

Doin' Too Much

Grace

Girls in the club take pictures like it's religion
We just wanna talk, we don't ever really listen
Hard to be soft, it's the way we've been conditioned
I just wanna float, not asking for your permission
Had to fall down, had to be all by myself
If you taking notes I don't do it for my health
I just realized that none of this shit is real
I can see ya smile, is that really how ya feel?

Please let me know if I'm doin' too much
No, I'm not perfect, but I'm close enough
If you rolling up, baby, roll enough
If you just tryna hit it let me know what's up
If you rolling up, and I'm close enough
No, you're not perfect, but I fuck with ya
Let me know what's up, 'cause you're close enough
If you just tryna hit it let me know what's up

Boys like to fuck but run away from decisions
Keep wasting my time when I'm out here on a mission
Make me feel like you would stay but that wasn't your intention
If you had it your way I'd be cooking in the kitchen, yeah

So, I...
Hit the mall but I'm broke, though
Too high but I still smoke, oh
Say I know but I don't know
Hard to love when your heart stolen
Either get it or you don't, babe
I'll be fine on my own, babe
Ignore the dumb shit that I say
I didn't mean it anyway

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(Let me know what's up
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