Sick

Ryan Caraveo

Ay, I'm getting sicker and sicker
You were my star, but now you're starting to flicker
I prepared for the smoke, but the fog getting thicker
I trying to talk, get off of my zipper
Tell me if you don't creep hoe
Why'd you hide your receipts for?
And why's your passenger seat low?
Your home girls five-two, I don't think so
I'ma jump ship now 'fore I sink slow
Swear you make me shake, quiver, yack and vomit
These ain't little lies, they astronomic
Every truth you tell got an asterisk on it
I'm so stressed out, pass the chronic

I feel like throwin' up
I feel like throwin' up
You make me sick, you make me sick
I taste those lies all on your lips
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You make me sick, you make me sick
I taste those lies all on your lips

Ay, I'm feeling dumber and dumber
Thought you were special, boy, what a bummer
'Cause you creep through the night
But you loyal by sun up
This shit just spoiled by summer
I don't wanna see no palm tries
A kite sailing in the calm breeze
I'm still feeling like a zombie
The playlist I deleted still haunts me
I hate this song, could you turn it off please?
Swear you got me heaving, spewing, blowing chunks
Stuck inside, ain't had a show in months
Said you're sorry, but did not show it once
If it's over, let me know up front

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