

# Picky

Emei

There's a crowd outside the door, you better line up  
And a sheet up on the wall you better sign up  
If you wanna know me, better listen closely  
'Cause I'm hard spoken  
Got you three hundred feet up, walking a tightrope  
You don't even sing, but you better hit that high note  
Like to change my mind in the middle of night, so  
Keep your eyes open

You'll wanna see what's next  
I put you to the test  
You got room to grow  
So start taking some notes

Oh, oh, I'm picky  
Keep you on your toes tip-tip-tip-tippy  
Knock you down the slope real fast, slip-slippy  
Heard you tell your mom that you're sitting with me  
How you think I'm the shit, oh shit, no really  
Try a different size if the shoe don't fit me  
Put you on a ride til you're di-di-dizzy  
Work you 'til exhaustion  
Gimme every option

'Cause I don't know what I want 'til I got it

Think I like you, oh, maybe, never mind  
Fancy ice cubes over cheap ass wine  
And you left a good impression  
But now I'm second guessing  
Didn't get the message  
Okay, here's another lesson

You're so obsessed  
I'll put you to the test  
See what else you know  
And don't peek, no, no notes

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