

Small Talk

Kid Quill

Yeah, okay fuck it this ain't no love song
This a "fuck it, I'm tryna do some drugs" song
This a "okay, that who you thought it was" song
Yeah this the one that they been waiting all for so long
Yeah it's the wonderful, I keep it colorful
Fuck the rainbow, it's the pot of gold
I told my old friends "Hit me on my new phone"
I like my music loud, I like my soda cold
Yeah, don't let a word go to waste
And she been gone off of Hennessey but she don't like the taste
Yeah she's cool, a little too cool
You know she like money, so all her friends got pools
But karma gon' get her, right, left, stick 'er
She got a thick skull, but her skin a little thicker
Yeah, this next line might come out as a shock
But don't text me I don't wanna make small talk
Ya dig?

Okay you send me songs that remind you of me
And fuck it I don't even listen (I don't even listen)
I don't pay attention (I don't pay attention)
It's like half those things in a song ain't true
You text me just to talk 'bout you
It might be mean and it might be rude
But don't call me I don't wanna make small talk

She changed her Instagram name like four times
Only talk to her when it's on her own time yeah
Probably busy with the waist line
She don't ever show her face on her Facetime, yeah
Okay unless she got her make up on
Yeah she hit the club and she only drinks the Vegas bombs
And she loves Trap music but she hates doing drugs
She enjoys having sex and she hates giving hugs
And her daddy got the money so her bank grow
Yeah she voted in November, yeah stay woke
She post a pic with her friend and a song quote
Cigarettes when she drinks, yeah chain smokes
Ooh, well, I know you love the attention, yeah
So I'ma need you to listen, yeah
This might come out as a shock
But don't try me 'cause you number's been blocked
Ya dig?

Okay you send me songs that remind you of me
And fuck it I don't even listen (I don't even listen)
I don't pay attention (I don't pay attention)
It's like half those things in a song came true
You text me just to talk 'bout you
It might be mean and it might be rude
But don't call me I don't wanna make small talk

Okay you send me songs that remind you of me
And fuck it I don't even listen (I don't even listen)
I don't pay attention (I don't pay attention)
It's like half those things in a song came true
You text me just to talk 'bout you

It might be mean and it might be rude
But don't call me I don't wanna make small talk

Mhm mhm
Yeah you're breaking my heart
You tore it apart
But fuck you, but fuck you, whoa
Yeah all I wanna do is just have a good time
Now I'm blue, yeah I'm blue, ooh, ooh
And you got issues yeah, yeah you got issues yeah
Yeah you got issues yeah, and all your friends do too, yeah, whoa
I fuckin' hate you
Yes I just hate you
And guess what, most of your friends are cooler than you and
I didn't wanna make this song
'Cause I did not want you to think I was thinkin' of you
Well guess what? I'm thinkin' of you, yeah, look
And I hope it eats your heart out
I hope it eats your heart out
I hope it eats your heart out, yeah, look
'Cause you breaking my heart
You tore it apart
So fuck you, yeah fuck you
I don't wanna make small talk, yeah