

Woke the f up – Jon Bellion

Take your clothes and rip 'em, rip 'em off

Call these hoes and tip 'em, tip 'em off

You can tell them you are mine

I'm sick of, sick of games

No more time, you lit the, lit the flame, yeah

We live in an age where everything is staged

Where all we do is fake our feelings

I've been scared to put myself so out there

Time is running out, yeah

Need to let you know that

Last night I woke the fuck up

I realized I need you here,

As desperate as that sounds, yeah-eh

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Take these walls and rip 'em, rip 'em down

Take my (uh) and snip 'em, snip 'em now

I will tell them I am yours and very, very proud

I am forced to give in, give in now cause

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych