

# 12:12 AM / PATIENTS (FUCKING UP A FRIDAY)

Everything Is Recorded

Fucking up a Friday night  
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Bundles Molly, special o'ccasion, nowblack out, it's morning  
Movin' backwards, up again, I sink in spirits soarin'  
Fucking up a Friday night, I'm bleedin' from the freedom  
Cuts and battle scars, last night it was ours

Yo, fucking up a Friday night  
Manic up in Manny  
In the club in Calais, saw a gally on the Xanny  
Baby shake her batty, and let me film it like I'm Sam Ed  
It were people in the bed, so we got freaky in the alley  
Lost bare cash, my head top's mashed  
And we got a couple fines, 'cause the place is smashed  
Fuck it, go mad, we ain't tryna come back  
Take a loss, blow a bag, make it back, that's that

Filled with love and other drugs, we're seeking affirmation  
Desperately, we roll along, meanwhile our hearts are breakin'  
Chasin' fakes, embracin' shade, creating expectations  
Ways you could've grown, now you're on your own

Yo, yo, expectations created, escaped in a spaceship  
She fed me a drink, I just blinked, now I'm naked  
Wavy, I'm faded, this drink I been takin'  
It's purple and tasty, I'm fucked up and wasted  
I would go home, but if I did, that'd be basic  
I can't see shit, out of my head's on vacation  
Turn around, everyone's pupils dilated  
Fuck it, I'm bakin', man, bill up and blaze it

(For another life) For how long, yeah? (For another life)  
(For another life) For how long? (Yeah, yeah)  
(For another life) For how long, yeah, yeah? (For another life)  
(For another life) For how long?

Fucking up a Friday night (Okay)  
Fucking up a Friday night