

## DR. WHOEVER

Aminé

Sad on your muthafuckin b-day? Bitch, what the fuck?! Don't you realize you poppin'? Every time you walk in the room you break necks. Necks?! But you tellin' me you sad on your muthafuckin' b-day

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

I sit here and tell you my problems

That's how this work, right?

I'm s'posed to be open and honest

But I got time, right?

My niggas having sessions and I'm doin' sessions

Can't man up if masculinity your only weapon

Man, I've thought about suicide a hundred times

But, I'd hate to disappoint and see my momma cry

Birthdays these days be the worst days

'Cause I know I'm getting older and not happier

Me and my father love each other but we barely show it

He hates that I left home and the lawn is now his to mow it

He look at my generation and think that fashion's over

I kill my sister if she ever model Fashion Nova (true)

I'm always on a flight, or I'm in a hurry

I miss when losing my virginity was my only worry

Back when putting on a condom had me really scary

And milkshakes were the only time we'd eat a cherry

I think learning how to eat pussy from someone who eat pussy

Is better than learning from someone who doesn't

And that's word to my ex

And that's word to my tongue

And that's word to the woman who had my heart beatin' drums

Yeah

Love is what I cherished and Miss Parrish

Flew all the way to Paris and we made out on my terrace

I kept it on the low low, cause I was in love

And the shade I had in my room was already enough

I'm going on some dates and I'm making some plans

But it's hard to find some love if the girl is a fan

And after we fuck, she want a picture with me

She got me feeling like Paper Boi, but I cry when she leaves

These intros ain't meant to be bangers

They meant for you and me so we'll never end up as strangers

Will Ferrell's ass can't even handle this weather

Tune in your speakers and please be my Dr. Whoever

I said, I said

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Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh, woo

Yes sir, yeah, look

Boy, you looking big mad

When you see a young brotha up in first class

And you damn right my ego like Lavar ball

And they hate to see a black man who can't get blackballed

I said my paper long  
My paper long  
You damn right, bitch  
My paper long  
It's that yellow, mellow, fellow  
Yeah, that Yellowstone  
Play the cello for the fellows, fake as silicone  
I went from plaque in my teeth  
To having plaques on the wall  
Gold album, with platinum records who woulda thought  
Young nigga, like Jigga  
Tryna make me a boss  
I'll take my momma to Louis  
And take your girl to the Ross nigga  
Back in the muthafuckin' building  
Your boo thing want my children  
My net worth gon' be a billion  
Shorty gimme head like ceiling  
Dick disappear chameleon  
And like I'm muthafuckin rollin [?]  
My whip bought, it's not stolen

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Hey doc, do I tell em how I actually feel?  
Or do I see a therapist and numb the pain with the pills  
They swear niggas play tough won't even smile in mirrors  
And we learn to fuck hoes off trial and error  
Friday nights, where them broke niggas ball out  
And Amine be the name that your girlfriend gon call out  
To all my niggas with some melanin  
Let your feelings settle in  
If you feelin' worthless you should probably go and tell a friend  
But, I should take that advice  
This year has been crazy  
What the fuck is my life  
My best friend got married  
You can bet that I cried  
I met Spike and Brad Pitt, no malls I'm Saks Fifth, nigga

Get your shit together and turn the fuck up!