

Do Re Mi

Blackbear

Do, re, mi, fa, so
Yeah, yeah
Do, re, mi, fa, so
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, if I could go back to that day we met
I probably would just stay in bed
You run your mouth all over town
And this one goes out to the sound
Of breaking glass on my Range Rover
Pay me back or, bitch, it's over
All the presents I would send
Fuck my friends behind my shoulder

Next time I'mma stay asleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep

And you got me thinking lately
Bitch, you crazy
And nothing's ever good enough
I wrote a little song for ya

It go like do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, girl
So fucking done with all the games you play
I ain't no tic-tac-toe
Send the X and Os on another note
I'm do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, baby
So send the X and Os on another note
I'm ghost

If I could go back to that day we met
I probably would've stayed in bed
You wake up everyday and make me feel like I'm incompetent
Designer shoes and Xanax tabs
Compliment your make-up bag
You never had to buy yourself a drink
'Cause everybody wanted to tap that ass sometime

And you got me thinking lately
Bitch, you crazy
And nothing's ever good enough
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So fucking done with all the games you play
I ain't no tic-tac-toe
Send the X and Os on another note
I'm do, re, mi, fa, so fucking done with you, baby
So send the X and Os on another note
I'm ghost

Yeah, yeah, oh
And you got me thinking lately,
Bitch, you crazy
And nothing's ever good enough
I wrote a little song for ya

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