

Baby, stop tryna read me
Stop tryna dive down and reach me
Stop tryna pry out and find out what lies lie beneath me
Stop tryna block out my hideouts that's not how you teach me
I remember when you told me I never grew up with a dad that was a man
That's why I'm so quick to idolize the men I see
But when it come to women, I don't give the same respect
And it don't mean I have respect just because I act respectfully
And that just been upsetting to me
Especially 'cause you been sitting next to me
And you wouldn't even tilt your fucking head to me
I was deep in thought, thinking about the women that I've seen
Maybe I lack respect because I don't have respect for me
Like, how could you love me? What does that say about you?
What do you see when you see me make my way around the room playing the character that I can't maintain around you?
It's like I take my mask off when I feel safe inside the room with you
You have respect for that so how are you questioning mine?
You need to find a hobby the way you investing your time
Breaking down where I am
Like "How this motherfucker got all these fans that relate to him
But he don't express any time in real life?"
Truthfully I'm better with rhymes, it feels like
I'm just pretending my life is still mine
Took time to realize I got on the mic' in for [?] impersonation of rappers I don't even like no more
My nights are more interesting without you in 'em and that's the outcome
I loved your pieces of love, but I feel strong without 'em
My fans probably think I'm sad every night, sometimes I am
But more often than that I'm eatin' pussy to the Playboi Carti album, lovin' life
I'm a repetitive kid
I'm back and forth from love to lust and I feel better when mixed
Was down, about to break up like I ain't who ended this shit
I guess the pink was better still couldn't better the pink
It feel good to feel independent
It feel good to give myself credit
It feel good to look back and reflect the amount of sleep that I lost over the person that I used to share a bed with
I couldn't even drop the project, I was stressin'
But it feel good to grow up
It feel good to use my own voice and not strain it tryna blow up
It feel good to glow up
It feel good to still feel serious while not wearing dark colors when I show up
Pink jacket on my shoulders
Twenty-two but I feel older
I'm my homie's fuckin' poster
I'm my mama's fuckin' soldier
Cut the stake and what's the colour? Sure, it's rare as me
Could've been here as a image, but I'm there as me
And I'm so happy

And just knowing it was over and um, that's
I remember getting the gut feeling that I needed to go look up something in his phone