

She

Pretty Sick

She, she, she comes over me
Like an outfit, she does
She wants to be, running wild and free
Really who am I to judge?

She, she, she comes over me
I knew half as much as she does
She wants to be, my anything, my everything
Really who am I to judge, to judge, to judge?

She has part of me
The other half of my will to be I want us bad
She's got pillars
And she's looking at you kid
Can you keep a secret are you ready to die?
Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-ooh

She love love love love love
She love love love love love
She love love love love love
She love love love love love
She love love love love love
She love love love love love