

Sickness

iann dior

I can never get a break from it no, woah
Now everyone's the same, like a sickness to my brain
I won't let 'em get me, I won't sell my soul
I'ma let 'em hear my pain, sell it for a Patek wrist
Bitch I'm rich, yeah
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Search for my heart, you can't find it
I feel alone in the room
I'm feelin' overconsumed
So I'ma take more of the shrooms
'Cause that bitch gon' bring me my doom (Yeah-yeah, yeah)
Pourin' up (Yeah-yeah, woah), rollin' up, yeah (Yeah)
Pourin' up (Yeah-yeah, woah), rollin' up, yeah (Yeah)
I hit the dash, vroom
V12, I'm swervin' the coupe, uh
And then she hittin' the roof (Roof)
Nigga I came out the blue (Yeah)
So I be covered in blue faces (Woo)
Bitches gon' pick and they choose (Yeah, yeah)
Money on me, change the mood crazy (Woo)
I do not know how to lose (Yeah)
Tryna get, get back
Baby don't try that
All you lil' niggas tryna ride wave
I can never let that happen, so I'm comin' on [?], I'ma switch
place
I was on the setback, tryna get my net off, now that I got that
, I'ma switch lanes
You can never get that, damn it, lil' bitch
Leave her on scene (She been hittin' me for days)

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