

# 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 attentionnnnnnn  
And I don't even wanna give them a mentionnnnnnn

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  
ne 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)