

# 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