

ANKLES (feat. Rico Nasty & Melii)

Jessie Reyez

Yeah
Right here? Fight just to fuck, just to fight again
World War III justified in bed
Mess me up, now we ain't even friends
But the truth is I'm kind of tired of Pretending that I was the guilty one
I wasn't feeling up no one but you, yeah
Lessons that I just can't seem to learn
I never thought you'd leave me two for two again
Lights out, strike out, I doubt
You'll ever find anyone
These bitches can't measure up, no
Lights out, strike out, I doubt
You'll ever find anyone
These bitches can't measure up
To my ankles
Levels? (Nah) Levels? (Nah)
Ankles
These bitches don't make it to my ankles
Levels? (Nah) Levels? (Nah)
Ankles Strippers and liquor and cigarettes
Apologized, but your Twitter said "No regrets"
I'd kill for a mute button in my head
You are right, but I'm tired of
Pretending that I was the guilty one
I wasn't feeling up no one but you, yeah
Lessons that I just can't seem to learn
I never thought you'd leave me two for two again Lights out, strike out, I doubt
You'll ever find anyone
These bitches can't measure up (yah)
Lights out, strike out, I doubt
You'll ever find anyone
These bitches can't measure up
To my ankles (period)
Levels? (Nah) Levels? (Nah)
Ankles (no, they don't)
These bitches don't make it to my ankles (nah, nah, nah)
Levels? (Nah) Levels? (Nah)
Ankles Two feet, you're shallow
Too real, I know too well
Backwoods, you high
Backwards, two feet
Shallow, too real

I know two steps
Backwoods, you high
Backwards, boy
Okay

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>