

What's Wrong?

M Row

Damn, I'm tryna see what you mad at
You block me on everything, I'm only relayin' the message to you on a Cash App
Tryna figure out where I went wrong, you refusin' to say where the fuck I did bad at
Like I call your friend and she giggle and hang up on me like it's somethin' to laugh at (Fuck)
I'm tryna visualize all of the time's and the flash backs
I feel like you dub me because it's a nigga around, but I don't wanna ask that
Even though you was doin' your thing way before me, I really be lookin' way past that
At the same time I really do let it just bother me knowin' that mad niggas had that
You don't even tell me the reason you ghosted, you post it all over the media
Fuck it, if that's what we doin' I'll block her on everything, now I'm deletin' her
I'd rather just never see what she be doin', I soon not care 'bout seein' her
I'm only gon' think 'bout her late at night 'cause I can't sleep alone, I be needin' her
You just wanna ignore me and not even tell me the reason that you wanna break up
I just get up and see that I'm blocked with no messages explainin' what's up off the wake up
Shit turnin' me off, to be honest I've been felt funny and I already gave up
I just want a answer from you so I know what I did, you just coulda been straight up

Damn, like, I go through my phone and realize bitches not her
Whatever she want, know I got her
Soon as she throw me off, I'm quick to block her
And we be kickin' it like soccer
Wearin' my shorts while you cookin' me pasta
And this ain't no Cooking with Kya, my shorty hit high note like Mariah
I'm fiendin' to get in it, any man tryna stunt, I'm a get wit' him
It ain't no matter the crib we in, you 'bout to die if you play wit' my feelin's bitch
You go treesh and I call you to hit again
I be lookin' like an idiot, I'm a savage so no I don't give a shit
Only nigga who never crossed me was Benjamin Franklin, we out here gettin' it
Hit that lick wit' the bros, then we splittin' it

Can't trust no thot, all these bitches hot, that's why I always
keep a different chick
Give my heart to a bitch, I could never 'cause every bitch I gi
ve it to end up rippin' it (That's on my deads)
And that's why I be on some different shit (Facts)
Like, hold on, she grab my heart and yanked it out my sweater
Get back, I got a vendetta
I pop a trigger when I'm feelin' under the weather
The Perky always make it better
I send my left hand man to go blitz that
But whole time, I'm just tryna test her
Bae I got money, could be an investor
Like, [?]