

# Dirt

Lexa Gates

What do I do? What do I do fool?

Dígame

What do I do?

I'd smoke a blunt if I had to

I'd take a shot if I had to

Mind if I have to, do what I have to

I hit the main and the after

Just tryna make it pass faster

What's a distraction? What is a passion?

Visceral reactions, screaming and thrashing

I'm just addicted to nothing, nothing

Oh, save me from myself, ahh

Tryna make me sad, but it won't work 'cause it don't hurt

Tryna get me back, but it won't merge with my self worth

Tryna make plant grow, but the roots show, so me need dirt

Telling me you need me, but what you need's under my skirt

Tryna make me sad, but it won't work 'cause it don't hurt

Tryna get me back, but it won't merge with my self worth

Tryna make plant grow, but the roots show, so me need dirt

Telling me you need me, but what you need's under my skirt

Sitting by the beach thinking to myself, "Why'd I ever love anybody else?"

I could wish you well, I could give you hell

I could keep your secret, probably never tell

Know you freaky-deaky, come and ring my bell

I could lick you up and down and leave a trail

Going brazy, brazy, damn near broke a nail

Damn, you broke as hell

Go on, collect your welfare

I'm just addicted to nothing, nothing

Oh, save me from myself, ahh

I'm regulated and medicated

I'm here to flex on everyone who hated

I'm motivated, I meditated

Calling me twin, but, ho, we not related

You way too busy out here getting faded

If you see me, it's probably 'cause they paid

You getting played, I'm sorry, babe

I know you probably wish that we could trade

Nothing

(I know you probably wish that we could trade)

I'm just addicted to nothing