

She

Rich Brian

She is the air that I breathe
She gives the story a meaning
My baby, baby
My favorite girl
She is the air that I breathe

You could never fuck my girl 'cause if you did she wasn't mine
Did she really see me and my soul or is it dollar signs?
Either way she gripped up on this pole AC on 65, it's cold
I'm tryna better my self-control

And if you see me out with a girl
Please ask for a picture
'Cause they love seeing that shit
Although they'd never admit
And then she might let me hit
And then she might let me fix
All of her issues
But certain situations you gotta do alone

My therapist just quit his job, I only got my songs
He said I got a tendency for saving all these whores
I didn't like what he just said, I'm tryna prove him wrong
But all my past girlfriends come from a broken home

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Man
How you go and fuck up a good thing?
You question every move she make no matter what proof brings
Friends are gassin' up your side like (Yeah, as you should, king)
I ain't even paint the whole picture
I got a history of fumblin' bitches
Man, I should just be humblin' bitches
Sense of humor always piquin' my interest
She was a pro at that
Hardworking made me go harder, man
She ain't hold me back
Some of y'all got whores and they bad but then they only that

I can't even get in my groove, Lord
Would'a worked it out if I just walked in her shoes more
Pussy been the number one thing in my food source
But we ain't touchin' unless you use my heart as a moodboard
(Forget about it)

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