

Megan Thee Stallion, Moody Girl

(What Juicy say? He be like, "Shut the fuck up")
Real motherfuckin' sad girl shit, ah

In a room full of people, I still feel lonely
By myself even when he all on me
Tell me you love me, know you just told me
We just fucked and I still feel horny
Thick than a bitch, but I'm still missin' pieces
Hide my pain where nobody sees it
I'm in the club every motherfuckin' weekend
Fuck on a nigga, then leave while he's sleeping
Sad little bitch, I be twerkin' and cryin'
Pretty on the outside, inside dyin'
Leave me alone, where you goin'? Don't leave me
Need this pussy, but nigga don't need me
Fly like an angel, bad like a demon
Come so quick, that's how I see men
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesdays, weekends
We have good times when I see them
Why do you even like me? I'm broken
Is it the way I can hold my throat open?
She smoke dick, yes, bitch, I'm tokin'
Eyes locked in on his, I'm focused
So many friends, but I still feel lonely
How come none of y'all call to check on me?
Hold shit down, but nobody hold me
That's okay 'cause I'm the strong homie

Shakin' this ass, actin' bad, I'm just mad at my nigga
Dress like, "Fuck me," but don't touch me, I'm just mad at my nigga
Boy, you play too much, only thing touchin' these lips tonight is liquor
He said I play too much, only thing gettin' this head tonight is my pillow, ayy

Sorry, my appetite is so insatiable
Blow him off, that dick inflatable
Thinkin' 'bout you, it ain't a day that go
By where my mind ain't picturin' fellatio
By where my mind ain't thinkin' 'bout fuckin'
By where my mind ain't thinkin' 'bout touchin'
Uh, matter fact, don't touch me
Looked in the mirror and I'm feeling kind of ugly
I wanna breathe what you breathe, see what you see
Taste like you, I eat what you eat
All day, every day, be where you be
Nigga, don't play, I know where you sleep
I breathe and they pressed
I pop off, they get stressed
I'm way too clean to entertain mess
Fuck all this famous shit, you gettin' checked
Why y'all keep actin' like I ain't real?
Why y'all keep tellin' me how I feel?
Why y'all keep actin' like I ain't solid? What about all the tea I ain't spilled?
Hmm, shit, fuck it
Whatever you heard, trust it
Hate on me 'cause I love it
I don't respond to hoes that be subbin'

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