

Miley Cyrus

Destroy Lonely

(I'm in this bitch with Clayco)
Yeah

I'm in this bitch working and it's late night
Early morning, gotta catch my flight
Badass bitch told me I don't play nice
And I'm like, "Damn, ho, you might be right"
I'm rocking waxed denims and they tight
Yeah, I keep some racks in 'em real nice
Yeah, me and my bitch eat sushi and rice
Yeah, he a lil' bitch nigga, call him dyke

Yeah, this a money fight, nigga, spend that shit on sight
I'm rocking hightop YSL designer
They like, "What's that smell?" Young nigga, exotic
And I like that shit, young nigga, I bought it
And I like that bitch, might buy her
And I stack it up, count it up, thinking 'bout diamonds
Oh, you high? Well, lil' bitch, I get higher
Yeah, think you fly, well, lil' nigga, I'm flyer
And these hoes know my name like that bitch on a flyer
X, roll like a tire
Bad bitch fuck me 'til she tired
Damn, he not having racks, he a liar
I'm a young boss and these fuck niggas fired
Yeah, all-black fit, that's the perfect attire
I'm in a Rick Owens fit while I'm swerving these tires
Like I'm straight out of hell, a young nigga on fire
Real young nigga, I'm if lying, I'm flying
Damn, ain't no way I'm even trying
Doors go up, but I'm not suicidal (No)

(Yeah, yeah, doors)
Rockstar life, nigga, Miley Cyrus
Yeah, Miley Cyrus (Yeah)

I'm in this bitch working and it's late night
Early morning, gotta catch my flight
Badass bitch told me I don't play nice
And I'm like, "Damn, ho, you might be right"
I'm rocking waxed denims and they tight
Yeah, I keep some racks in 'em real nice
Yeah, me and my bitch eat sushi and rice
Yeah, he a lil' bitch nigga, call him dyke

Rockstar life, nigga, Miley Cyrus
I keep it cool, nigga, like an island
I'm rocking earftones, nigga, sandman
I bust one jugg, nigga, ten bands
Looking for my heart, baby, like the Tin Man
I'm smoking dope while I watch the sunset
Overseas drip, nigga, PPFM
"This shit turnt, nigga", that's what she said
"This shit lit, nigga", that's what she said
Yeah, I'm smoking exotic while this bit' give me head
Yeah, my brother, he bleed red
Yeah, I ain't got no time to talk to these folks 'cause I'm chasing this bre

ad

Yeah, and it ain't take time to get this fly, lil' bitch, we been fresh
Man, I fuck on that bitch, call her best friend

I'm in this bitch working and it's late night
Early morning, gotta catch my flight
Badass bitch told me I don't play nice
And I'm like, "Damn, ho, you might be right"
I'm rocking waxed denims and they tight
Yeah, I keep some racks in 'em real nice
Yeah, me and my bitch eat sushi and rice
Yeah, he a lil' bitch nigga, call him dyke

He a lil' bitch nigga, call him dyke, dawg, oh yeah
Rockstar life, Miley Cyrus
Yeah
(I'm in this bitch with Clayco)