

If I'm Being Honest

J Rice

I don't wanna tell the world about my day
I just wanna tell my baby
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I just wanna tell my baby
If I'm being honest

I don't really care about the story
That I posted on a Sunday afternoon
Much rather be kissing on you, you
And if I'm being honest
You and I can never meet in private
Whispering things I can't say in a country song
Mic turned on, NSA listening on my phone

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I'm becoming a bit of an addict
Checking if you're watching everything I do
Get sad when I see that you didn't view, view
If I'm being honest
And none of this should ever really matter
Silicon valley nerds are making this our home
What they know, dopamine surging through empty domes

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If I'm being honest

I just wanna lay you down, put my hands all on you
Right there, right there, right there, right there
And if I'm being honest
When you're biting that spot on my neck and you're smiling
I'm a little intimidated but I like it
And if I'm really being honest with you, you, you

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