

Don't Touch My Ladder

Tom Cardy

Hey girl, how could you know my love is true?
I named one of my Sims after you
I take care of her, and that's a fact
I bought her an expansion pack
I buy her clothes, art, and fancy things
While I ignore most of my other Sims
One is named Tom
It's just me, but sadder
I put him in a pool and I removed the ladder

(Oh) It makes me wonder if there is a god
(Ooh) Is he the one that made you so damn hot
And made me in his image, but sadder (La-la-la-la)
Bitch is gonna try to remove my ladder

I've got rhymes to spit, I've got drugs to quit
I've got bills to pay, I've got dumb shit to say
Bitch, don't you touch my ladder
I've got love to give, I've got life to live
I've got money to burn, I've got funds to return
Bitch, don't you touch my ladder
I've got crimes to fight, I've got wrongs to right
I've got goods to price, I've got jewels to heist
Bitch, bitch, don't you touch my—
I've got girls to kiss, I've got planes to miss
I am super, mega, ultra busy everyday
(Bitch, don't you touch my—)

Hey girl, how could you know I'm working on my self esteem?
I named one of my Sims after me
I take care of him, and that's a fact
I bought him a scuba pack
I'm not strong enough just to let him out that pool yet
That's not a metaphor, I just don't know how to do it
I will one day, when I'm older and wiser
Until then, I bought him a synthesizer
(Bought him a synthesizer)
(Bought him a synthesizer)

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Yeah, I'm super, mega, ultra, busy everyday