

DGAF

Billy Marchiafava

Look me in the eyes
You can tell I don't give a fuck
Why they look surprised
They can never do it like us
Motherfuckers in disguise
Acting like they really know what's up
You don't really know what's up
I'm an artist, but I'm not starving
Don't get me started

Let me do that again
Okay

I'm an artist, but I'm not starving
Don't get me started
You haven't done shit
In that one-bedroom apartment
Clique go way back
Same friends I had since I was just a rug rat
My teachers always knew I'd be a loser
I'm a scumbag

Let's take it back to the Crunch Wraps
Back to the days all I had was a bus pass
Never going back
Music got me off my nutsack
Five years in and they still treat me
Like I dropped my first track

It's hilarious the way they copy-paste the man
I might just copyright my swag
Collect me some percentages
Don't worry about it
Don't worry about it
A buck 50 on some appetizers
I'm really 'bout it
She wants me in the guts, bitch
I'm not Doogie Howser

I got them singing all my lyrics
Like I'm Justin Bieber
Pockets fat, Griffin Peter
My new shit just broke the meter

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I need pay stubs
Show me income
I got a system
Great googly moogly
I got my racks up
Sorry you can't hang with us
Circle small like a hokey puck
Had your girl back at the crib
Made her sing like an opera
I come alive in the night time like Dracula
If you want beef
Motherfucker here's a spatula
I'm back in action
That's enough distractions
From money transactions
It's Billy
It's Billy, Billy, Billy, Billy

And don't forget to say "Please" and "Thank you"