

Text Me

Kevin Abstract

Late night pharmacy runs
Gripping my dick while I'm gripping my gun
Cousin a daytrader, not looking out for anyone
Saint Alizé at Port Beach, stepped outside the movie theatre
So you can call me, bad news
Watch the rest all grumpy
And I was having a good week
You could've just texted me

It had been two years
I was still recovering
And I love Jesus
But goddamn, he's testing me
Bitch ass, you could've just texted me
Took you this long to say you're sorry

You could've just texted me
You could've just texted me, yeah

I've done my part
Knowing my absence was enough
Does it feel good
Knowing how you done messed me up?
I been getting fresh air and meditating
No longer care about this conversation
You feel guilty, well, that's good for you
I will partake in finding some kind of truth
Holla if you hear me

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Oh
You could've just texted me
You could've just texted me
You could've just texted me
You could've just texted me, oh