

City Of Angels

BoyWithUke

Don't you hate those types of people?
They believe they're in a movie
And the movie needs a sequel
That the world revolves around the sound of their voice
Voice of seagulls
It makes my psyche feel so tiny
And my sanity go feeble
But that's not me though
I know I have an ego
I know that I'm a jerk sometimes and hypocritical
Don't mean to get political
But I know some ellipticals
That have more functionality
A part of me just wants a gang to see me

I simply do not give a fuck
You say I'm trash bitch I'm a drug
You'd kiss my ass and hold my cup
If you'd find out who I was
I need no lines I'm just upset
You make me want to be past tense
Speaking so loud but sound so dense
You're not that guy bro no offense

I don't get bitches
I get money
Got real friends who think I'm funny
I don't smoke
And I don't party at all
I got coupons in my pocket
And I rarely shop at target
I don't flex my 7 figures at all
I don't get balls

I simply do not give a fuck
Bout what you got for lunch
Uneducated, plastic faces
I'd pay to see get punched
Every time I see
A billboard for Gucci
There's around 9 to 10
Devoid homeless men
To find wealth disparity

I don't care who your husband is
Don't care how many girls you've kissed
How many lives you've influenced
You're just like everybody else
I'm only ever in the hills
Because the label pays my bills
I'd rather be at home with monsters than the city of angels

I don't get bitches
I get money
Got real friends who think I'm funny
I don't smoke
And I don't party at all

I got coupons in my pocket
And I rarely shop at target
I don't flex my 7 figures at all
I don't get balls