

**White**

**Felly**

Luscious blonder-haired chick staring right at me  
I think that she aware that I've been feeling unhappy  
I'll give you my soul but don't think it'd be attractive  
And honestly you blowing me away with the patterns  
Winters in L.A., summer time in Manhattan  
I find myself asking if I'm really that happy  
Should I pack the bags up and start being average?  
You give them your soul and they go put it in trash cans  
We did too much acid that day back in Staten  
Now every time my back bend I feel the reaction  
I find myself laughing, knowing they read me backwards  
Pax while I'm driving to where the gate need a password  
My rich girl another beautiful disaster  
She said she only chill with musicians and actors  
Can tell by every Instagram photo she asks for  
And how she blow a pill anytime she needs laughter  
She called me a bastard  
Like I ain't supposed to know she sad  
I'm only entertainment, what the fuck I know bout that?  
Said a killer freeze, never gonna kill again  
Tell you I love you and I never wanna chill again  
Still got the illest pen  
Never get comfortable  
Never thought my hatred could make something so lovable  
But as I sip a couple couple more to cleanse my sins  
Realized I'm as lonely as I've ever been

Where do I go? I got no moves left  
Every direction seems so strange  
(Yeah, what was the beginning part again?)