

Yeah

She was twenty-four

Last week, told me somethin' you can't be ready for

I ain't mournin' death of her innocence

I ain't mournin' death of her innocence, let the Henny pour

Some weeks ago, she was in a cab

I felt sick to my stomach 'cause when I listen back

Driver was actin' all forward, I should have drawn the line

She wasn't worried about it, it happens all the time

All the time, said it happens all the time

A little conversation, that's just all it is

Ask couple questions, then he'll call it quits

He ain't even have to ask her where she lives

She was headed to this venue with a couple friends

And I was workin' late, said I'd collect her when the party ends

She goin' to this no-phone party

You know the ones where guys have their phones and all the women there don't

I threw one of them last week, so I don't wanna speak

And when I think about this shit, it cuts deep

You see, Tamah, she like my little sis'

So when I asked her to explain to me the story, she said this

I caught a vibe with a guy and then from the off

But somethin' was off, offer me pills and offer me shots

And off of my head, couldn't even say if I was sober or off of my head

I could've danced for days, wouldn't have been a surprise

But let's have a good night, these times are havin' good nights when all the  
men start drinkin'

And then they feel entitled to more than opinions

You know how that goes and man come to the girls like, "Fuckin' let me get y  
our Snap', innit

Add me back, innit, fuckin' what?

What you doin' after this? What you on? What's wrong?

Why you movin' so stiff? Come back to the AP, what, friend, what?

Don't worry 'bout her, you ain't her dad, that's long

Why follow her home? Call her a cab or what

I feel like I seen you before, you from Bex? You know Thames? Fuckin'

Are you gettin' back to ends?"

And I ain't sayin' that's weird, but it kinda is

She busy throwin' up, he's tryna take her to the crib

But that's the culture of the club, right?

All game's fair

And if she don't like it, why she there?

These times, she just wanna go home

She don't wanna go alone with no battery on her phone

And all her friends are tryna stay

Cah they goin' to somebody's afterparty in a house that's out the way

And then she blacked out

She was gonna leave with them, but somethin' felt off

And then she backed out

When I heard about the time she tried to make it home alone

She said

At Archway, I got out the car

It's quiet and I'm walking up this long hill

Faint sound, cold chills

I swear I just heard a familiar voice

Inside of the club, outside of the club  
Was it that first cab? I swear I know the voice  
Think fast, that's my only choice  
He's coming up, I hear him running up  
I ran and I trip, I fell and I buckle  
My belt in a buckle, my keys in my knuckles  
He's grabbing my hair, I'm screaming to stop  
I'm hitting him hard, it's turning him on  
The burning is gone, my body is so cold and frozen in fear  
Accepting my fate, his hands on my waist  
I think that I threw my keys in his face  
I ran and he chased  
I stumbled on a group of three that were leaving  
I ran towards them, didn't notice that my feet, they were bleeding  
And that's when I called, praying that you'd be there recording  
The only person that I know who's up at 3 in the morning  
I sound mad  
But if you ain't a girl, I guess you don't know the feeling  
Of watching what you wear because you're worried 'bout making it home  
Walking with your phone to your ear and you ain't on the phone  
Can't walk on the same side of the pavement alone  
Everyone's a fucking good guy and they're making it known  
But I'm just making it known that if you ain't a girl, I guess you don't know the feeling  
Of checking the child lock, or seeing the AirTag  
A five-minute walk home feeling like five miles  
Maybe if these people would police our cities way they police our bodies  
Then maybe, fucking hell  
Maybe every woman that I know wouldn't be stuck as well  
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask  
It looks like that flirty cab driver and guys that feel entitled 'cause you're standing in their section  
Short-tempered men, the ones who struggle with rejection  
I knew a girl called

That was in so deep, she thought violence was affection  
I ain't know some women wouldn't want a man's help  
Because so many of 'em want the same reward for their protection  
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask  
It looks like that kid in the group chat that jokes about—  
And he won't ever stop because there's no one to correct him  
And he might even do it 'cause the system would protect him  
Algorithm gonna find some people just like him  
They hate women too, okay, yeah, fuck it, let's connect him  
Homicidal femicidal shit on their suggested  
Somebody just asked you on a date, it was your dentist  
He just went upstairs and got your number from reception  
Used to be nice, said I remind him of his little girl  
Two weeks later, he wants a sexual connection  
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask  
Who you even talking to?  
Women hunted down by the people they say report it to  
Honestly, I wouldn't have the solitude or fortitude  
Try and humanise, she could be somebody's daughter, you  
As if that's the reason them fellas shouldn't slaughter you  
God forbid that they offend the people you're belongin' to  
Objectify you just the way I do in every song  
Tamah was never wrong

Can't trust guys, she never lied  
No menicide, it femicide  
The catcalls, the long stares  
The kind words, the lines blurred

Call her out, impersonate her  
All know a victim, don't know a perpetrator  
Am I one of them? The men of the past  
Who catcalled or spoke in the bars?  
I'm complicit, no better than you  
I told stories of-, yeah  
Can't sit on the fence, that's hardly an option  
You either part of the solution or part of the problem