

High Beams

Flume

We'll live when I flip the clutch
Days when I wasted a lot
Some days I was waste like plums that ain't been ate for months
Months in this place of glum
Food that I ate hit my tum
Can't settle fairy tale skin pebbles, raised in slums
Somehow I gotta make me some, I ain't tryna stay at mom's
Mom said don't play with guns, banging and playing on drums
Slanging it under no thumb, made me draw from my fund
Putting on pie and eating crumbs
Get rich till ya die don't mean that much

Could be anyone that wouldn't be me
Believing everyone except for me
All I need is TLC, block it out with THC
You would know if you seen what I seen
Ain't smooth like Maybelline
Count me out like 1, 2, 3, proof I'm gone say my move was strong
Bite it between my teeth, said I'm moving along
Do you know where I've been?
Back and forth to Timbuktu, still, I come through like Mr. Sheen
Dealing with Charlie Sheens, sad times, can you play the strings?
No cut, no seam, looks could kill and I've got high beams

Out of touch, off my line, they got laws but I can't comply
Out of luck, must be blind
Been blessed so much till I question my existence
Without a pot to piss in, distant
Travel distance, I am Mr. Kiddlin
Can't contain my position
No optimism, say I'm optimistic
Narcissistic, hard to sit with
Middle part and split the difference
Me, treat me to exorcism
Bad decision, pessimistic
Conflict about fit description
Misunderstanding don't know what I'm planning
Paint a different picture
Need a safe line and life in the caption
Why you live for Insta?