

God damn
I can't believe you could believe

Should've known what was up
When your nose was up
Guess I just saw what I wanted to see
Might've fumbled the bag, but I came through in the clutch
You were projecting, the reflection was ugly
Should've known you'd been sold
When your shoulder was cold
Guess I just saw what I wanted to see
Might've fumbled the bag, but I came through in the clutch
You were projecting, the reflection was ugly

No such thing as friendly fire, what's the damage?
Just collateral, how many bodies does it take to climb that social ladder?
Lover, friend, or foe, you got me feeling like the latter, oh
God damn

I can't believe you could believe that about me
You're so two-faced, but I'm so quick to turn the other cheek
It hurts to breathe, I pray for sleep
Even then, this nightmare still haunts me
Fight for the pen to write my obituary
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