

# 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