

Know You

wewantwraiths

(Don't hit me up or call my phone...)

I wanna know you
You told me how your ex tried to control you
You're missing out on everything I showed you
I'm here for you anyday baby, like I told you
I had to show you

Don't wanna fraudstar or a dealer
I love your vibe baby your the realist
You like my pictures but I ain't your type
You even started following me on Twitter
Don't press the breaks hard when your turning
Press on it harder when it's swerving
Don't hold the wheel and I drive with my knees
That's how we sliding out in these Germans

Christian Dior I'm loving you more, it's the Dior for me
The way that you walk and the way that you talking, I feel like you born for me
Your 5ft5 your dress size 9
I like the way your shape defined
Your shoes and bag Chanel designs
Let's spend a day I'll make some time

You like my style I like yours too
My money piling through the roof
I'm doing things I didn't choose
I still ain't won but I got you stressed out in your bed
When was the last time that you dressed
Go do your make up and your hair
Got on that new season moncler
We both got demons in our heads
Too many reasons for this mess
Now I'm done bleeding 'cause I bled
I'm in the deep end getting wet
I'ma just keep one in the headie
I'm outside beeping til your ready
I'm so glad I tried my best, and I'm the reason that you left me

I tried to know you
You told me how your ex tried to expose you
You're missing out on everything I showed you
I gave you everything now I don't owe you
I want the old you
We caught a vibe baby, we the realist
Thought I'm fraudstar or a dealer
You like my pictures you ain't my type
You even unfollowed me on Twitter
I wanna show you
Some things you never thought Christian Dior you
All this Dior drip 'cause I adore you

Look at me now, how? I didn't mean to be this lit
Raris and Lambos got on two watches
Both of the ceilings come off the whip
I got no feelings what did you think

I'm fighting demons, let off a clip
I like extendos tuck on a Rambo
So many reasons for me to grip
Brrr

Those nights you're spending all alone
Don't hit me up or call my phone
I feel like Durk 'cause it's all love
And I know this ain't what you want
Good on my ones bad on my own
Do not disturb me on my phone
Don't wait outside 'cause I ain't home
You always cry leave me alone

I like your nails and when your hair is kinda long
Come here hop into this wraith and let me show you all my songs
You've got me kissing on your neck while I'm massaging on your thongs
I know I tried to do you right, but it feels better when I'm wrong

I didn't know you
You told me how your ex tried to control you
You're missing out on everything I showed you
I'm here for you anyday baby, like I told you
And now you old news

You love my vibe baby I'm da realist
I ain't a fraudstar or a dealer
Can't even find you on my insta
You even blocked me on you Twitter
I tried to show you what other niggas out here couldn't show you

Look at you know, how?
Could've been you in all of this drip
Gucci sombreros, pina coladas
Go Indonesia just to get lit
I'm gone