

So baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love  
Baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love

I don't know, it's kinda my fault  
Let you win, that was my call  
Who am I to know what's wrong?  
Who am I to know what's wrong?  
Things in my head, in my face  
All in my mouth, it's the taste  
Pulling my hair, love the pain  
And you look in my eyes, and you see

Baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love  
Baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love

Smoking the only thing I get into  
Hella weed [?] and some shit I'm used to  
Cause I'm thinking 'bout you, all that I do  
And the old things used to feel heartless  
And the money's been easing my problems  
Thinking 'bout you, all that I do

Baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love  
Baby, wanna fuck me up?  
Guess I gotta turn to the drugs  
Nothing really gets me fucked up  
Nothing as much as your love  
(Nothing as much as your love)