

Treeshy

Jenn Carter

Who-who am I? Glah, Someone afraid to let go-go, glah, glah, glah
You decide if you're-if you're gonna let me know-know (Is this Glvck?)
It's Carter, dickhead
Su-su-suicide if you ever try to let go-go
I'm sad, I know, I'm-I'm-I'm sad, grrt, I know, yeah
Baow

Get the bread like this shit is so simple (Gang, gang)
Bitch is a thottie, no, bitch, I can't kiss you (Glah, glah)
Bad bitch call my phone like, "I miss you" (Gang, gang)
Run through and somethin' tear like tissue (Glah, glah, glah)
Fuck around, leave his thoughts on the pavement (Glah, glah)
Copped the plea like he writin' a statement (Glah, glah)
Put him up like a status, I made it
Put some flick on the book and she quakin'
Please don't step on my feets, I get heated (Glah, glah)
Shorty tellin' her boyfriend she cheated (Glah, glah)
Now we on a group court like a meetin'
I might go and tell that boy he was geekin' (Gang, gang)
She a baddie, she like how I beat it (Glah, glah)
She like, "Jenny, let's keep it a secret" (Glah, glah)
She get off the Henny, that baby start tweakin' (What?)
And I'm all in her stomach, no fetus (Like, what?)
And my wrist is so cold, I'm anemic
4-1 the movement, we still undefeated (Gang, gang)
My behaviour's like I'm a demon (Glah, glaha)
Switchin' the V like that shit is a remix (Glah, glah, glah)
They not fuckin' with me, I'm conceited (Glah, glah)
Rackin' the presents, they come in a sequence (Gang, gang, gang)
If I told you, you wouldn't believe it (What?)
Pussy boy in the paint, he bleedin'
Why these bitches on me like I'm Sosa?
They be fiendin' like crack in the eighties
Bitch on my back, touchin' me while I roll up (Gang, gang)
Me and Rey and we takin' your lady (Glah, glah, glah)
We slide to the function and bitties go crazy (Go, what?)
Pussy boy, how you lack, but you sober?
Bitch in my DM like, "Jenny, just date me" (Glah, glah)
Bitch, I'm back, we don't aim for your shoulder (Glah, glah)
Loud in the air, you can smell the aroma (Glah, glah)
I'm so icy, I think it's October (Gang, gang, gang)
Every flick on the 'Gram, I get colder and colder (Glah, glah, boom)
Spreadin' her legs like Corona, Corona (Glah, glah, boom)
No Dixon, but shorty want printings of the owner
Shorty so nasty, I cannot control her (Glah, glah)
Shorty so nasty, I cannot- (Glah, glah)
Bitch, on my line, want me beat it like Breezy (Gang, gang, gang)
This bitch is so fine, know her ex wanna be me
I'm stackin' my cheese and I make it look easy
Your deli diseased, how I'm killin' the [?]
Murder what she wrote me
The court be the scene, so I'm ballin' like Kobe
Glock with the beam then I like what you throwin' me

It's Carter, dickhead
Glah, glah, boom
Suicide if you ever try to let go-go

I'm sad, I know, yeah, I'm sad, I know, yeahI