

# Google Maps

BEXEY

And I roam around  
On google maps yeah  
Looking at everything I wanna get  
And I hear the sound  
Of the clicking mouse  
More than my footsteps up on the ground  
Places I wanna go  
I rarely leave the home  
Faces I wanna know  
Think I seen you before  
I roam around  
I roam  
And everything comes back around

See how I'm searching  
For places I wanna go  
All over the globe  
I've seen tokyo, more than my own road  
No brokes hoes  
No not in my zone  
Watching a hundred million pound mansion tours  
If I want it ill have it  
You doubt me, you sounding jealous  
I'll get my mumma the cars she pointing at  
When we in traffic  
Shine brightly  
Say you hate me then you try be like me  
How the fuck you fallen off  
Before you've even step foot on  
Just like you on a unicycle  
Been all around hollywood  
But only behind my screen  
I been working hard to see them stars under my feet  
Branches on the palm trees  
Chromed out harley  
Trotting round' the globe  
But nah I'm not from harlem

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