

Insecure

Pleasure P

None of these hoes can flex on my baby
But my baby at home and she driving me crazy
I hit hustle and tryna just make us some money
But she just out here thinking I'm fucking
So insecure, we fight every night
I could accuse you of the same, but two wrongs don't make a right
And two rights don't make me wrong, I'd rather just be alone
And to leave and not come home

But I know you really love me
So why do you insist on making things hard
And don't let me do my job
But I know you really love me
So why do you insist on making things hard
And don't let me do my job

Kicking me outta the house now
She pack all my shit in the trash bags
She started some shit, but for what now?
I don't understand why she don't bump down
So insecure, we trip all the time
You sure like the lights, but you don't like the grind
You would be half the girl, I wanna fucking fight
And why you swear so bad that I ain't living right

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