

The view of the hills is different from a window
In Mid-City
The loneliness in you is like a tempo
You keep steady

There's nothing you could ever try
There's nothing you could ever have
That would satisfy the hunger inside
If you're afraid of who you are
So many things I wish you'd see
I see the way you look at me
There's no one else you want to be
When you are making love to me
Baby, that's the T
Baby, that's the T

No, I want you but I can't afford to
No, I'll make it but that shit ain't for you
For the bands, baby, I'm a soldier
I got fans so she can't leave so soon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I go like, yeah, when the cash come
Nuff being cool, I'ma have fun
Summon my force by the bag, uh
Might go to Met Gala with my main shawty
And we dressed up like Daft Punk
Hate you, we swervin' that Aston
Martin, no Gina
One of them bags with Adidas
Spend a quick bag, new season
New crib looking like Eden
Do you love me or the beamer?
Why you wanna run like-
Why you wanna run like cheetah?
I'ma say it loud, arena
Sit your ass down, you ain't leavin'

You're always worrying about tomorrow
I don't get it
I can't decide if I should stay or go
I'm sitting on your bed with my jacket on
And you tell me

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