

Whoa, Kenny

Baby, please don't tell me that, I don't wanna know  
Just get out of my house, and give me back my clothes  
I've been masking all my feelings, while inhaling this smoke  
So, just give me some space, 'cause I'd rather be alone, ya

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Alkaline and dopamine  
Baby, you so dope to me  
Look, we made it globally  
Find peace inside the poetry

Conscious thoughts and wasted words  
Empty skies not a single bird  
Rumors of those things you heard and that conversations, they been getting stirred

I got houses filled with enemies  
I let them all be friends with me  
Ahead of them, they can't get to me  
Just watching all discrepancies

So flex on me with your better fits  
And now I'm onto these better things  
Might buy my mom a residence  
I use, music as my medicine, ya

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