

Stacy's Chips

Lexa Gates

I hate all this shit
Keep reminding myself, breathe, I'm fucking out of it
Took a walk to ease my mind and let it out a bit
Spent a band, it's only stores, there's nowhere I could sit
So I'm just wondering, like, why my figure feel so stiff
I'm working out and eating good, and these pants still don't fit
I started doing gel and now my nails are thin and chipped
There's never any time to cook, I'm eating Stacy's chips
Chips

I'm getting busy though, I'll text you when I'm out of this
Staying pleasant, always smiling with my fists in grips
Endless opportunity, I could buy me some tits
It could be worse, it could be better
Rich my boofs still rip

Bitch, be a lady
You've been acting so nasty lately
Hit the door like, "Be quiet," make me
You want something? No, fuck you, pay me
Nice girl wanna seem so mean
Me so dirty tryna grab your peen
You look dumb sippin' on that lean
I hate bitches, that's the man in me
Left too late, didn't see the damn sun
No windows everywhere I go
Highs too high make the lows so low
Dealing with everything on my own
You don't even know
(No, you don't even know)
(Yeah, and you don't even know)
(No, no, no)

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Really wish I could have some wings though
Really wish I could have some steak though
Really wish I could have some drinks though
Really wish I could have some time though
Really wish I could have some