

Scars

Blanco

I feel like money ain't healing me
I got broken scars
Pulling that Arsenal, letting it fly just over Mars
So many bottles I ordered, feel like an open bar
Drunk in the middle, I'm walking, feeling a shoulder barge

It's crazy, I tell her my life is cinema
In Manny, I strike like Dimitar (Berbatov)
I'm with Sadboi, so I don't give a fuck
She's golden, so I gotta big her

Been saying my heart got colder
Me and this brown one, bro, got shiver up
Bonnie and Clyde, she riding too-my girl, my co-conspirator
Money, I'm keeping mine-it's locked
She really wanna take my paper

Blanco, but I wanna do what's right-I'm the white scene savior
My girl was all on my phone, these times that I don't like screensavers
Arm outstretched, it's saddening-sorry, I ain't doing no favors

Ya dun know
Sadboi got all mandem folding
Left wounds, them open
Guess we ain't playing it fair
How we can repair something that's broken?

Seen your new ting, bet
Can proudly say she ain't breaking it even
She ain't even up on my side
I'm 416, I'm queenin'

I'm outside chilling with demons
Kinda like Tanjiro, I got feelings
Beat round the bush, just tell me I'm cheating
Yeah, I don't like the assumptions

Mix Jean Paul Paradise Gardens with that Tom Ford Tuscan
Ask bro if we gon' buss this
'017, it was by John Ruskin

I feel like money ain't healing me
I got broken scars
Pulling that Arsenal, letting it fly just over Mars
So many bottles I ordered, feel like an open bar
Drunk in the middle, I'm walking, feeling a shoulder barge

Is you with me
Is you with me
Is you with me (ahh)

Is you with me
Is you with me
Is you with me (ahh)

Yeah, yeah
Oh, oh

