

Peaches

William Singe

I got my peaches out in Georgia, oh yeah, shit
I get my weed from California, that's that shit
I took my chick up to the North, yeah
I get my light right from the source, yeah, yeah, that's it

And I say, oh
The way I breathe you in
It's the texture of your skin
Just wanna wrap my arms around you, baby
Never let you go, oh
Oh, there's nothing like your touch
It's the way you lift me up
And I'll be right here with you till the end of time

I made a profile on Tinder
Since I left you to be with her
Think that means I'm getting desperate
Wish I could return to sender
But you don't love me no more
And I don't even know what for

Knew it was real when you blocked me
Now I sit at home judging my body
Wondering what I did to lose you
Why in the hell you ain't choose me?
Why you don't love me no more? No
And I don't even know what for, nah

Just wanted something different
Still don't know what I was missing
What you asked I would've given
It ain't right how these dudes be winning
Why they be winning? (Why they be? Why they be?)
No hope for a boy like me
How come they be winning? (Why they be? Why they be?)
I don't wanna be
But you gon' make a hoe out of me

Look what you did, kid
A hoe I'll be
That's what you wanted, that's what you get

I got my peaches out in Georgia, oh yeah, shit
I get my weed from California, that's that shit
I took my chick up from the North, yeah, badass bitch
I get my light right from the source, yeah, yeah, that's it

I got my peaches out in Georgia (why they be? Why they be?)
I get my weed from California
Fly right from the source (why they be? Why they be?)
No hope for a girl like me