

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-