

Blocked

Quadeca

(Oooh...)

I think she blocked me on the Instagram
I need to know, what did I do?
I guess I missed her plan
Me, I'm just searchin' for that true shit
Where is it, man?
I'll l never know
Just wanted you to help me understand
I need some closure because
Truthfully, I give a damn
I give a damn

Plenty of fish in the sea, but see
I ain't no fisherman
See, I'm a middleman, a businessman
And this means business, man
Diggin' in the sand
Lookin for a reason
I'm not kiddin', man

How am I gonna let all of this get to me?
Been a few months since you texted me
Shit, I'll just tell myself I'm a celebrity
There is no way you can mess with me
(Pass it)
And in the big picture, this shit doesn't matter
But right now, It's feeling like everything
The more I think about it, it just gets sadder
I was thinkin' about a wedding ring
But now I'm thinkin' about so many things
What did I do to deserve it?
This shit the most petty of petty things
I'll stick with nobody's perfect
Like all of my life I'll forget about it
And all the things that I'd said about it
But why the fuck did I get blocked?

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(Hello, nobody is available to take your call
Please leave a message after the tone)

(Beep)

(Uh, I guess, there were just a couple things I wanted to say)

Spectacular speculations
I'm havin' some reservations
Imagin' all the statements
That's travellin' through these places
Back in to buy some pashin'
Trashin' their reputations
They actually don't have facts
Reality left them baseless
I wish that we left them nameless
Associate em with faces
Make judgments from expectations
And watch as their heads are shaking
These people want me to crumble
And turn to some medication
To fuck up my motivation
And focus on education

But I'm petty petty petty petty
That's all they really ever tell me
So many times that you convince me of shit
That I swear you could've won an Emmy
I got a phone in my hand, like a note for the gram
I'm thinkin' about holdin' your hand
But you don't understand
I think that love is either gold or a scam and
You never really know til the end
Like how all this began

I've been trying to come at this like a man trying to figure out where I fit
into the plan
How does all this drama surround me
I hear a follow an ollie
I don't wanna hear about this shit again
But I guess that's how it goes when they stalk me
They'll do anything to try and stop me
I did nothing wrong, but that's how it goes
When a basic bitch tries to block me