

# ANKLES

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

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