Same Type

Kiana Ledé

I ain't a saint or nothin'
But too many niggas wanna take me down
Can't count on my hands, I gotta double up
Yeah
Another one for the count

Let's start with my dad
Mean no disrespect
Then to my ex
He made me a mess
And it never ends
Count, count, count 'em up

It's so sad but it's true
That this shit ain't nothin new, new

Take take take, yeah, they take too much
One day blowing me kisses, then they go missin'
Yeah, they gonna hype you up
Trappin' my trust and end up leaving me
Overcompensating
Complicated
Fucking jaded
And I don't know why
I try when they all the same type

I try
I try when they all the same type

I seen the good in you
But sometimes bad people do good things and
Can't even see it's cruel
I don't trust how much that I don't trust you
Now anybody moves
Think they're twisting and controlling
Probably got some morals missing
And I can't tell who from who
They all

Take take take, yeah, they take too much
Run around blowing me kisses, then they go missin'
Yeah, they gonna hype you up
Trappin' my trust and end up leaving me
Overcompensating
Contemplating
Fucking jaded
And I don't know why
I try when they all the same type

I try when they all the same
It's the stupid same mistake
Ain't nobody else to blame (Ain't nobody else to blame)
Ain't nobody else to blame