## 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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