

Model Plane

Drapht

Bro

Last night I had to sleep on the couch with the cat
She started calling me Oscar the Grouch, like I was
Hanging with trash but I was hanging with Sheldon
"Right, why am I trash?" Well the world ends, 'cause you keep
Paying out her girlfriend Stacey
Paying out like she was on welfare with a baby
"Dude she is on welfare with a baby?" Oh mate, maybe she is
But I am the one that cops it like Jay Z in a lift
When it elevates, I need to make an escape
I need a light at the end of the tunnel, see me accelerate
Like El Chapo, new world Fidel Castro
No smoking hotheads, no Tabasco
Like no lasso, you ain't heard about
This type of beef, do not sink your teeth in
"Why don't you pack your bags and leave then, genius?"
Well, it never gets back to my time to speak, to say

Can we just chill, be nonchalant?
Let's take a leaf from a book of a Rastaman
There's always something wrong
Unless we doing exactly just what you want

See, I remember being two peas in a pod
Back when making her happy was an easier job
But lately, she been needy because she been reading a blog
That says every guy is just a cheat and a dog
Uh, sexist much? How's she gonna use
The same damn brush for the rest of us?
And she said, "Oh, you wanna talk? Let's discuss
The fact that you been hitting all your exes up"
Yeah, she's mad 'cause she knows I text two of my exes
But I didn't even end my texts to 'em with X's
Well that's to be expected if you ask me
But man, these are friendships she never contested in the past
Damn, sounds like some hard work
I swear to God this girl is getting on my last nerve
It's funny how she always wants to know my passwords
But she gets defensive whenever I ask hers

Hm, okay, well, yeah, you can look through my phone
But I can't look through yours?
Yeah, well that's a bit backwards, isn't it?
Okay cool, yeah, sick

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There's always something wrong
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But ain't your hobby, baby, no I ain't your model train
No, no, no, no
Can't even please your needs, and no, I ain't your model plane
No, no, no, no, no, no, no

I was like, "Please babe, behave, I don't want a clean shave
Everybody's looking at us, why you gotta be strange?"

Late 'cause she wouldn't take the freeway
Now she's tryna make me eat a salad on my b-day
For Pete's sake, what is it now?
What is it she assumes I ain't being honest about?
What does she mean, "Who's Monica"? I don't know a Monica
Oh, she means that Monica, wow
I swear she's just a friend, okay, just a friend
Now can this please never ever be discussed again? Mate
I never want us to end
But I ain't one of them custom men, she thinks she's such a ten
She thinks she's so unique, she thinks she's all of that
Monica, I'm gonna have to call ya back
Remember when she chased you with a steak knife?
Bro, I better go yo, it's date night, great, right?

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