Can't Go On

Russ

Baby, baby, why'd you call me out my name? (Yeah, yeah)
'Cause now I made it and I might just do the same (Yeah, yeah)
This ain't healthy, girl, this can't go on
I think I'm over it, this can't go on
Baby, baby, why'd you call me out my name? (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah
I know you're you but I'm me, that shit means some shit
I got a house with a studio, I dreamed this shit
I be locked in, phone off, hits gettin' made
I don't got time to play house and kids gettin' made
I got tapestries, I'm buyin' for Morrocan-themed rooms
You got travesties of fuckin' men for vodka and shrooms
Gossipin' too as if I give a fuck
I gave you dick and conversation, guess I gave too much
My friends say it's my fault, they say that I'm the problem
They say that if I don't want them attached, then I should dog 'em
But that's not in my nature, I swear that's not the real me
Even if I felt okay about it, mom would kill me
But first-class tickets and five-star rooms
Shouldn't make you think you 'bout to be a wife and me a groom
Raise your standards, where's your self-worth and life at?
You shouldn't act like you come with a motherfuckin' price tag, yeah

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Doo-doo, you really make it hard to say (Hard to say)
Doo-doo, you need to understand your lane (Your lane)

Yeah, yeah, get a grip, fall back, be casual
We've only seen each other three times, act natural
Or rather, act neutral, I don't got the energy to deal with women how I used to
You need to chill the fuck out
I mentioned how I saw you three times, guess we struck out
Your overbearin' ways made the patience in me run out
I finally got some time to myself, ain't no time for your shit
You not my mom, you not my girl, and we not datin', so just dip
Call a Lyft, I heard Uber's racist
Yeah, the head is good but you're not who I choose to mate with
I need my space, indicative you can't handle boundaries
You keep blurrin' lines, I've had enough of all your drama and disturbin' mind, yeah

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