

bernard trigger

cleopatrick

You're wasting your time
She says only the lonely people
in my life saw me lost in the moment
And down on my knees
as I beg and I plea
For some time in your sheets
so I can get what I need
Oh yeah

Straight struck by her figure
Plot worsen shower curtain
as she pulls bernards trigger
And I hope and I pray,
that it's going to fit her
But with marlboro lips
how the fuck am i gonna quit her
Oh yeah

But late in the night,
I'm wondering like who are you?
Are you, baby
The thorn in my side,
or just my type?
I know it's wrong
but I still want this
Bad love, too much, your touch,
my lonely heart can't get enough oh

She, she sit there making fun
of my tendency to fumble buttons
Frequency of quickly coming
To make me feel like im yours

And me, i push my friends against the fence
She on the hunt for finger prints
Or circumstantial evidence
The things ill do just to score

But late in the night,
I'm wondering like who are you?
Are you, baby
The thorn in my side,
or just my type?
I know it's wrong but I still want this
Bad love, too much, your touch,
my lonely heart can't get enough
Speaking sweet sins, wet wick, calling my bluffs
Like text and sex; I feel the same
Talking homicidal thoughts and growing pains