

INTRO

CHIKA

Call it intuition, but I'm about to change the world, it's been
my only mission
I built my shit on Instagram, it may appear to glisten
But I knew then it all would fade, I had it made and I'd eventu-
ally get them to listen
I been existing in a world I made my own, but the internet it t-
emporary, now I crave a home
What a journey I been on, word to my feet, word to my heart, wo-
rd to my past
Word to my sheets that caught all these runaway tears, my makeu-
p leaving streaks
And my pillows look like pages, dry mascara look like ink
For the Js I roll for solitude and ash up in the sink
If I don't accomplish nothing, I hope this music make you think
, yeah

I hope this music make you think, yeah
I hope this music make you think, yeah
I hope this music make you think