

New Things

Lexa Gates

Bitch

I don't really care, I'm on my own shit (Goddamn, goddamn)
Stuck on Steinway with the whole clique
Bud on deck like in my old whip
I miss my old shit

But I'm onto new things (Woah)
But I'm onto new things (New things)
But I'm onto new things
But I'm onto new, ne-ne-ne-new things

I've been way too good to you, baby, you don't deserve me
Don't forget the one who was doing all of the curving
I done did some things in the past, but now I'm learning
Know that I set your soul on fire, that bitch was burning
Don't lie to me, don't cry to me, go play (Play, play, play)
You're sick of me, you're tired of me, okay
I got too much on my plates
Sorry you showed up so late
I don't got the time to act right
Over what smells like bullshit, b-bullshit, yeah
Everything you're telling me is bullshit, bullshit
You gon' make me empty out the whole clip, yeah
If you're looking for me, this the wrong chick

Bitch

I don't really care, I'm on my own shit (Goddamn, goddamn)
Stuck on Steinway with the whole clique
Bud on deck like in my old whip
I miss my old shit

But I'm onto new things (Woah)
But I'm onto new things (New, ne-ne-ne-new things, yeah)
But I'm onto new things (Woah)
But I'm onto new, ne-ne-ne-new things, yeah
I'm onto new things
But I'm onto new things, I'm onto new things (Yeah)
But I'm onto new things, I'm onto new things (Yeah)
But I'm onto new things, I'm onto new things (Yeah)
But I'm onto new things

New gas, I'll face it, put that on mamas
Plug showed up, but I'm in pajamas
On my own, I'm never in drama
You want problems just like Osama
Ho, I'm dead
I don't give a fuck about what you said
I can't let nobody get in my head
I won't let nobody get in my head, no

Get the fuck out of the car, bitch
Get the fuck out the car, like I don't understand
You acting like you 'bout a do some shit
I'll really beat your ass
Get the fuck out the car and do that then