

Dr. O'blivion

Bas

Weed and jealousy
42 Julio
Hennessy, hurry up
Pour me up
War is love
What was us
Run it up
Hold it up
Like a trophy
Make it feel so glorious
Wait

Broads I meet I'm like, bro, they boring us
Labor of love feel so laborious
All the good girls, they gone
'Cause Gloria growing up
She don't want none of this madness you come with

Baggage you come with
The savage you run with
The damage abundant
The drugs in the dresser
The bags in your eyes
You succumb to the pressure

This lavish disguise is a lie for a life that is tragic
Despite all your tries and static goodbyes
And your attic got flies from the skeletons hanging
The past weigh you down like a pelican landing
Whoa

Weed and therapy
42 Julio
Jameson, we'll be okay
Like a pin that you pull
Like a sleigh
And it's weighing in
And to prey on us
To be on us
I pray that you stay again
Wait

Lay again
The head on my chest
No player than
Playing with your hairs the only way that I play again
Blame it on a K of constructs
And then I weigh it, man
I tell you that I followed you up
I found my way again
You tell me that you had to do something
To tie the loose struts
I admire your guts
'Cause the lower I go
The higher you cut
And the fire you snuffed out
I induced

I improved
From iron through the dust clouds
Lying over us
Like a lion in the brush
Before it jump out
Eyeing you for lunch
That it hunt down
Been trying you for months
I hope it stuck now

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