

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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