

WHACHU MEAN

Ramengvrl

First, I'm no good at payin' attention
I don't even know you
How you send me DMs and expect to make relations
Well me and my boy's an exception

I don't like chit-chat man
I don't even like you man
Don't call me fam
I don't do small talk man
Only do big shit man
Don't call me friend

Dudes be actin' like I owe them (yuh)
When in fact I'm the one who really own them (yuh)
Imma just be rockin Rick Owens (yuh)
And they praise me like I'm fuckin' totem (yuh)

You saying bad things behind my back (yuh)
But you would still be rockin' to my set (yuh)
Even if you chose to pose a little threat (yuh)
Imma be the one who pay off all your debts (yuh)

Oh my God, oh my God
Dudes be actin' like a thot
Askin' all these mothafuckin' questions like they fuckin' cops
What you mean boy? What you what you mean?
What you mean boy? What you what you mean?

People look at me like I'm their mothafuckin' wishlist
But if you gettin on my nerves I might just be your fuckin' death wish
I don't understand why they keep wantin' my attentionnnnnn
And I don't even wanna give them a mentionnnnnn

People that I know prolly thinks I'm cold
'Cause I don't reply their texts when they blowin' up my phone
I ain't got no fuckin' time
I need me some piece of mind
Don't ask me shit cause bitch I'm doin' fine, bitch don't drink my wine
don't waste my time

Dudes be like a thot
When they plot
I don't understand
Blowin' kisses at me but behind me they talk shit a lot
What you mean boy? What you what you mean?
What you mean boy? What you what you mean?

(They think that I've changed
But they changin' around me
And I don't understand it)
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