

# Central Cee, Obsessed With You

Your hair's under my pillow so I sleep (so I sleep)  
And I'm dreaming of you leaving roses at my feet (Nasty!gia) (at my feet)  
I'm obsessed with you in a way I can't believe  
When you wipe your tears do you wipe them just for me? (Me, me, me, me)  
I hope a trap boy's your type (why?)  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-five (alright)  
I get that your standards high  
But I'm not a random guy, I'm different (literally)  
When I write my rhymes, you say you don't like that line, I'll switch it (calm)  
You said you don't like my life, you said you don't like my guys  
You're trippin', trippin' (you're trippin')  
I followed you, I followed you today, I was in my car (alright)  
I wanted to come see you from afar (at my feet)  
If you turned around and saw me, I would die  
When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me?  
Bad one and she photogenic (alright)  
Instagram got a lot of impressions (uh-huh)  
She think I'm a G and I don't need love  
But I need some thug affection (literally)  
If I fell off tomorrow, would you still love me?  
Man, I got 21 questions (like 50)  
In the trap with the cats, domestics  
She doin' lashes, somethin' cosmetic  
They shot their shot, she read it  
They slid in DM with somethin' generic (huh)  
She don't even like goin' out, got a new outfit, but nowhere to wear it (alright)  
She think that I'm being disloyal, and I'm in the streets with couple of killlys  
(You ain't gotta) you ain't gotta worry 'bout none of these hoes  
I'm grown, I'm done with these bitches  
(Done with these bitches, done with these bitches)  
Your hair's under my pillow, so I sleep (so I sleep)  
And I'm dreaming of you leaving roses at my feet (at my feet)  
I'm obsessed with you in a way I can't believe  
When you wipe your tears, do you wipe them just for me? (Me, me, me, me)  
I hope a trap boy's your type (why?)  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-five (alright)  
I get that your standards high  
But I'm not a random guy, I'm different (literally)  
When I write my rhymes, you say you don't like that line, I'll switch it (calm)  
You said you don't like my life, you said you don't like my guys  
You're trippin', trippin' (you're trippin')  
I hope a trap boy's your type  
'Cause I don't have a nine-to-five  
I get that your standards high  
But I'm not a random guy, I'm different  
When I write my rhymes, you say you don't like that line, I'll switch it  
You said you don't like my life  
(When you wipe your tears do you wipe them just for)