

First I thought you were sinful
But now I realise that it's simple
I'm feeling you, let's fill it to the brimful
We'll make this thing pop like a pimple
It's more like a social thing
Girl it's your eyes I'm falling in
I've felt this a couple times, it's torturing

My girl, and I'm your guy
Can't imagine how and I can't imagine why
We break up, love you without makeup
Without you girl there ain't no offer that I wouldn't take up

Started cause you were simply mine
But things got out of hand and then we started to find
Different outputs of stress
Mainly blazing that cess
And now I'm so tired I can't even undress
I need some sleep, get back on my feet
But I'mma keep it primitive girl cause strength keeps it neat
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