

Your number one GOAT
Your backwards anthem
You've got to go rogue
Before you go platinum
(Uh-huh)
Sticking a toothpick into my thigh like
Kidding myself that I'm still alive, I'm
Taking a bite of commercial pie, you're
Living it up while I ask politely

What do you do when
You wake up goopy from a melatoney engine?
Barely keeping you chugging
With all the wrong intentions

My fighter pilot
My takeoff title
Could you cool your heels
For one more cycle?
(Uh-huh)
Holding a fat roll of paper towel but
Wiping my nose on the sleeve of your blouse
Calling the suits for a record recount
Saying you cried but you're laughing out loud

What do you do when
You wake up goopy from a melatoney engine?
Barely keeping you chugging
In all the wrong directions
So you shift and you shake
All the slim and slimy friendships
In the odds that some clout
Seekers slide into your mentions, ah, ah

So what do you do when-