

I remember when you used to hold my hand
Now you acting like a ghost girl
Live forever with a smile stuck on your face
You think he know you but I know you the most girl
You will never find another one just like me
Long nights getting high on the coast girl
Two weeks and I still got the same old jeans on
I never got a girl when I need one

I see your face when I look at the window
I think about her every time that I sniff blow
If you love me hit me up on the flip phone
I'm dying I don't think that my bitch know

(I'm dying I don't think that my bitch know, I'm dying I don't
think that my bitch know, I'm dying, yeah)

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