

Yeah

You can tell me 'bout your bad night  
Your girlfriends and that fake shit  
Parking ticket on your dresser ain't paid it  
And you know that you won't  
I know you're just like me  
Wish they'd leave you alone  
I know that when they all leave  
You never feeling alone  
And if you ever need me  
I'm at the reach of your phone

But it's never changing  
All this shit gon' stay the same and  
Baby tell me what it is I'm chasing  
Baby you the one I should be praising  
Haven

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You asking me to stay over  
But it's my last night  
Communication is much better than last time  
You telling me how your old goals have flat-lined  
And now ya stuck the city looking for past times

Said remember I told ya  
I hate the end of October  
Celebrating the posers  
They're fucking me over

Swear I hate that shit  
Everything it's about  
If everybody's a critic  
Then please shut your mouth  
And I can feel the evil eye when I'm in Soho House  
I'm rocking JPG from fake polo down  
And ain't no way these wack artists steal my family's sound  
I gotta big bright smile with my boots to the ground  
And I'm 'a scream that shit so I don't lose my truth  
I got these eyes on my hand so I can see my roots

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