

## Bass For Your Truck

Felt

She keeps her biz boomin' down front street  
Open with the funk so that no one wants beef  
She the type who like to lay it all on the line  
Say what's on her mind  
That way it ain't a crime  
The crime is  
Had you shown no shame  
Had you make those claims like you play no games  
When in reality  
You the biggest player of them all  
The princess that wore the most layers to the ball  
Tryin' to cover up when you layin' in your drawers  
You front like you a freak and everything you say is raw  
But deep down  
You really scared he's gonna leave ya  
Your closet got more skeletons than the Dia  
Esqueleto  
You worse than my perros  
My dogs, that only fuck with broads from the ghetto  
You date losers cause it make you feel superior  
Try to tell me lies to justify but all I'm hearin' is the...

She seems like the type with no taste for shame  
It walks like a snake then they can't complain  
Naw  
People love you and cling to them raw fumes  
Keep it up so we don't see through your costume  
She been a little queen since 15  
In and out of different scenes, never kept her image clean  
So critical  
Over analytical  
Fast forward  
Of course, old and miserable  
Long trail of bread crumbs and head games  
Bed bums, the best ones get pet names  
First glance you can see the dirt  
Closet door wide open  
No need to search  
Naw  
The truth is just an excuse  
That you use to polish up a pair of selfish shoes  
Take it how you want  
Go face up the front  
Cause them skeletons dance to the bass...