

haven

ericdoa

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
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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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