

Lately, Nothing

Lexa Gates

I might just smoke this shit to make my man mad
Need that love, I had a bad dad
Finally got some bread and my own pad
But I don't even got no one to bring back
Home when I can't stand being alone
Phone in my hand, I'm just on my phone
Blown mine with the shit you're saying to me
Few hours ago, I was your baby

Lately
I sit around and do nothing
Still tryna figure out something
Few hours ago, I was your baby
Few hours ago, I was your baby
Still tryna figure out something

I'm on my rag, mad
Tryna make some magic happen
Just need some satisfaction
Conversation, compensation
My attitude nasty, I should really feel glad
I'm usually really classy, actually, it's so sad
Just let the world around me beat me like a punch in
Working out, tryna get my crunch in
Worried about nothing
I'm worried about nothing

Lately
I sit around and do nothing
Still tryna figure out something
Few hours ago, I was your baby
Few hours ago, I was your baby
Still tryna figure out something
I sit around and do nothing
Nothing, nothing

Last night I laid in bed
'Cause I forgot my meds
Scared I'll amount to nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing