

what's your problem?

Tate McRae

What's your problem?
You think that you're a God
You came and fucked my life up when you knew that I was lost
What's your problem?
I'm crying on the floor
You made me hate myself, just so that I would love you more

I don't give a fuck about you like I used to
Back when I really thought I knew you
Back when I'd die not to lose you
Yeah, you knew I didn't have many friends when I met you
Was the new kid, trying to impress you
You always loved coming to the rescue

I shoulda known when my mom said she don't like you
Shoulda took that as a sign
Thought I caught you smiling the night that you saw me cry
Bet it feeds your ego
That I'm low all the time
'Cause that shit gets you high

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It's funny
You took me 'round town like you owned me
Wanted me for your eyes only
Never wanted anyone to know me
Tried to make me more like you and less like me
You're saying things I won't repeat
That's petty shit, only you would do

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