

I Think My Girl Caught A Body

Russ

Yeah

You had a fucked up childhood
Didn't get the love that a child should
Now you trying to find the good
You got a couple of bottles and a pile of kush
That you wanna run away with
Everyday is the same shit
Daddy beat you, left you faced with
Dealing with dudes giving you facelifts
And a pistol that doesn't have patience
Especially when your friend asks, oh shit
Let it soak in so much emotion
Bullets scrape you and you barely even notice
Cause you gon' find out where they live any moment
So you get in the car feelin' fucked up
Gun in your lap like, what what?
Pull up to the house, see the lights on
And the brass sound off like trumpets
Fuck it, you don't even know if you caught one

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You don't know how to be a woman
Haven't seen your mom in two years
When she was here you ignored her
Now you shed a few tears
Swear to God you killin' yourself
Yeah, guilt trip is your hobby
Girl, you hardly speaking
Me, I'm speaking softly
Tell me that it's not me
I tell you that it's all you
That's why my homie called me
To tell me that he saw you halfway naked
In a bathing suit with a lame ass dude
Looking like you on vacation
Looking halfway wasted I can't take it
Swear to God you killin' yourself

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