

# Stressing

Snow Tha Product

(Pum-Pumbaa are you nuts?)

I know you seen that text that I sent ya  
I know that you still won't call me  
I been blowing up all my exes  
Feeling that you really don't want me  
I could be the one if you let me  
But you really ain't talking  
All these other hoes be guessing  
Now they on your IG stalking  
Tryna hate on you, tryna be like you  
Tryna do me, please me, act like you  
'Cause they never had nobody that was just so true  
Errybody that I fuck with just can't be my boo  
Who bought that chain, bought that ring  
Fixed you, got you, healed that pain  
Everything I did, you my love, my main  
I just can't explain

My girl broke up with me, and I'm stressing  
And now I'm tryna find a better one  
But I ain't even sure I learned my lesson  
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I gave you everything and took it back  
Except my fucking heart, your flight got booked with that  
I wish the way we ended, it just wasn't that  
But I'ma take the L and I ain't looking back  
'Cause I don't fuck with that  
I gave you all of the best  
Stunted on your ex  
Never got the credit for letting you keep check  
Like I wasn't all of that  
Like I ain't have no other options, you ain't thought of that  
Now let me call 'em back  
I'm finna club, yeah  
Turning up, yeah  
'Cause I ain't learned my lesson, I'ma fuck it up, yeah  
'Cause you a dub, yeah  
[?] for what, yeah  
And I'ma go out, I'ma run the numbers up, yeah  
Now I'ma call up all my bitches, eh  
Anyone that listen, eh  
I'm about to sub you in the captions of my pictures, eh  
Tryna keep it pimping, eh  
Fuck a bitches feelings eh  
I ain't learned my lesson, I'm still making bad decisions, eh

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Baby, I know I'm so hard-headed and unpredictable  
But one thing for certain, I'm stressing, texting and missing you  
And it seems like the only thing you're missing is cause  
It's pissing me off, started feeling like the distance is long  
But there isn't shit I can do 'cause I reached all my strikes, right?  
So now it is time, I can tell you to fuck who you like, sike  
Straight shot to the chest  
Even though I'm lying, you know I [?]  
And I suggest, probably cut off all the friends  
In my DM's, with heart eyes and pictures of them  
Eh, straight doing the dirty, even though I'm flirty  
You know I'm doing things that could hurt you, and I  
I, I don't wanna be like that  
I promise to love you lil mama, baby hit me back you know

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