

Private School

Bryce Vine

2 A.M. on a Sunday, house party in the Hollywood hills
Cobblestone in the driveway, I hear the parents got family wealth
They had Cristal, perfect skin, smoking on Virginia Slims
Ask me for a light, I comply, what your name again?
She not from Cali, only here for the week
And crashing at her parents' cottage out in Sagamore Beach
Where the water is sweet, purple silk in the sheets
Where they blaze every day and they soak in the eve
You know luxury problems, ain't no McDonald's and ramen
They got jacuzzis and saunas, my bank account got no commas
And it's shit, it's the type of living, not everybody's given
But everybody in it knows everybody in it
But that's the way it go when credit don't got a limit, you know
What good it soil when there's nowhere to grow

Like a deer in the headlights
She was blind to the street life
She don't know what the world like
Guess they don't teach you much in private school, private school
Private school, private school

She said she wanna be a normal girl, and live a normal life
And meet a normal man and make a normal wife
Live in an average house, maybe work a 9 to 5
I mean in theory, though really, that sounds nice
But they'll be no more taken jets to Paris and Cannes
No more family trips to Bali, Morocco, Japan
I know you want it all, the yachts and catamarans
Don't you love that feeling of digging your toes in the sand
She tell me, "It ain't always perfect, but shit it's always worth it"
I said, "Let's ride tonight", she glad I changed the subject
Cause all she really want is someone to hold
No good in soil when there's nothing to grow

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Private schools chicks really know how to win it
Private schools chicks really know how to win it
They'd rather be fake if you try to hit it
Cause private school chicks got enough as it is
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