

Almost Famous

Cake Pop

Twitter's making me really anxious
But I just really wanna be famous
Everyone around me is sus
But I just want to be on a tour bus
So cut around me with a knife
Hit all the lines
Gotta make sure I look nice
So take your time

Hit the gram, hit the grav, got no need for a map
Drink a 40, lookin' sporty, then throw up with a laugh
All the time, in my spine, all I hear is the cracks
Gotta go, with some coke, but I fall in a trap

New city, feeling shitty, tell me what is the haps
Don't remember, don't remember, blame the drugs for the lapse
Get your ID and come find me, the security's lax
The front might be shut but there's space in the back
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Don't remember where my friends went or what we did last night
Don't remember but apparently we got in a fight
I don't want to hurt your feelings but we're not even friends
I don't know why you're slidin' through my DMs
We're going to the show
And we're gonna get on stage
I don't even know the words
But I think I'll be okay
Don't know why you keep on calling me, I never call back
I keep my hair in pigtails, keep it out of my face
Smoking cigs all night in the backroom
Now we're throwing up in the bathroom
Don't wanna go but I have to
Because I've got a curfew

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Never made it on the tour bus
Finally felt that I've had enough
Would you know if I was putting on a show?
Would you care if I was elsewhere?