

High Tops

Kita Alexander

You think you're bulletproof
But I can see right through those pretty things
And how you choose
You try to take me home
Just so that you don't have to feel alone
In your heart

I don't want to hear your reasons
I'm given you time
Look at all those seasons that have passed us by
Why you buy me rings?
I, I turn shy
I forgot my baby Jesus

Baby, put your high tops on
All I need, lace them up
Don't need no diamond rings
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And I just wanna dance
But you keep buying me these pretty things
To make me elegant
But there's no black and white
I just don't think that I'm the one for you
Tell me you're in my brain

You're trynna take me out to dinner
You say I'm a sin, I think I'm a sinner
You're trynna send me down the river
You say I'm a taker, I think I'm a giver

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