

Luscious blonded-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?)