

Rabbit Stew

IDK

You could be my pen pal
We could be the best of friends
You could be the falsetto in my voice
Hope it never, ever, ever, ever ends
'Cause the highs be the highs
And the lows be the lows
I'd rather love you on the low
Than love you and the whole world knows

Been thinkin' 'bout writin' this letter forever, I'm (I'm)
Flippin' the page, shiftin' the rage (Rage)
Feelings be often on left of the center, I'm (I'm)
Good at tackling problems, I must say (Say)
Or maybe not, maybe I'm
Thinkin' I linked a couple times, I
Think a couple minds might
Think alike, or maybe not, I thought we thought the same and that's a shame
That's what's made me hot
Now we in a savory spot
Saltier than ever, we'd be shiftin' weather
Hopin' we could weather through the storm
So whether in my heart or whether you be in my arms
I could change it with a text, I think the weather's in my palms (I think the weather's in my palms)
In often need of a temperature check (Temperature check)
That requires more than a hand on my head (Temperature check)
To know if it's best to stay in the bed
I guess the message is it's better just to say it instead

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Is we good?
Is we bad?
Is we done?
Is we back? (Shake that shit)
Is we good? (Shake that shit)
Is we bad? (Shake that shit)
Is we done? (Shake that shit)
Is we back? (Shake that shit)
Is we good? (Shake that shit)
Is we bad? (Shake that shit)
Is we done? (Shake that shit)
Is we back? (Shake that shit)
Is we good? (Too black, shake that shit)
Is we bad? (Too black, shake that shit)
Is we done? (Too black, shake that shit)
(Too black)

Too black to beat my blue
Too white to see how I do

Too great to think like you used
Don't say my dreams come true
Your dreams is different than I did
They say I got the same chances, that's ign'ant
Grown ass man, who you think you kidding?
3 strikes, out, just missed my mitten
2 shots value, caught me slippin'
Macintosh, I got to think different
Shorten my bus even though I'm gifted
Put me in cuffs, that's the only mission
Ridicule me 'till my body stiffen
Cripple me 'cause you think I'm crippin'
Blood on the leaves, I could blood for a livin'
Show 'em my love then my love gone missin'

You could be my pen pal (I wrote a letter to my friend)
We could be the best of friends (La-la-la-la-la)
You could be the falsetto in my voice
Hope it never, ever, ever, ever ends
'Cause the highs be the highs (Woo)
And the lows be the lows
I'd rather love you on the low
Than love you and the whole world knows