

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-slip-slip
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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