

Cry – Ashnikko

I'm a tough bitch, but I'm sensitive
Coulda, coulda, coulda quick fuck
Be a sedative?
It's relative 'cause you were
Pushing me out to the fucking edge
I'm about to rip all of my hair out
'cause I'm madder than I've ever been
I just wanna call you, but I know I can't
Fuck a fuckin' fuckboy, fuckin' up my plans
Lay another finger on me,
you could lose a hand
You could lose a hand, you could lose a
Bitch, are you tryna make me cry?
Are you tryna make me lose it?
You win some and lose some
This could get gruesome
Bitch, are you tryna make me cry?
Are you tryna make me lose it?
You win some and lose some
This could get gruesome
This is the winter of my discontent
Everything else is irrelevant
Are you trying to make me cry? (Cry)
This is the winter of my discontent
This is the winter of a never end
It'll be fine if you just repent
(Ooh) oh
Bitch, are you tryna make me cry?
Are you tryna make me lose it?
You win some and lose some
This could get gruesome
Bitch, are you tryna make me cry?
Are you tryna make me lose it?
You win some and lose some
This could get gruesome
Careful with me

I'm volatile (this could get gruesome)

Careful with me

I'm homicidal (this could get gruesome)

Careful with me

I'm volatile (this could get gruesome)

Careful with me

I'm homicidal (this could get gruesome)



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych