

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, now black 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