

Make It Make Sense

Tink

Usually, I wouldn't give a damn
On and off every single year
Back and forth just to sex me good
I would leave only if I could
Lying in my group chat 'bout us, can't deny no rumors 'bout us
They don't know what love could do, crazy I'm still fucking you
After all the things I said that we were going through
I hate it here but I still pull up when you want me to

Tuesday, you with me
Boy, make it make sense
Thursdays, I catch him
With some random ass bitch
Fridays, we sneaking
Boy, make it make sense
You say you love me
But it don't make sense

So, you mean to tell me
You saw me, liked me, wanted me, chased me, got me, and then you fumbled me?
What?
You say you love me
But it don't make sense

Tell me what I want to hear
Turn around and disappear
Feel like I ain't wanted here
But I like how you touch me, so I'll be back around for sure
5:00 AM, boy, let's pretend we more than friends
Block me then request me, now it's up again
You trying to keep this on the low
Like I ain't have you begging me a week ago

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