

Messy

Pi'erre Bourne

Why you gotta be so messy?
Diamond Rolexes
Time of the essences
I don't respond to her messages
You take long to get dressed and shit
We end up fuckin' off ecstasy
Smell the weed from door
Creed on my clothes
You was eager to go
Two weeks later she screamin' on my phone
Like leave me alone, what you needin' me for?

This Sprinter got too many seats (It do)
In your city for a night, let's meet (Come on)
Been bookin' these flights for these freaks (Okay)
My travel agent laughin' at me (What's so funny?)
IPhone 11 on sleep
P.Y.T., T.L.C.
I bet you don't know what that means (You don't)
Me and lil babe we gone creep (Okay)
Left a lotta shells in the streets
Make me raise hell and pull heat
Now you can't inhale or breathe (You can't)
The judge wanna nail my feet (On God)
I gotta keep her nails on fleek
She was here before the mill like Meek
Packs landin' in the mail every week
Put a bag on the alarm in the room before we chief

The Benz came with too many keys
Position, she assume it for me (She do)
If ain't love, what could it be? (What is it?)
Ripped her jeans when she got her knees
She call me dad but I ain't got no seeds
Fuck the bag if it ain't got no C's
We can chill, no photo please
Just chill and roll that reef

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