

BLANCO

Felly

(Ay ay) Look at that last week
Make bread, we have a feast
(Ay ay) How long this last me?
(Ay ay ay ay ay)
I'm just-

[?] still kickin', I ain't lonely
She said she wanna blow L's early in the morning
Ay, don't nobody know me (ay)
(Ay ay) No, nobody know me-

Innocent, innocence gone since 12
Renovate all my shelves
Meditate all life [?]
East five-star hotels
What do ya'll call ya'll selves?
Livin' through dollar bills
Livin' with a lot of guilt
Lil homie I wanna build (shut the fuck up)
(Yuh, Blanco, Blanco)
Pops go when I was eight
Rockstar was my fate
Cop cars, the whole block saw me in the rain
Got lost in the paint
Got sauce, now I'm 22 and paid
Trynna make somethin' of my day
I wanna put tear drops on the chain
Take it to the stash and walk away
Crash the hall of fame
Ride it down the skreet (vroom, vroom)
Like I did last week
I make some bread, we have a feast
But (ay) how long this last me?
I'm just plastic on the beach
Yeah, no boy brash is hard to beat
Ay, shorty with the ass is hard to leave
No, I just wanna smash and go to sleep
Crash and rest in peace
Light in all my fears
Uh, lil homie don't ask me
What I'm makin' here to there (shit)
I'm haulin' my [?]
See them often, them snowballs
They move they coke jaws
Your bitch is so [?]
These kids got no bars
Played out like Ozarks
I don't wanna party 'less it paints my lyrics
I don't want to party with my fake-ass peers
Everybody want it but it ain't that serious
Everybody frontin' who ain't got experience
Ya'll just interfering
Like come [?], I said fuck it
Turned off stage, started runnin'
Man, I hate it, I love it
But shit, I'll take all this money
Know my basement stay flooded

In the trenches, that muddy
Generation, Kid Cudi
No one shake my hands, bloody (uh)
Thank God they got Pentecost
Feel my worth what a penny cost
Like, still need better thoughts
Hoes playin' with my tentacles
Might call my buddy

Finesse these broads, get money
Not okay, not sorry-

Who's that bangin' at my door, I don't got a good feeling
And I don't really feel like leaving
Don't need sunlight (alright)
(I don't need)
Who's that bangin' at my door, I ain't got a good feeling
(Ay) and I don't really feel like leaving
I don't need sunlight (I'm alright)