

From

Lexa Gates

I wanna buy a dog so I won't have to walk alone anymore
Clothes all on the floor, still hit the store to go get some more
And it ain't even been home in 'bout a decade or a lifetime
Seen the whole world, still ain't heard a word from you, and that's fine
Giving it time, letting the weeds grow like my fruit trees or d
inero
Got hit by an arrow, keep my hair long 'cause you like that
On the bridge and it's loud here, I can't hear shit, I'll hit you right back
You always keep a bad bitch with a nice rack, and her ass fat,
I don't like that

Peace of mind
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Placing expectations on me
From you

Riding 'round in a trench coat, Brooklyn's full of cornballs
No, I don't mean the natives, I be on the same shit
Just spent a twenty on a flat white, life's good, it don't feel right
Popping tags on 'em Louis bags, is it anything I can't have? Like
I don't know how to cook, you overlook me
My schedule's still booked, trick myself into getting up
Means something real sad about me that I'd even want love from you

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Where you from? Can we get there?
I wanna know how you grew up
Well, why you act so fucked up? was it drug addicts in the cut, cut cut?
Cut my hair 'cause I hate you, I don't want part no more
This the part where I don't care, you was never even really there
So, how you got me in my bedroom sitting here with a blank stare? Like

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