Waste

Arca

Head high torn
Time is of the essence but wait
Know your place
Emaciate poise
Fade in the noise
Is it the voice?

Sinning and my head spinning, can you
Pick up the slack, fold it back down?
Giving it high scores
Taking it all, all in
Pushing it back home
Nothing to win, win?
You're running to sin, sin

Letting me crawl, pick them all up
In my hand
Made to maintain the brain remains the same
Blood rush, uppercut
Side of the road to your mind
Looking up
Man, body wind
Why does he know my name?
Maybe you can stay a while
City straits high, high, high, high, high
Up high
Girl, what's that sound?
Look at you
Look at me
Look at you

Heavy sippin'

Higher, too real
It's not the same
Close, better shake that waist
In this place, comes one thing

Turn it up high, high, high
For a long, a long
From the feeling, and I'm
Kinda fucked up
Can't take the [?]
And you're sleeping while trippin'
These hits, sniff these
Got you puffing these, got you puffing these

Giving it high scores
Take it all in
Pushin' it back right home
Wit' nothin' to win
You're runnin' to sin

All up
Fuckin' them up
Pray for the main
Hey Rain, looking up

Hey, hey

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