

Touch

Sammy Adams

She so outta sight, no gravity
So consumed, confused bout reality
Save the Bullocks, no Miss Congeniality
Fuck her because her looks but hate on her personality
She's out of touch with her friends cause she went abroad
Was on deck last minute, pulled a fuckin cart
Word of mouth, getting wild in the south of Spain
Still trynna run for the hills, party off the pain
Left her heel slipped out right after she finished
Or maybe just as an excuse for another visit
Couple calls, couple cars, we know that I'm faded
Bleeding hearts, stealing chunks from the player
Payin dues, playin fools, tryna do it all
Sprung into summer, going under so she bound to fall
Running round like she doesn't give a fuck
'Cause she's never out of time and she's always out of touch

You're out of touch, so out of your mind
No room for sleep, anytime tonight
So hard to touch, you look so fine
But I can't seem to get get you off my mind

Sneaks out in the morning like she's never there
But honestly that's how I did it, who would ever care?
Used to run around the city like she owned it
A gladiator in the bed like a Roman
Love's right, a angel without a halo
She out of sight, no George Clooney and J Lo
Outta line, little dime with a loud mouth
Throwin stones out the windows of her glass house
Compliments you on your love, very tongue in cheek
Then throws all your dirty laundry in the fucking street
Can be rough, so cool, so hit or miss
Rolling stone, out of time how she giving it
She's a phantom, specially for the handsome
Dressing the way she does, impressive the way she dancing
Cause she's a rich girl, rich girls don't need ya
Chew you up, spit you out, she's a man eater

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