Her

Soundtrack and Theme Master

(it's this girl)
she lives next door
to the store that i loiter at
we talk every night, she cry to me about her guy
and if we text, i get pissed when i get no reply
(it's this girl)
i know that she's the key to love
she is who i'm thinking of when i ain't beating richard up
the mental images her face looked
the closest that i got was when i'm poking her on facebook
(this girl)
video chats are so exciting,
cause it's like she is inviting me to her world full of privacy
i'm getting gassed up, i think she's liking me
she's gullible, and i just wanna take it like a pirate (aargh)
(this girl)
i see her in class
not really two doors down, but any time that i pass
to take a piss in a stall, i picture us in the hall
locking lips on the wall, her hand grabbing my dick
my left hand on her tits, aw my shit's getting hard
some thoughts of dating this bitch
(it's this girl)
her name is my password (... fuck)
(this girl)
all my niggas got they bitches and stuff
but all the bitches, they fuck
i know these bitches is sluts
but she's special, i know to ya'll i come off as rough
but i'm the nicest to her, and i just want to concur
a relation, i want the cheesy dates at the movies

and stupid walks at the beach, and sharin' straws in a cup
i never had that, so when we holdin' hands walkin' home
i look past that, the fact she's fucking guys that i hate
but...
(this girl)
things are looking great, cut copy
last time that we talked, she said her relationship was rocky

now that mr. faggot's gone, their's no one that can stop me
from bagging her, i got these tickets to the roxies
(this girl)
next day, metro's taking me home
i see her in a cut at wendy's, but she's not alone
who's that guy, wait, why the fuck he 'bout to kiss her?
come to find out she got back with her... nigga...
(damn)
damn...
fuck...
(it's this girl) x2
she's so pretty, fuck self pity, i feel so shitty
i wanna text her in a jealous rage, but if she replied
or say anything, i'mma smile, i know
what do i do with myself? sit in my room for some days
play xbox with piles full of wet socks, fuck that
(this girl)
my nigga asked "ace, what happened to such and such?"
i her name, and then, tell em' i probably fucked
or i could tell em the truth and say she didn't like me much
but instead i lie and say she moved to nebraska...
(it's this girl...)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/