

# CORPSE, WHITE TEE

I spilled wine all on my white tee, bitches like me  
Corpse you off the deep end, well bitch I might be  
These girls they tryna blind me, fuck out my life please  
I ain't got no time if you ain't beside me  
Get up 7 a.m., but I haven't slept in days  
Acid on my vocals, that's the price I gotta pay  
Karma tryna rob me, all up on me, fuck away  
Death always upon me when I come up out the shade  
What you tryna say, huh?  
What you tryna say?  
Oh, you love me and you miss me? Yeah, I get it, that's okay  
Reluctantly I get you, but you know it ain't the same  
Once you fuck me over, no do overs, we don't play  
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Nine lives on eight cat bitches, seven witches from the six  
Five are tryna find me, wanna fly out for the dick  
Three times a boyfriend tried me, had to tell them they ain't shit  
One be blowin' up my phone, tryna fight me for a bitch  
Don't follow me baby, swear I'm going to hell  
Think I'm looking for a piece of you in somebody else  
'Cause ever since I've been leaving, I'm fucked up on something else  
We just hook up on the weekend, I keep her up on the shelf  
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