

Fruit Roll Ups

Waterparks

I'm singing in 3/4, that's how you know I'm fucking making this shit nice

I got some Fruit By The Foot if you wanna come over
Yea, you can wrap your arms so tight
Right 'round my shoulders
In case you're scared of the movies I pick
I'm sorry in advance for that shit
When you talk
It's in cursive to me
And it's nicer than anything I'd believe
About me
It's like that shit was written in gel pen
And I love those

If you want to see me
Acting so desperately
So desperately
All you gotta do is stop texting me
Just to flex on me

It's true
I'm a little bitch for you now
I don't wanna say it way too loud
But I'm a little bitch for you now

I bought these really sick lights if you wanna come over
They tried to scam me twice
But look
They both can change colors
Like that
I don't wanna leave my house
'Cause in here I'm the ruler
With my refrigerator
Full of Pacific Cooler
But for you I'd brave all the traffic outside
The way you brave all the bullshit I hold inside

Oh it's true
(Ooo)
I'm a little bitch for you now
I'm a little bitch
Oh my God
Did I say that too loud?
It's true
I'm a little bitch for you now
I don't wanna say it way too loud
But I'm a little bitch for you now

If you want to see me
Acting so desperately
(I could freestyle you a verse)
So desperately
(Or maybe a hook)
All you gotta do is stop texting me
(I bought these paintings to impress you)
(Did it work?)
Just to flex on me

Oh shoot
I pulled my headphones out