

Backseat

G-Eazy

In the backseat
In New York, in the fall, in a taxi
You look to your left and you ask
Is it possible to be happy?
Due to chaos and the bruises you get on the way down
And I think I'm addicted to pain now

Touched down in Newark, she's ready to act up
Hits the baggage claim picture, two or more backs up
Heard about a party, so should we hit that up?
Text to the plug, can I pick two bags up?

He said ETA, she said 45 'cause the Holland Tunnel's backed up
Hits the ATM first to go and pick cash up
Fast forward later on, this line's getting racked up
Pulled up to the box around two in the morning
Two drinks in, she said did you sneak the blood?
Grabbed her by the hand and I walked her to the bathroom
'Cause they don't care here, they gon' let us both go and
Tipped the bathroom, attend in a C note
Tonight's been the opposite of mellow
Hour later asked, should we head to the hotel though
Walked out in the cold and we hopped in a yellow

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East Village, L-E-S
The way she holds a cigarette can tell she's stressed
Corner of a dive bar, tight black dress
Stash is a blow in her bra by her breasts
She asks what's next
If you wanna fuck, well just tell me yes
Am I a shit show? Yes, but you the type of girl to call Diplo
West. So, who you pointing fingers at? Going tip or tap?
Clubs closed, now you asking where the afters at?
Where the drugs and the rappers and the actors at?
Every night, same story, going back to that
It all falls down
Tell me you love me, I love how I sound
But the city's so loud that our voices get drowned
I can't hear you right now

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But no matter where you run to, you can't hide from it
From the East Coast to the West Coast, honey, pick any corner of the goddamn
world

I'm sorry to tell you, there's a freak show everywhere
And it'll find you