

# Dog In Me

Wynne

(It's Azarael, baby)

Look, I'd rather be alone  
Keep it on a need to know  
I don't wanna share locations every time I leave the home  
You don't trust me and that's your insecurity  
I can't control these men who try to flirt with me  
You're worried I'm too good for you?  
That I'm doing things I shouldn't do?  
Probably fucking on someone who's doing things you couldn't do?  
Look at you, then look at all the places that I took it to  
They wonder how I got here, it must be what you put me through  
Local boys, they love a little hook up  
Riding on him, grab his chin and make him look up  
Has the audacity to ask me for a picture  
Did it happen if you don't post it to your Insta?  
You don't even want me, you just wanna flaunt me  
Scared you're gonna ghost me  
I'm a trophy, that's what haunts me  
Think you're gonna be the king, you're acting like you're Bronny for punani  
Damn, I really hold that power  
Look at me, I'm your mommy  
I'm the realest bitch you don't know  
Middle finger, that's the logo  
He's got a type and I'm the proto  
Not shmoozing out at Soho  
I'm in the dive bar on my dolo  
If I see your boy here, I'ma walk him like he's Toto

(I might) change my fucking number, please don't call for me  
(And I might) tell it like it is, y'all need more honesty  
(And I might) buy some El Cielo, keep it all for me  
(And I might) fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me

I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me  
Dog in me  
I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me  
Let his dawg in me  
I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me  
Dog in me  
I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me  
Dog in me

Ooh, why would I show up?  
I hear the pin drop when I walk in the room, so what's up?  
Are y'all mad I wouldn't let you hit so you can't leverage it?  
Baby, say my name again, I love to hear you mention it  
And since you wanna push me, let's make it even  
Michael, Marcus, Steven  
I'm a demon, I know looks can be deceiving  
I'm in sheepskin, make these bitches choke, I'll have 'em dry heaving  
Don't believe 'em when they talk about me  
Ain't shit about me (That they know)  
Eggshells when they walk around me (They lay low)  
Ronda Rousey, way I'm wrestling with these feelings  
Got me ghosting all these clowns, I feel like we're trick-or-treating  
See, I turn my phone on to seventy missed calls

All these grown men and all of 'em pissed off  
How many times I gotta tell y'all, get lost?  
(Get fucking lost)

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(And I might) fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me

I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me (I might fuck one of his  
dawgs)

Dog in me

I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me

Let his dawg in me

I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me

Dog in me

I might fuck one of his dawgs, I got that dog in me

Dog in me

Change my fucking number, please don't call for me  
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