too, 'cause you my type
You hold me down and I protect you with my life

I don't wanna hurt you, I don't wanna be
Just another ex-love you don't wanna see
I don't wanna miss you
Like the other girls do
I don't wanna hurt you, I just wanna be
Chilling on a beach with you there next to me
I know what they all say
But I'm not tryna play

I wanna be your end game (end game)
I wanna be your first string (first string)
I wanna be your A-Team (A-Team)
I wanna be your end game, end game

Now well, when I was young, we connected
When we were little bit older, both sprung
I got issues and chips on both of my shoulders
Reputation precedes me and rumors are knee-deep
The truth is it's easier to ignore it, believe me
Even when we'd argue, we'd not do it for long
And you understand the good and bad end up in a song
For all your beautiful traits and the way you do it with ease
For all my flaws, paranoia and insecurities
I've made mistakes and made some choices, that's hard to deny
After the storm, something was born on the 4th of July
I've passed days without fun, this end game is the one
With four words on the tip of my tongue, I'll never say it

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I don't wanna miss you (I don't wanna miss you)
Like the other girls do
I don't wanna hurt you, I just wanna be

Chilling on a beach with you there next to me
I know what they all say
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I hit you like bang
We tried to forget it, oh we just couldn't
And I bury hatchets, but I keep maps of where I put 'em
Reputation precedes me, they told you I'm crazy
I swear I don't love the drama, it loves me
And I can't let you go, your hand prints on my soul
It's like your eyes are glitter, it's like your smile is gold
You've been calling my bluff on all my usual tricks
So here's the truth from my red lips

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